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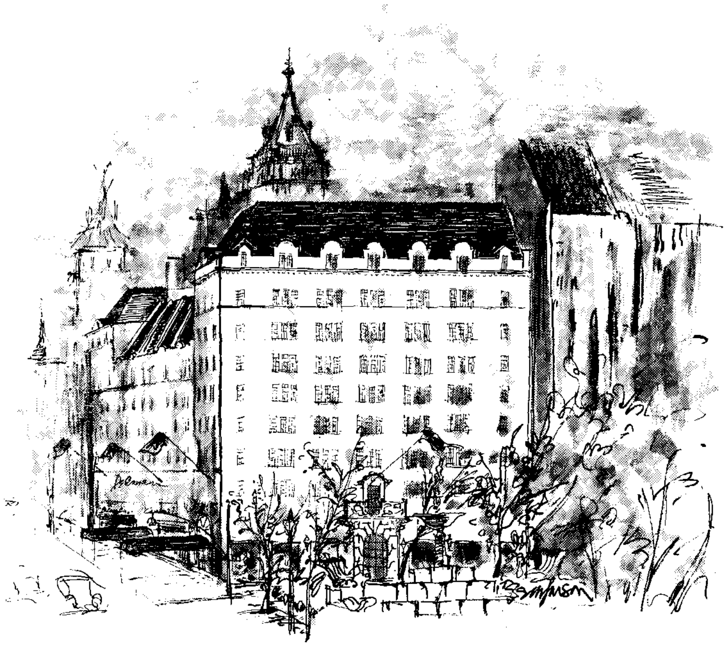

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Child's Play—A thriller by Robert Marasco, with Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. Joseph Hardy directed. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—Final performances of Molière's LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE will close out the engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

The Criminals—A play by the Cuban playwright José Triana, adapted by Adrian Mitchell. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Wednesday, Feb. 25—at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; and Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Alda, Bert Convy, Paul Ford, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3; Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30; Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 24-27, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Harvey—James Stewart and Helen Hayes in a five-week revival of Mary Chase's comedy. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through Monday, Feb. 23. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7, and will run through Saturday, March 28. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Jumping Fool—The hero of this tacky, inept melodrama is a journalist who is going insane and who is haunted by a nonexistent acrobat. The acting is poor. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—There is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of Neil Simon. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Norman, Is That You?—Lou Jacobi and Maureen Stapleton in a comedy by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick. George Abbott is the director. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 19. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:40.)

Paris Is Out!—The horrors of middle-class Jewish domesticity, acted with incomprehensible enthusiasm by Molly Picon and Sam Levene. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays, except Feb. 24, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of CAMINO REAL, the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean

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COVER: *Rea Irvin*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, William Steig, George Price, Dana Fradon, Mischa Richter, Alan Dunn, Robert Day, Carl Rose, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, F. B. Modell, Stan Hunt, Ed Fisher, William Hamilton, Richard McCallister, James Stevenson, Barney Tobey*

THE NEW YORKER
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 1, February 21, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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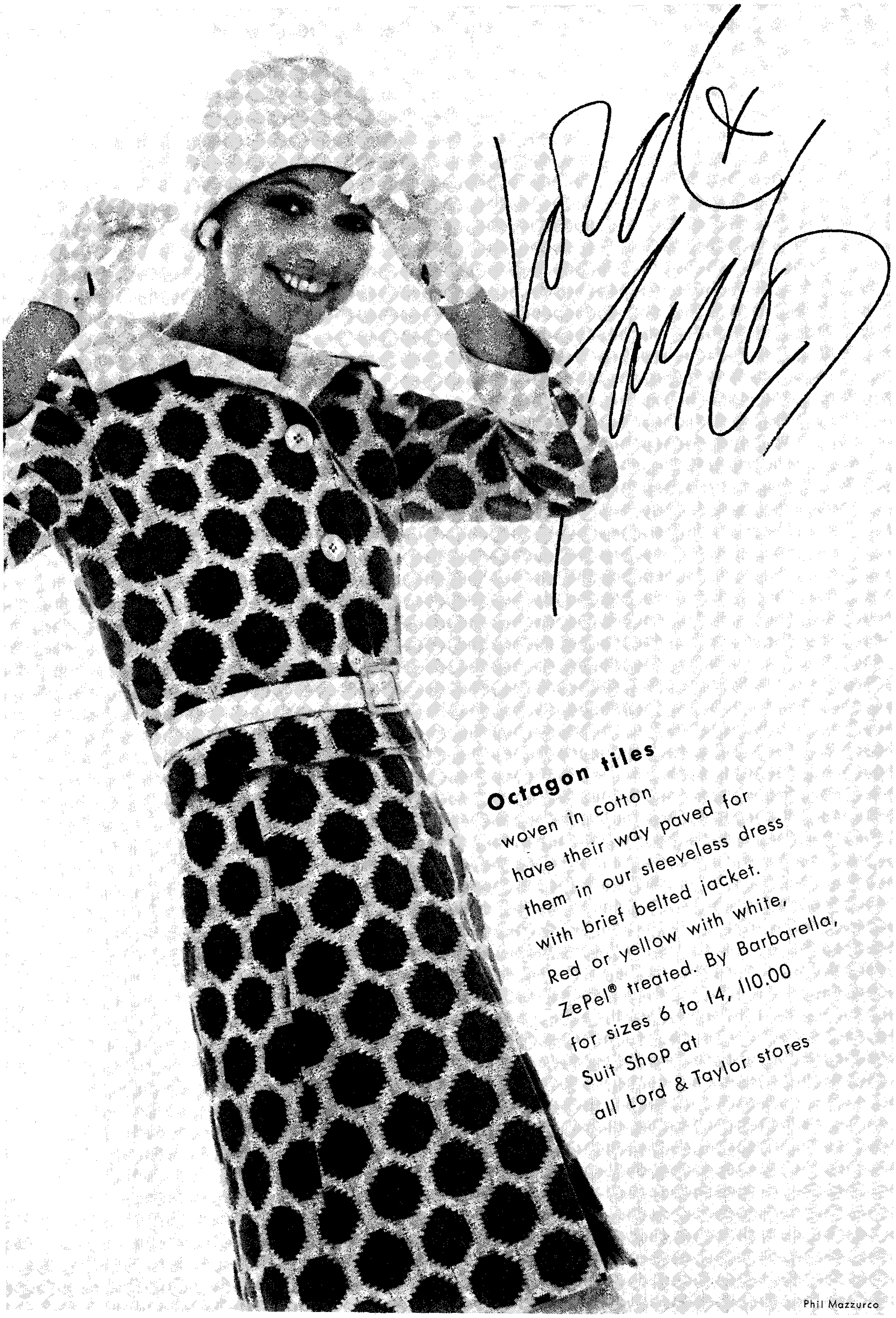
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



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Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum in the same building: **THE DISINTEGRATION OF JAMES CHERRY.** This black farce by a twenty-one-year-old playwright named Jeff Wanshel is almost smothered at times by shenanigans and cuteness, but it also has many bright lines and original ideas. With Stephen Strimpell and Cathy Burns. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.)

SHEEP ON THE RUNWAY—Art Buchwald hasn't managed to write a play, but no matter—he knows how to make wisecracks, and this peculiar work is full of them. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUMMERTREE—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

TRANSFERS—A trio of shoddy one-acters by Conrad Bromberg. With Ron Leibman. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

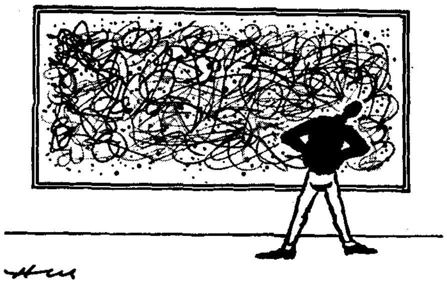
TWO TIMES ONE—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Jules Munshin as its single character. Season subscribers only. Opens Saturday, Feb. 21, and will run through Saturday, March 28. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE WHITE HOUSE MURDER CASE—A play by Jules Feiffer, directed by Alan Arkin. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays, except Feb. 25, through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 3.) . . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen's play, with Bob Denver, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Sad songs sung by a sad-eyed man, whose only prop is a quite unnecessary chair. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Final performances Sunday, Feb. 22.)



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COCO—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GEORGY—A musical version of a novel by Margaret Forster and the British film "Georgy Girl." Tom Mankiewicz wrote the book, Carole Bayer the lyrics, and George Fischoff the music, and the cast is headed by Dilys Watling, John Castle, Melissa Hart, and Stephen Elliott. Directed by Peter Hunt. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 26. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

STOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians, and in spite of appropriately belted-out renditions of some good old songs. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

UNFAIR TO GOLIATH—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:**—I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7—except Feb. 20—and 9:45; and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** The aunt always keeps plain-looking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, except Feb. 24, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Keith Michell plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . ***YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:*** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at

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Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children or do they just look that way?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 5—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pineapple Poll" (company première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "Moves," "The Lesson," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Moves," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:30: "Olympics," "William Tell Variations," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Pas Des Déesses," "The Lesson," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end. A Juilliard-trained group named Hamilton Face is onstage through Monday, Feb. 23. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Bobby Timmons plays electric piano, while one musician or another assists him on bass guitar. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The reliably energetic Zoot Sims quartet plays six nights a week. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Eddie Locke plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is intent upon exchanging the past for the future tense. A valiant rear guard assembled by Dick Hyman and Toots Thielemans (Jack Lesberg and Sol Gubin take part) serves whenever the army is at rest. Seven until two, every night but Sunday and Monday. Food and dancing, and in quantity.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Freddie Hubbard quintet, which on Tuesday, Feb. 24, will pass things along to the Lee Morgan quintet. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—The Roy Eldridge Quintet—which, apart from R.E., consists of Nat Pierce, Julian Dash, Gene Ramey, and Eddie Locke—will play a six-to-nine session on Sunday, Feb. 22, under the auspices of the New York Hot Jazz Society.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about *nine-thirty*, the David Amram-George Barrow quartet plays for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, the Gary Burton quartet will take over. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Hugh Masekela's quintet performs through Sunday, Feb. 22, trading sets with a South African singer named Letta Mbulo. Music from ten-forty-five Wednesday and Thursday, from ten Friday and Sunday, and from nine-thirty Saturday.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Thelonious Monk's quartet, given to subtle mannerisms that are tried and true, plays Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, singer Leon Thomas, a soulful type, will come in. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Sunday, Feb. 22.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

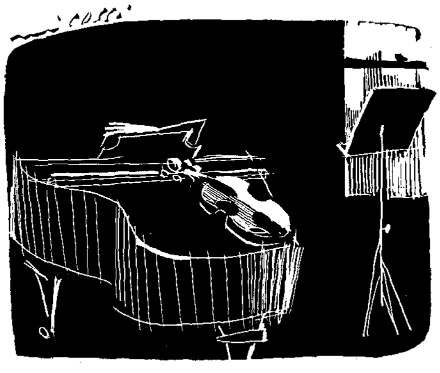
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds of Ambergris alternate with high-powered recorded sounds. On Wednesday, Feb. 25, other live ones will arrive. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.



L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, where red carpets surround a parquet dance floor. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The view is magnificent. Things run until three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, a singer named Prentice Minner entertains. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Sarojopi. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

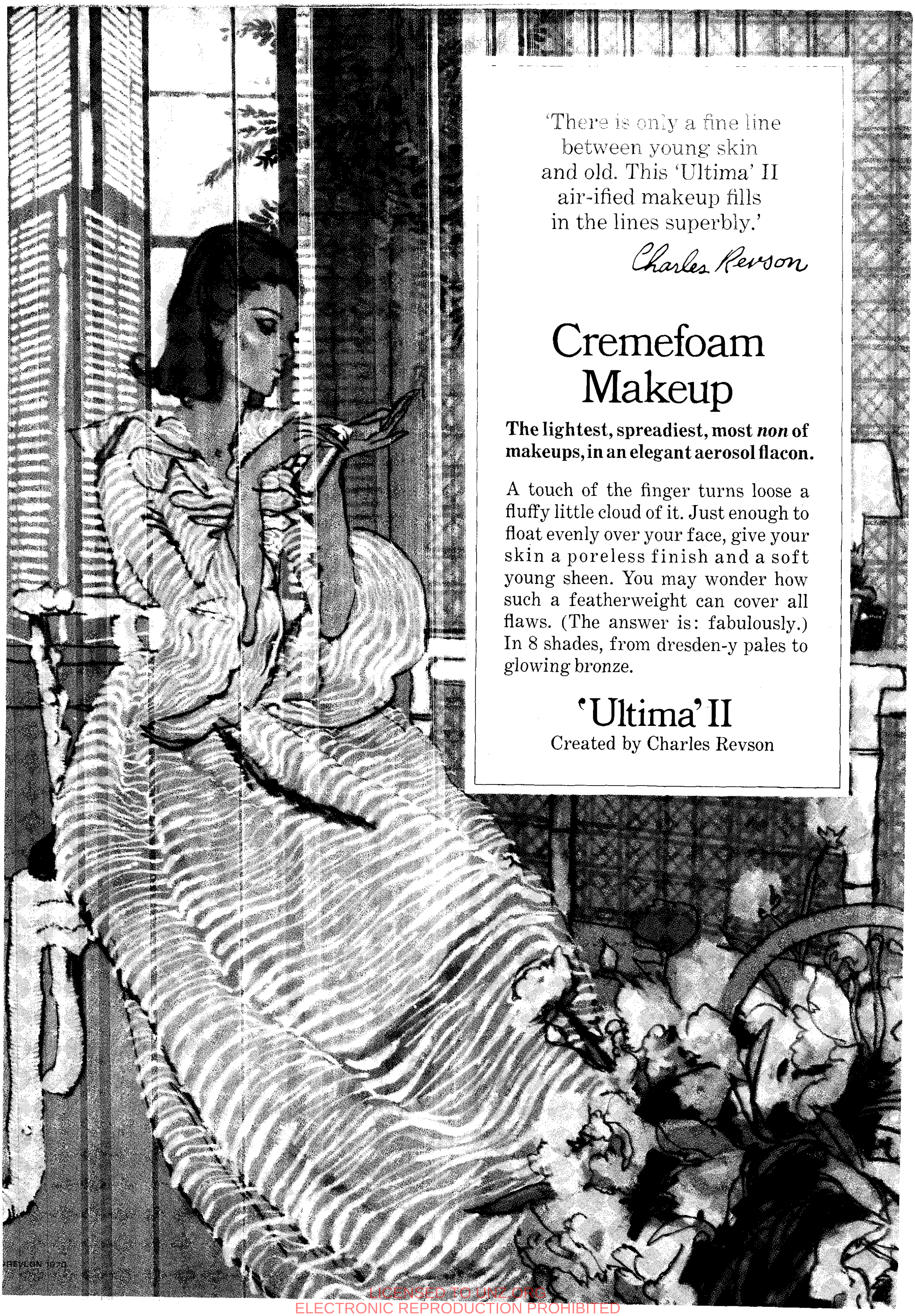
(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are billeted in this fine old garrison city, where they produce music from nine until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays.... **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—The real reason for this lodge, transported whole from the shores of Lake Tahoe, is Rodney Dangerfield, who issues nightly bulletins (except on Sunday) that record our citizenry's progress in its war against



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the encroachments of civilization—often in words of one syllable.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers' belief that in domestic matters practice makes imperfect is winningly if rambunctiously argued every night but Sunday and Monday, though never until mid-evening. She is preceded by a singer who sets forth a strong case for the premise that amateurism should begin and end at home.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"*Weigh-In, Way-Out,*" the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though a number of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate. Twice every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta—merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are devoted to Leslie Uggams, thing of beauty, whose way of singing can overcome absolutely any problems but the ones foisted upon her by two or three chunks of unspecial material, and to Jackie Kahane, a Canadian humorist who can beat plenty of American humorists at their own game. The purring sounds before and after are made by the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The art form called flamenco being compulsory in Spain, it is compulsory here, too (a set of six players right now), but it's a compulsory course that is not hard to take. Nati Mistral, the prize of the evening (and maybe the season), is something else, though—serene, seraphic, soprano, and standing at the crossroads between sentiment and humor. They may be seen and heard during dinner and supper every single night.... ¶ Pepe Preiego (guitar) and Antonio Maya (voice), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It's only Lent, not prom time, yet here is Bobby Vinton already, the first crocus of spring, to carol for his constituency. With him goes Sandy Baron, a humorist for all weathers and all tastes (including the best). No nights off. ... ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—On Friday, Feb. 20, life here will be enhanced by the arrival of Anita O'Day, who does her songs of convoluted jazz her own commendable way and no one else's. Lots of other jazz, too, from six-thirty until three. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at ten-fifteen, is when Lainie Kazan begins her stay in the Persian Room—begins with a bang, not a whimper, for that is how she sounds off. After that, she will be doing dinner and supper shows every night but Sunday. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte, undeterred, will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance.... ¶ The music for observation in **Plaza 9—and all that jazz** comes from Oscar Peterson's trio; the music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive triad. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, the Petersons will be replaced by the threesome of Dorothy Donegan, for whom body English is the soul of jazz piano. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday.... ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This high peak is kept warm by a light Brazilian breeze that swirls around it during the dinner and supper hours. She is Astrud Gilberto, singing her way through the rich archives of Brazilian song. The dance music starts at eight. Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Patachou, who sings Parisian like a native (no coincidence, that), sings American, too, during her dinner and supper interludes, all at once worldly and comfortable, in the Maisonette. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room will be offering up Liza Minnelli (on such nights as she is not skipping off to Hollywood for a breather) through Saturday, Feb. 21, during both dinner and supper, to which her verses and verve add a great deal. On Monday, Feb. 23, Eddy Arnold, voice of the Great Outback, will set foot (and guitar) in this big city for one of his rare visits. The band of Charles Turecamo will stay put, flowingly, and so will a trio that has a certain nuisance value. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

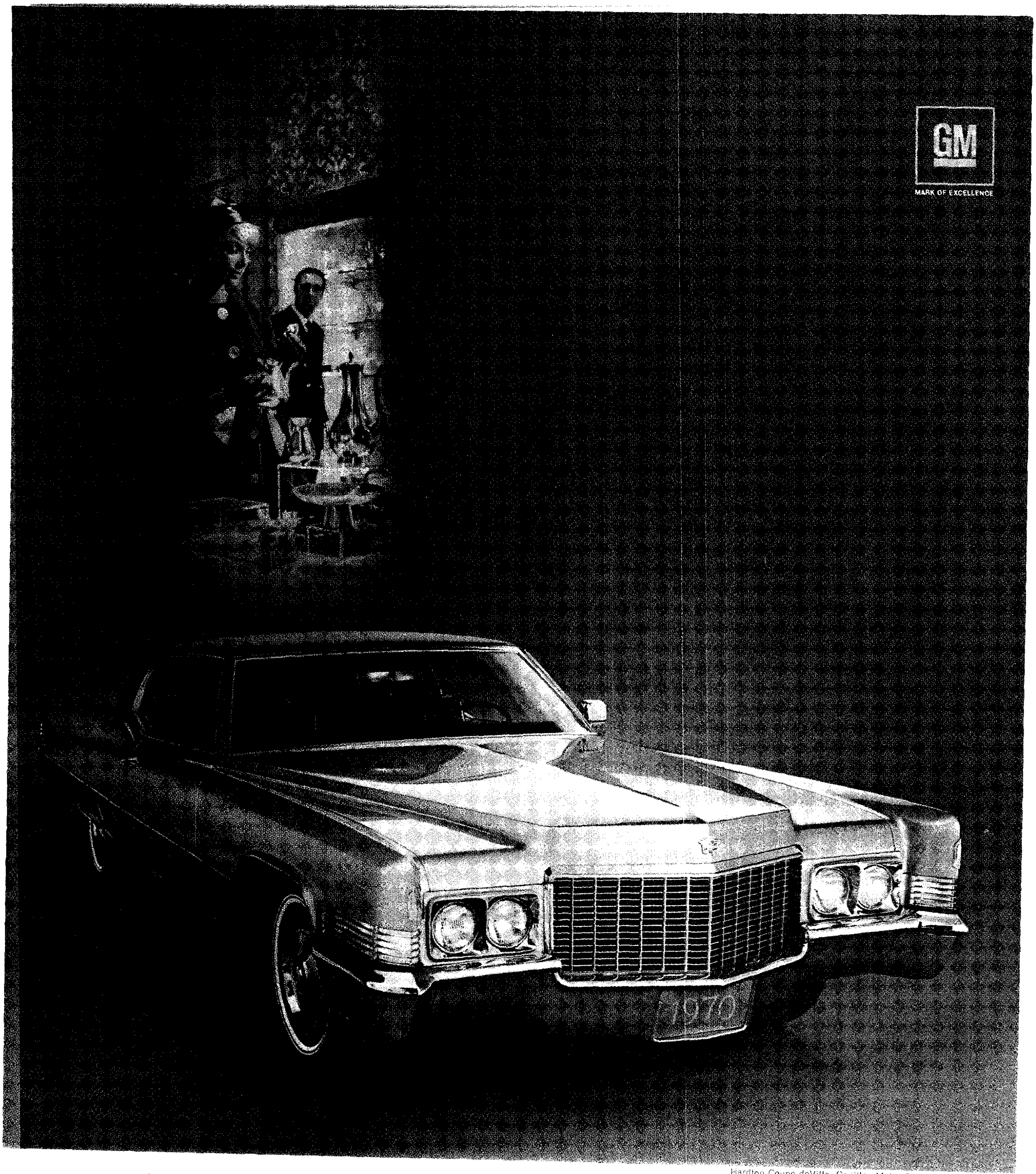
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In what begins to look like the Year of Sir Noël, nothing becomes his world more than this *boîte* when Bobby Short, his agile piano well in hand, collaborates with his aides, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, on the songs that will always make that world go round. Closed Sundays.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests.... **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday.... **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Her-



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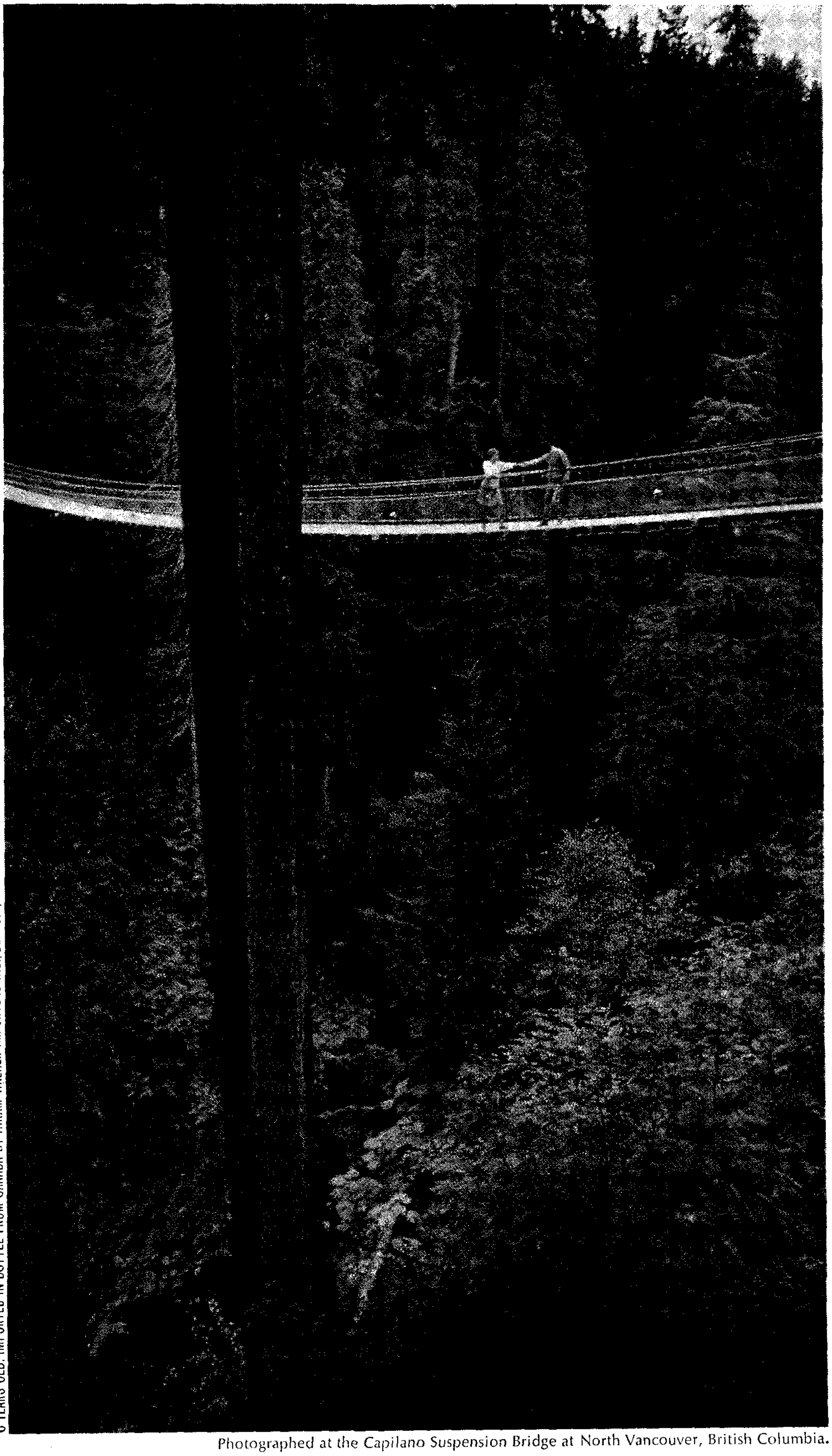

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man Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise en scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this grand salon is currently the property of Tony Gorody, who represents Havana night life of another era. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **THURSDAY'S,** 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): A forum for the inhabitants of the East Side's recent Little New New York, and a neatly done job. In the bar, from nine until two, except on Sundays, Buddy Barnes makes his pianoforte involutions come out perfectly all right, and he has been known to sing, too, at his work. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until after the theatre, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, for so many years a dispenser of well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating himself from five to eleven except on Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERB AACH—Paintings with fluorescent lighting; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages by a well-known New Yorker; through March 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figures in interiors and still-lifes; through March 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—Color-reflecting wall sculptures of glass by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through March 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LELAND BELL—Figures and still-lifes; starting Saturday, Feb. 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

THOMAS HART BENTON—Ink drawings and washes, many of them representing the artist's celebrated rural themes; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Paintings and painted columns by one of America's pioneer Constructivists; through Thursday, Feb. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BROWN—Sculptures of white-painted plywood built up into blocks; through Thursday, Feb. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN DOBBS—Paintings and drawings of social commentary; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

MAX ERNST AND RENÉ MAGRITTE—Works by these leading Surrealists; through March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FANGOR—Color paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through March 14. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—Two shows of works by the fluorescent-light artist that are running concurrently with his show at the Jewish Museum. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Through March 4. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Twenty sculptures by a leading younger practitioner; through March 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN FREILICH—Landscapes, some of them imaginary; through Friday, Feb. 20. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

KLAUS GELDMACHER—Kinetic sculptures with light bulbs and jukebox sounds by a German newcomer to New York; through March 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ESTHER GENTLE—Bronzes and constructions; through March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract Expressionist paintings, some with recognizable motifs; through March 7. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GROSVENOR AND LYNDA BENGLIS—One forty-foot sculpture of painted wood and steel by the former and pigmented polyurethane piles by the latter; through March 4. (Cooper, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Prince Sts. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN IPOUSTEGUY—Drawings by a contemporary Paris sculptor; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

DANIEL LARUE JOHNSON—Painted wood sculptures marking the reopening of French & Company's contemporary art gallery; starting Thursday, Feb. 19. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages with Pop-type ingredients; through March 21. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

ASGER JORN—Paintings and collages with some figuration, by a member of the Cobra group; through March 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE KANGAS—Constructions in a variety of materials; through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

DONALD KAUFMAN—Geometric abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Fifty-four prints and drawings by the leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOE LASKER—Figures in interiors; through Sat-

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urday, Feb. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Josef Levi—Optical paintings; through March 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis (1913-62)—Seven of the artist's characteristic paintings of bands on unsized canvas; starting Saturday, Feb. 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Plexiglas constructions, some with steel and aluminum, illuminated from within; through Friday, Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Mac Entyre—Circular patterns on canvas or Plexiglas by a Latin-American artist; through March 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages in mixed mediums; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden and Robert Duran—Drawings and paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by the Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through March 4. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip McCracken—Symbolic sculptures, most of them metal; through March 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Porter and Richard Tuttle—Geometric wood sculptures by the former and white paper octagons by the latter; through March 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Fifty watercolors, gouaches, and drawings done in the past forty years by an eminent painter of social themes; through March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—Three all-white nine-foot-square paintings; through March 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Alfaro Siqueiros—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading Mexican leftist; through April 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Takis—Works that move magnetically with spectator participation; starting Saturday, Feb. 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Tobias—Sculptures in steel, Masonite, or Formica; starting Saturday, Feb. 21. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Large color abstractions; through March 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **compass**, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, constructions, and graphics by sixteen contemporary artists—Alechinsky, Jorn, Liberman, Ossorio, and von Wiegand (to mention a few); through March 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.) . . . **first street gallery**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Figurative paintings by Leland Bell, Georges, Kaldis, Matthiasdottir, Pearlstein, Tillim, and others; through March 13. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading Israeli artists of different generations; through March 31. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Representational paintings by Jan Müller, Milet Andrejevic, and Sidney Tillim; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures on the theme of birds and beasts by thirty artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Kathleen Cooke, and Stanley Kearl; through March 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by thirty-two contemporary Japanese artists; through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, bronzes, marbles, and reliefs by twentieth-century Europeans from Arp to Vlaminck; through March 7. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of some sixty works suggesting the variety of art produced during the past hundred years by figures ranging from Eakins, Harnett, and van Gogh to Picasso, de Kooning, and Matisse; through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by forty members of the American Abstract Artists, a group dating back to the thirties, including George L. K. Morris, Ilya Bolotowsky, Ibram Lassaw, Nassos Daphnis, and Alice Adams; through March 4. (Monday, Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century German and French oils, watercolors, and drawings, by Braque, Daumier, Delacroix, Klee, Renoir, Seurat, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Fashionable French painters of the nineteenth century—among them Couture, Diaz, Forain, Gérôme, Doré, Daubigny, Fantin-Latour—less popular during the past fifty years; through Saturday, Feb. 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, from 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; starting Friday, Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 23, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Forty posters by Edward McKnight Kauffer, an American who worked in London; through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A survey of more than three hundred and fifty towers in the form of skyscrapers, water tanks, drilling rigs, NASA rocket scaffolds,

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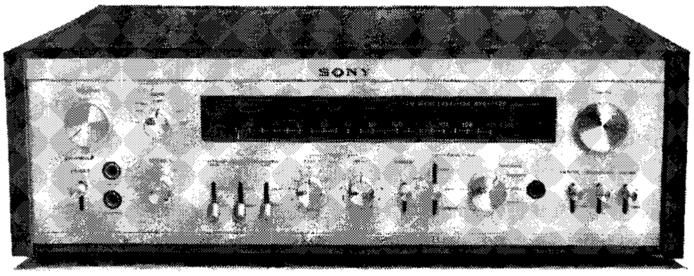

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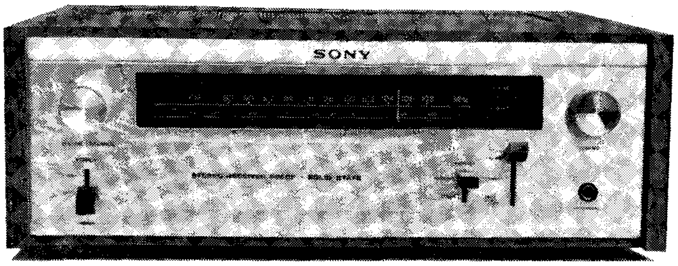
—High Fidelity Magazine, August 1969.



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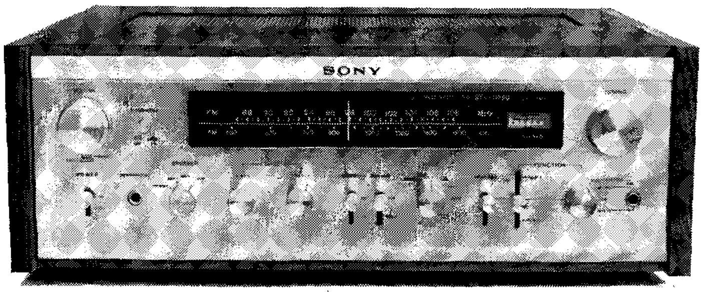
—Audio, December 1968.



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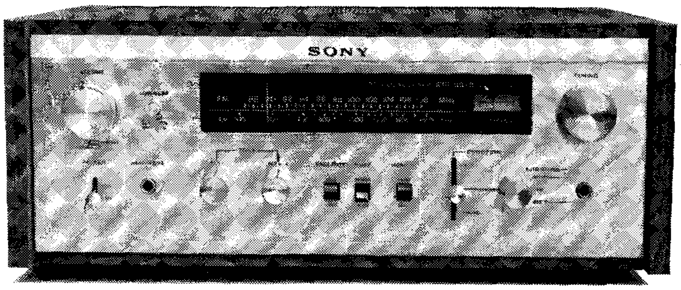
—Stereo Review, May 1969.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

signs, tombs, and crows' nests, presented through architectural models, photographs, plans, and slides; through March 31.... ¶ Eighty-five master drawings done in Sicily and Naples from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works and installations, from 1957 to the present, by Dan Flavin, an artist known for his fluorescent-light arrangements; through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Good complements to this exhibition are the Flavin shows at the Leo Castelli Gallery, 4 E. 77th St., and at the Dwan Gallery, 29 W. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty-one works from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, with emphasis on Mannerist and baroque artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; through March 14. (Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 23, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of decorated and worked tin of the nineteenth century, including a tin bonnet, bridal bouquet, and wedding certificate; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays, except Feb. 23, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Dooley.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs.... ¶ Monday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Marion Lippert, Thomas Stewart, George Shirley, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Christa Ludwig, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, John Macurdy, and Gene Boucher.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Marion Lippert, Cornell MacNeil, George Shirley, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Christa Ludwig, Shirley Love, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 19—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7:45: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Johanna Meier, Carol Bayard, and John Stewart.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Robert Moulson, and John Darrenkamp. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652.)... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 1:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Johanna Meier, Carol Bayard, and John Stewart.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, David Clatworthy, and Will Roy.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carol Neblett, Jerome LoMonaco, and Abe Polakoff.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Italian Composers Festival—The first in a series of three concerts of arias, duets, trios, and scenes from operas, this one devoted to the music of Puccini, performed by an orchestra, conducted by Carlo Moresco, with June Fiske, Athena Lampropoulos, and Marilyn Niska, sopranos; Giuseppe Campora and Jerome LoMonaco, tenors; and Vern Shinall, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 20, at 2; and Monday, Feb. 23, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 (with Frances Sternhagen and E. G. Marshall, narrators).... ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 27, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; and Monday, March 2, at 7:30 (all with Catherine Gayer, soprano).

Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30, with Ingrid Haebler, piano.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, with Miss Haebler.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

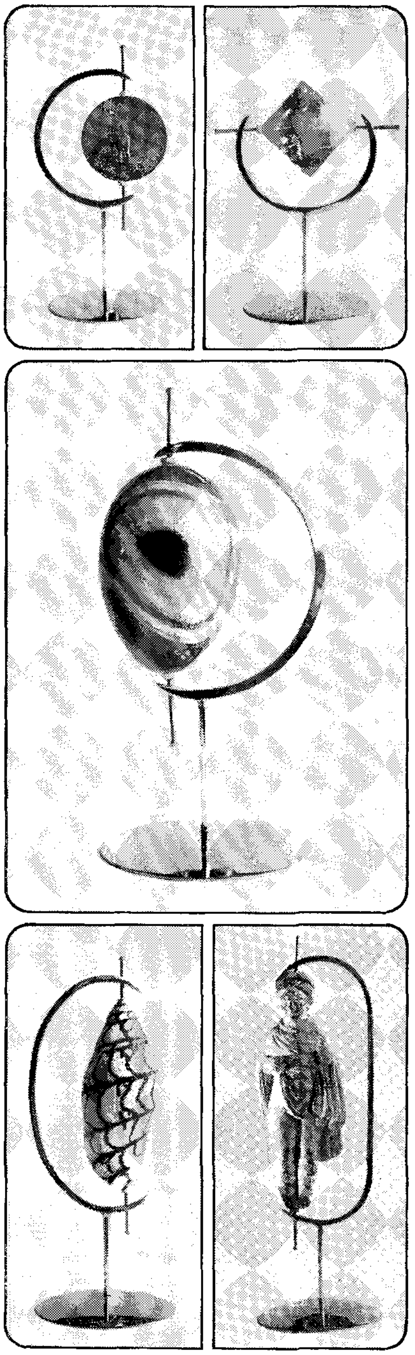
Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with John Pintavalle, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Toulouse Chamber Orchestra—Louis Auriacombe conducting, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—I Solisti Veneti, conducted by Claudio Scimone. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard Theatre Orchestra—James Levine con-



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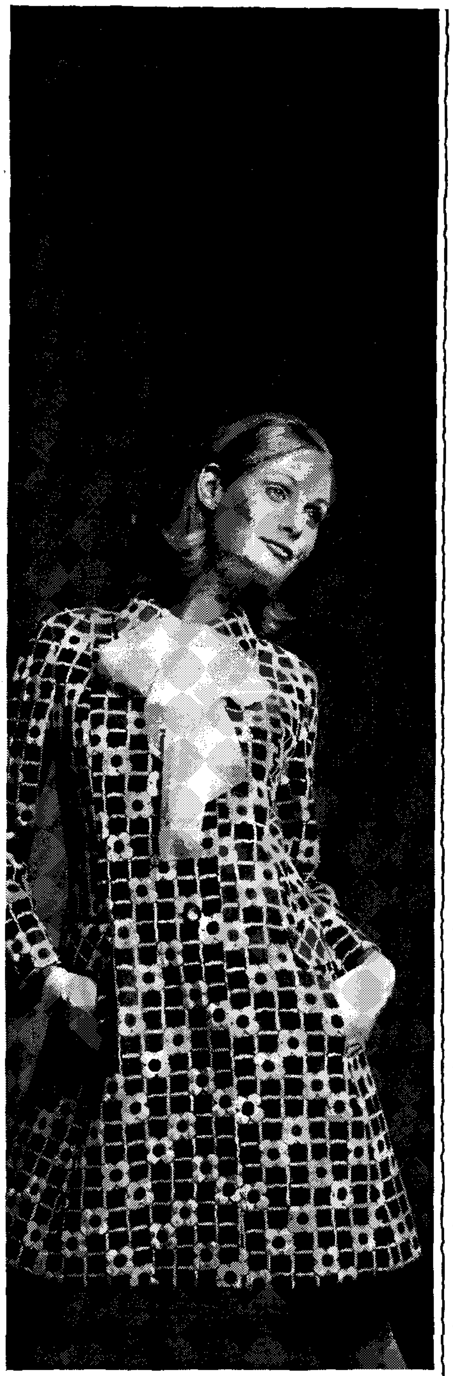

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing an all-Brahms program, with Lorna Haywood, soprano, and Robert Trehy, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Yale University School of Music Concerts—The first in a series of three concerts, this one performed by Ward Davenny, piano; Broadus Erle, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; and Keith Wilson, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—The Guarneri Quartet; Peter Serkin, piano; and Alexander Schneider, viola, in a benefit concert. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Bella Rudenko—Soprano, in the second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Zakir Quereshi, tabla. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7:30.)

Licia Albanese—Soprano, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfredo Antonini. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Bethany Beardslee—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Kyung Wha Chung—Violin, in a benefit concert, with her sister Myung Wha, cello, and her brother Myung Whun, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with the Symphony of the New World conducted by Benjamin Steinberg. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Voytek Matushevski—*Piano. (Alice Tully Hall.* Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—With Charles Russo, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. *Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)*

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the Columbia University Band, conducted by David Josephson. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Savoy Brown, Kinks, and Renaissance—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

Duke Ellington and His Band—A program of his own music, including his sacred music. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the day of the concert.) . . . ¶ A benefit tribute to the Duke, with Sammy Davis, Jr., Louis Armstrong, Richie Havens, Leslie Uggams, Ray Charles, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Clark Terry's band, Jimmy Rushing, Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, the Ellington band, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Feb. 23, at 7:30.)

Ten Years After, Doug Kershaw, and Zephyr—Fillmore East. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8 and 11:30.

Pete Seeger and Reverend Frederick Kirkpatrick—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7. The Barbara Fritchie, Saturday, Feb. 21, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 28.

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.) . . . ¶ United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 20, at 7.) . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison *Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7.)*

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Saturday, Feb. 28. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Performances at 2:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. *(Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th* St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, Feb. 21, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Pea," Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **pixie judy troupe:** "The Thief of Bagdad." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **prince street players:** "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays, except Feb. 23, through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Feb. 23, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Monday, Feb. 23, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

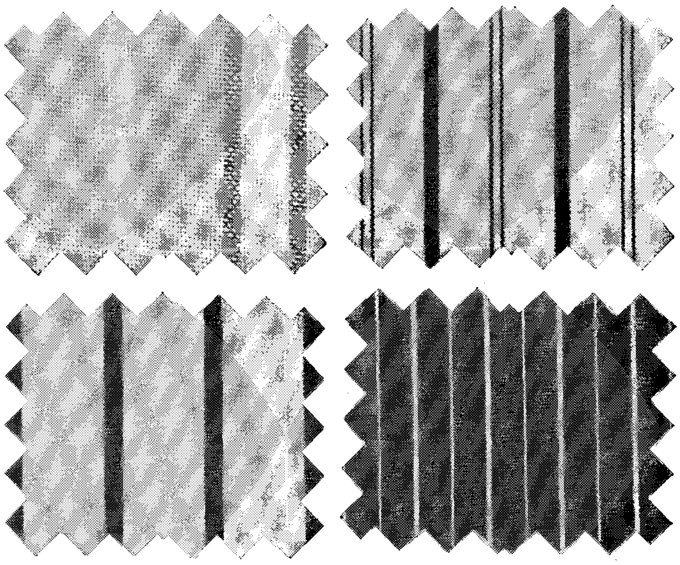
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the sixth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 3. Admission is free.)

National Antiques Show—This year, there's a collection of Victorian hatpins, an exhibit of early patent models, and a display of New York State gubernatorial memorabilia, along with the usual assortment of furniture, jewelry, and objects of art. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, Feb. 20, through Sunday, March 1. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 19, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Chagall; from many collections. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 2: Snuff bottles, from the collection of Mrs. Elmer Claar. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: English and other furniture, Oriental rugs, and decorations; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 2: European and Chinese porcelains, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: Impressionist paintings by such artists as van Gogh, Renoir, and Pissarro; from the estate of W. W. Crocker and from other sources. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by Henry Moore, Rodin, Maillol, and others; from a number of owners. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 21.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seven programs in a series of short films by Hal Roach: Feb. 19 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 20 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 21 at 3 and 5:30; Feb. 22 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 23 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8; Feb. 24 at 2 and 5:30; and Feb. 26 at 2 and 5:30. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Magic Box" (1951), with Robert Donat. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "A Woman for a Season" (1969), a Rumanian film. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 11:30: A program of silent films by Ferdinand Zecca, Georges Melies, and Emile Cohl. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Main Street to Broadway" (1953), with Tom Morton and Mary Murphy. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: "Ages of Man" (1969), a Rumanian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the eight-o'clock showings will not be accepted before five-thirty.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 22: "Phenomena," "Rakvickarna," and nine other short films. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 25: "Tonight Let's All Make Love in London," "Miracle," and four other films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)



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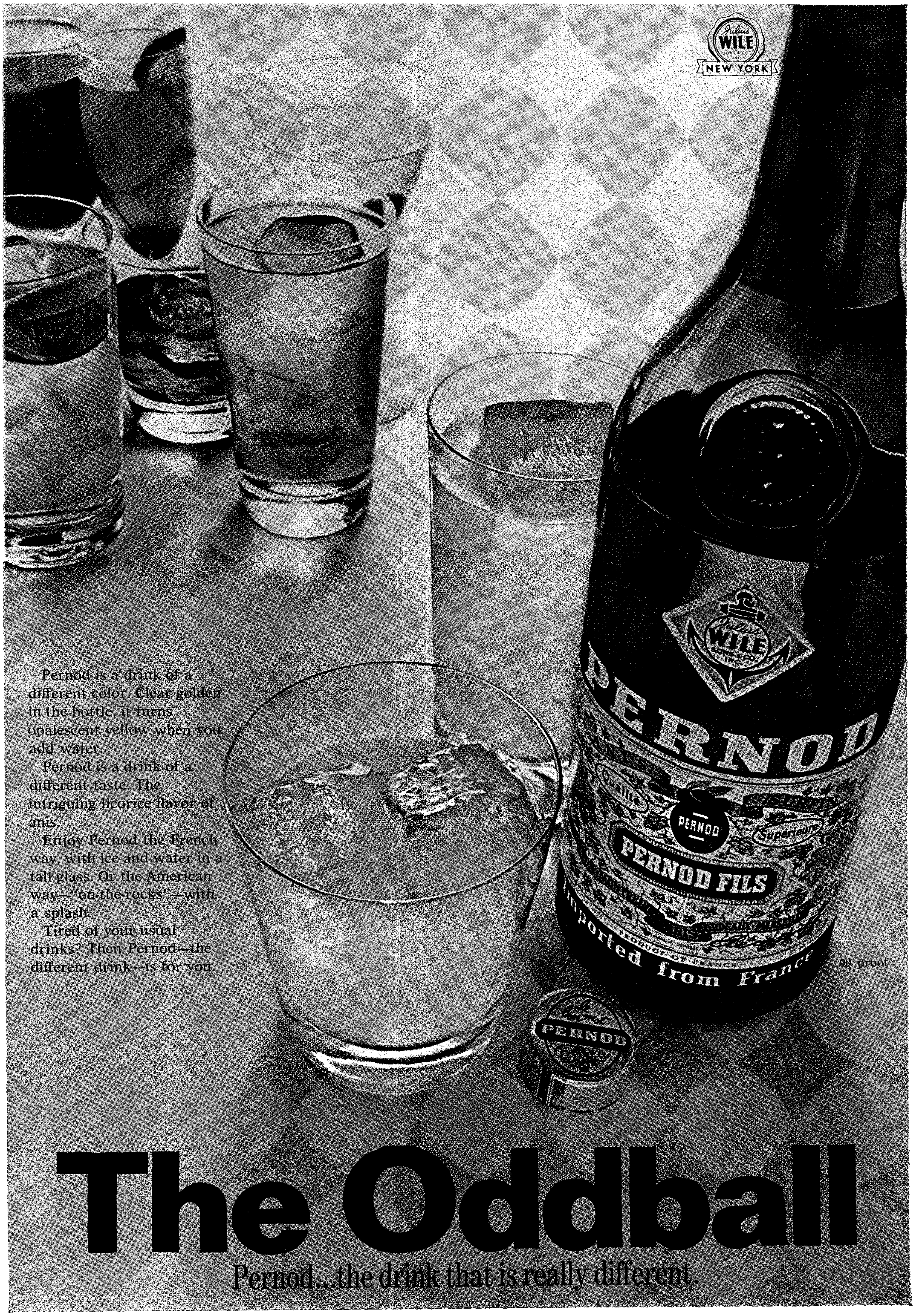
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Adalen 31—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life. Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," made this admirable and beautiful, yet somewhat academic, film. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 24.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Maybe the company should have just bought the title and got another script to go with it, because this one (by William Goldman) is some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and if there is any way to make it work, George Roy Hill, who directed, didn't find it. Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross are, however, among the most attractive performers around. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn who, God willing, will make many better movies. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Coming Apart—It's supposed to be about the disintegration of a personality (Rip Torn as a psychiatrist who takes the name Glassman, presumably so he can crack up), and it's fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some entertaining sex scenes. But then the director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, brings on the miseries, and the picture disintegrates. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 25.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting Feb. 25.)

Downhill Racer—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 24.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary début film of Barbra Streisand, and one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in recent years. Directed by William Wyler. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through Feb. 24.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hello, Dolly!—The incredible Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

John and Mary—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar, and everybody expects them to make box-office music. Peter Yates directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

The Milky Way—Luis Buñuel temporarily abandons Surreal violence and makes a genial, relaxed parody of religious doctrines and heresies. The jokes are a bit recondite, and sometimes impenetrably private. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Molly Maguires—Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar in an elegiac movie about labor violence a century ago in the Pennsylvania coal mines. A handsome production with memorable qualities, despite an unconvincing script. Martin Ritt directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; Feb. 18.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An anti-war musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al.; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 25.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—A good new cliff-hanger, and a worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism in this one, and more action, with a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages action sequences terrifyingly well. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 24.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife, Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Stranger (1967)—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 20-26.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Feb. 24.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, being chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 18.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 20-26.)

The Wild Bunch—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this odd, slapstick comedy, from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 18.)

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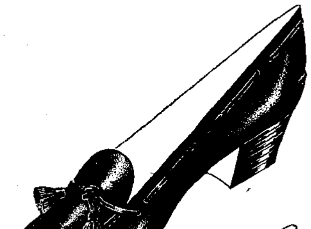

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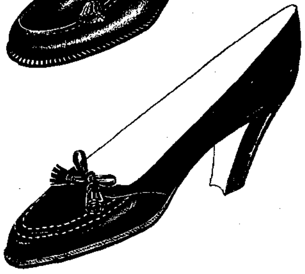

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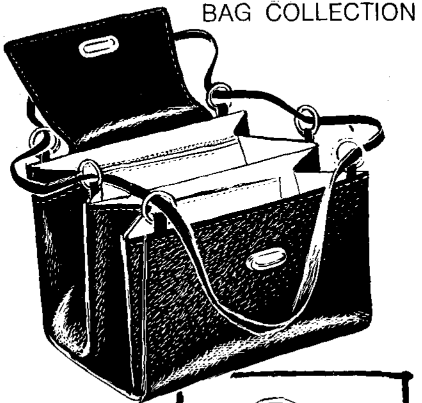

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 24: **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Feb. 25: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 24: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and "La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 25: **COMING APART**; and "3 Into 2 Won't Go" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 24: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**
From Feb. 25: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Event," a Yugoslav film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Start the Revolution Without Me," Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Zabriskie Point," a Michelangelo Antonioni film.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly," Ursula Howells.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Flying Matchmaker," Mike Burstein.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FUNNY GIRL.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
EASY RIDER.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ADALEN 31 (in Swedish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)
Through Feb. 22: "Fando and Lis" (in Spanish).
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 25: "Haxan" (1922), a film on witchcraft through the ages; and "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian; formerly called "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors").
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 24: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
THE WILD BUNCH.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
". . . tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . ," Jim Brown, George Kennedy.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 24: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**
From Feb. 25: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Feb. 22: "Other Voices," a documentary film.
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Feb. 18: **THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.**
From Feb. 19: "Tropic of Cancer," Rip Torn.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 18: **ZAZIE** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (both in French).
From Feb. 19: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 24: **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE**; and "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward.
From Feb. 25: "The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 19: "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian); and "Teorema" (1969; in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
Feb. 20-26: **WEEKEND** and **THE STRANGER** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 24: **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Feb. 25: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**

Knits about town in Fortrel by Handmacher Vogel

Handmacher Vogel previews the new knit rage. Doubleknits doubling up in dual-toned dress with coat. Knit of Fortrel polyester from Crown Fabrics. Beige, navy or green with white, 6-16. About $75. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; Halle's Bros., Cleveland; Rich's, Atlanta; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia;

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CABLE HOW CAN ARE CARRY YOU?
32,400 GLAD CONVERSATIONS
YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY. CALLED.

Next time you're talking long distance, think of this headline. For most of its journey your voice may be travelling with thousands of others inside a copper tube no bigger than a pencil.

It's called a "coaxial tube" and there are 20 of them over on the next page. Each circle with a dot in the center is a tube, and the entire bundle—called a coaxial cable—can handle 32,400 two-way conversations at once.

Millions of long distance calls are made each day in the United States. If each one needed its own pair of wires, there'd be so many wires between cities we'd have no place to put them.

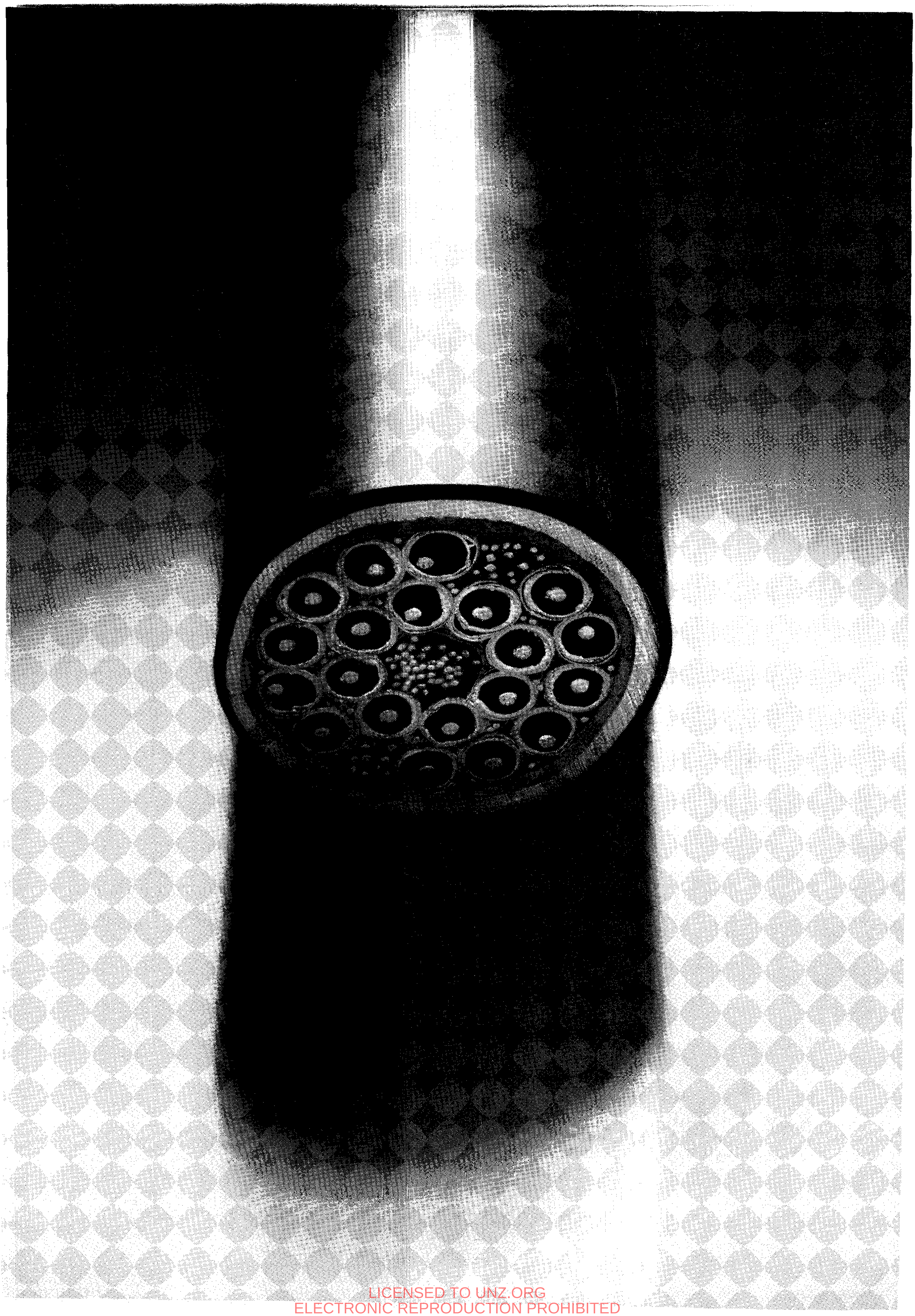
All of which would not only be impractical. It would also be so expensive that long distance rates would be out of sight.

Squeezing more talk into less space is one of the things Western Electric has been working on for a long time, now. It's quite a job, because the more voices you put into a tube, the harder it is to keep them apart.

But at Bell Telephone Laboratories, where nearly everything we make is designed, they're working on equipment that will make that same cable take 81,000 voices. Western Electric will be making it as soon as Bell Labs has designed it.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We also keep your "Hello Harry..." from getting mixed up with "Today's coaxial cable..."

Western Electric



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YOU CAN LOOK
TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

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New Firmesscence® treatment makes years appear to disappear. Applied to the face and throat, Firmesscence Cream instantly helps firm, refine, refresh skin texture. Creates a smooth, taut, young look that continues all day with the aid of Firmesscence 770 Lotion–a super-concentrated moisturizer which helps firm too. In just ten minutes, this year's most forward treatment makes time march backward!

Charles of the Ritz

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BERTRAND RUSSELL is dead at ninety-seven, and for more than a week now we have been thinking about him, off and on, with pleasure and gratitude. Russell did away with much nonsense in his lifetime, and he even managed to do away with the nonsense of being mourned. It is impossible to grieve for the ending of a life so deeply filled, to want more of a man still capable, right to the end, of outrageousness, moral candor, and seven double Scotches a day. Few men of our time have managed a longer or more public or more self-explained life, and few, it seems now, are less susceptible to neat memorialization. How is one to summarize a mind whose most persistent habit was a distaste for summary, a resistance to all final conclusions? It was this habit, perhaps, that made Lord Russell's recent three-volume autobiography something of a disappointment at first. The accounts of his famous, breathtaking expeditions to the highest mathematical ranges and most distant philosophical pampas, of his triumphant crossings of the political and pedagogical high seas seem skimpy and inattentive; each journey completed mattered less to him than the journey about to be undertaken, and also mattered less than the changes of mind and of friends and of passions that the voyager, forever open and forever being surprised, experienced along the way. This fervent, even arrogant naïveté invited the laughter of the well-informed and the rage of the certain. In recent years, it was popular to speak of him with a condescending sadness ("the poor old boy"), because he persisted in publicly calling this country despicable, excessively powerful, warlike, and comparable in its foreign policy to Nazi Germany. Clearly, this was going too far, yet Russell always went "too far." He was guilty of too many opinions, too many recantations, too many jailings, too many love affairs, too many marriages, too many professions. Often, though, what had seemed ridiculous or excessive at the time looked more nearly essential later on, and in the end, in his tenth decade, it could be noticed that the central concerns of his lifetime—the utter necessity of peace, the universal reaching out for love, a compassion for all human suffering—were precisely the concerns of the youngest and most hopeful generation on earth.

A colleague of ours told us the other day that he had interviewed Russell for his college newspaper back in 1939. "We had tea at the Ritz in Boston," he said. "And then we had dinner there, too—just the two of us. I still can't quite believe it. He was sixty-six and famous, obviously with an empty evening to fill, and I was a freshman and I didn't know *anything*. I don't remember what we talked about, but he kept the conversation going and saw to it that I got a good story for the paper, and he paid for the dinner, too. Looking back on it afterward, I realized, of course, that *he* had interviewed *me*. And then, years later, I began to understand that he had been willing to spend all that time with me simply because he was far more interested in my mind than I was. I think this is the ultimate compliment."

We have heard also of a more recent dinner conversation with Lord Russell, on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. A London lady, a friend of ours and his, sat next to him at his party, and over the soup she suggested to him that he was not only the world's most famous atheist but, by this time, very probably the world's oldest atheist. "What will you do, Bertie, if it turns out you've been wrong?" she asked. "I mean, what if—uh—when the time comes, you should *meet* Him? What will you say?" Russell, the lady told us, was delighted with the question. His bright, birdlike eyes grew brighter as he contemplated this possible future dialogue, and then he pointed a finger upward and cried, "Why, I should say, 'God, you gave us insufficient evidence!' "

The joy of Bertrand Russell is that he died, so to speak, unfinished—still changing, still wondering, still unsolemn and incautious, still skeptical, still asking not the last question but the one after that. These qualities, it occurs to us, are perfectly suitable not only for a philosopher but also for a journalist, a statesman, a student, a teacher, an artist, a mother, a rock musician, a weather forecaster, a recluse, an activist, a gardener, a minister, or a man-about-town. They are suitable, in short, for each of us and for every occupation, and Bertrand Russell, if we are to sum him up after all, seems to fit best into that rarest of all occupations, the exemplar.

Bag One

WE put on our most contemporary duds last week and dutifully went to the opening of the show of John Lennon's erotic lithographs at the Nordness Galleries. On the sidewalk in front of the gallery, a group of revolutionaries was making fun of the invited guests as they got out of their taxis.

"What's your beef?" we asked one of the smaller revolutionaries.

"We think John Lennon is a fink pacifist on a super ego trip," she said. "And we don't like all these Beautiful People who think they're so great because they got an invitation. They're the ones who are exploiting our culture."

We nodded and went inside, where we introduced ourself to Lee Nordness, the owner of the gallery, who was standing by the door. Mr. Nordness said, "Good luck."

A great many people wearing plastic, leather, and tie-dyed clothes were trying to get up the stairs to the room where the lithographs were hanging. We joined in. When we got within sight of the exhibition room, we saw an art historian who once taught at Smith and used to work at the Frick. A lady approached him and told him she was going to look at the works of art. "You'll be sorry," the art historian said. "He couldn't draw his way out of a paper bag."

At the door to the exhibition room, there was a sign telling us to remove our shoes. The floor of the room was covered with a plastic material that had little bubbles in it. As people stepped on it, it popped, with the sound of hundreds of bowls of Rice Krispies.

There were fourteen lithographs and a large white vinyl carrying case with the words "Bag One" on it. The lithographs showed Mr. Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono. Two girls, one holding a pair of shoes in her hand, paused in front of a lithograph. They began talking about a friend of theirs.

"How is the Vapid Booby?" the girl with the shoes said.

"She is married to a very brilliant person, and they are living in Pittsburgh *and* Chicago," the other girl said.

"Did you see the Bresson films?"

"I saw one. I hated it."

"Was it the one about the donkey?"

"Yes."

"I *told* you to avoid the one about the donkey."

Mr. and Mrs. Lennon had sent a telegram from London, and it was tacked up on a wall. "WE ARE VERY DISAPPOINTED THAT WE CANNOT MAKE THE OPENING BUT SEND OUR LOVE AND BEST WISHES FOR A SUCCESSFUL EVENING LOVE AND PEACE FROM JOHN AND YOKO 6TH FEB YEAR 1 A.P.," the telegram said.

An alarmingly thin girl with orange hair read the telegram out loud and asked her boy friend, "What does 'A.P.' mean?"

"I think it means 'After Peace,' " he said.

The girl thought for a moment. "I don't blame them for not coming," she said. "I wouldn't have wanted to come, either, if I had known they weren't going to be here."

When we got back to the sidewalk, the revolutionaries had gone home.

Transcendent

A WOMAN we know has forwarded to us her official transcript of a telephone conversation she had with Gimbels recently:

Woman: Hello. Gimbels?

Operator: This is Gimbels.

Woman: May I have the Lingerie Department, please?

Operator: One moment, please.

(*An extension phone rings several times. At last, it is answered by a male voice.*)

Male Voice (*pleasantly*): Going up.

Woman: Is this the Lingerie Department?

Male Voice: No, this is the elevator man. It's the first time I ever got a phone call here in the elevator.

Woman: Oh. Can you switch me to the Lingerie Department?

Male Voice: Sorry, I have to go up. (*Click.*)

Sir Noël and His Friends

SOMEHOW or other, last week tended to be an *English* week. One evening, shortly after Sir Noël Coward's elevation to the knighthood, and immediately after a performance of his play "Private Lives," we were one of a party gathered in the dressing room of Miss Tammy Grimes—who stars in "Private Lives," along with Brian Bedford, and whose dressing room is hesitantly Colonial in décor—to pay tribute to Sir Noël. Before we describe the tribute-paying, we should say that we think Sir Noël an admirable choice for a knighthood, because we need all the amusing knights we can get. We should also say that we enjoyed "Private Lives," especially the running joke about the Duke of Westminster's yacht. We hope that one day Sir Noël will be made a duke himself, but this may have to await the passing of the Labour Government. There were a great many people in Miss Grimes' dressing room, and a great many standing about outside Miss Grimes' dressing room. Outside were, among others, an elderly stagehand in a polka-dot shirt with a white collar; a middle-aged man with an elaborate ring on one finger and a scarf around his neck; a tall girl taking notes in shorthand; Earl Wilson, the gossip columnist (a short man, with a surprisingly reticent manner); and Mrs. Robert Sherwood. Mrs. Sherwood questioned people. "What are *you* doing?" she asked a young reporter. "Writing it all *up*?" Inside were, among others, Miss Katharine Cornell, Mr. Alfred Lunt, Miss Lynn Fontanne, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Miss Grimes, Mr. Bedford, and Sir Noël.

Sir Noël said many kind things about the performances of Miss Grimes and Mr. Bedford in "Private Lives."

In return, Miss Grimes and Mr. Bedford said many kind things about "Private Lives."

"It *is* a funny play, isn't it?" Sir Noël said.

Mr. Fairbanks had a story to tell Sir Noël, and started to whisper it in his ear.

"Don't use *this* moment to tell your story," Sir Noël said.

"But *remind* me," said Mr. Fairbanks.

It goes without saying that Miss Cornell, Mr. Lunt, Miss Fontanne, and Mr. Fairbanks all embraced Sir Noël at one point or another. Most of these people called Sir Noël "darling."

Discouraged from telling his story, Mr. Fairbanks embarked on less intimate conversation. He attempted to straighten out everyone's busy schedule, and said that sometime soon he (or a friend, or someone) would be going from his island (one of the Bahamas) to Sir Noël's island (Jamaica).

"Let me get this straight," said Sir Noël. "That's from you to me."

"Right!" said Mr. Fairbanks.

Sir Noël congratulated Mr. Bedford on the dressing gown he had chosen for the second act of "Private Lives." "I'm mad about your dressing gown," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Bedford. "It's *summery*."

"More than that—it's well cut," said Sir Noël.

"Yes," Mr. Bedford said. "All the others wore big brocade things, didn't they?"

"All the others but one," Sir Noël said, pointing to himself.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Bedford said. "You got *yourself* up in satin."

Signpost

A MAN we know who entered his club for lunch the other day and worked his way around a jungle of paint pots, ladders, and large sheets of canvas tells us that he was in no way comforted by a notice on the door of the dining room, which read, "Kindly understand that you should be inconvenienced at this time."

The Panthers in Court

AMERICA. Many very important things are going on in this courtroom. There are maybe a hundred and fifty people here altogether: the Honorable John M. Murtagh, justice of the Supreme Court; a couple of as-

"Daddy's home!"

• •

sistant district attorneys; a stenographer; a clerk or two; six lawyers for the defense; thirteen defendants; and the rest of us—court attendants, reporters, other people. Black and white. With the exception of the Indians, who are always left out, America is sitting here.

The defendants have been charged with the illegal possession of dangerous weapons and with conspiring to blow up a number of the city's buildings and subway switching stations. At the moment, at this pretrial hearing, the Judge and the two prosecutors (they're all three white), and some of the other people present, presumably think that, whether the Panthers are guilty or innocent, a true verdict will be rendered. The rest of the people here, white and black, suspect—to one degree or another—that, whether the Panthers are guilty or innocent, they will be convicted.

MESSAGES. Enter the courtroom, and in a minute you will have overheard three messages.

The Judge, in various ways, is saying (to the Panthers), "I'm not scared of you. But you had better be scared of me." A *tableau vivant* has been prepared. There are at least thirty uniformed court attendants in the room, some sitting behind the defendants, others lining the walls and staring at the reporters and the other people. There are more court attendants out in the vestibule, to frisk everybody coming in. They do it with great delicacy and humanity, and they come over after court and tell you how much they hate it.

The Panthers, in various ways, are saying (to the Judge), "Scared of *you*? Don't make me laugh." They say this repeatedly and whenever they feel like it. They also laugh a good deal. Everyone in court laughs at least once in a while, aside from Mr. Justice Murtagh.

The people, in various ways, are saying (to the Judge), "Your Honor, *we* built this room for you to work in, and just look at it. Hideous, isn't it? No character, no majesty, no dignity, to begin with. Very little light. And now we've let it run down. See those burned-out light bulbs? You can't miss that great big hole where the plaster fell off the wall. Kind of makes one think."

ON THE RECORD. Officially, what is going on is a pretrial hearing on a defense motion to suppress what the defense claims is illegally seized evidence. To be more specific, what is officially going on is an inquiry into whether four guns—a pistol, a rifle, a shotgun, and a sawed-off shotgun—all of which were removed from the apartment of Michael Tabor, one of the defendants, when he was arrested, were seized illegally. Testimony has been taken from several police officers and from Michael Tabor. The police officers say as little as possible when they are examined by the lawyers for the defense. One of the officers denies that the Panthers were ever discussed around the station house before the arrests. There is real hostility between them and the defense lawyers, but it is obvious that at least some of them enjoy sparring with the defense.

THREE-DAY WEEK. The court is sitting only on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday this week. Thursday is a legal holiday: Lincoln's Birthday. The Great Emancipator. The court will not sit on Fridays for the duration of the case. Three of the defendants are members of the Islamic faith.

THE PEOPLE. Both the assistant district attorneys and the defendants often refer to "the People." The defendants greet the Court every time they enter the courtroom by saying either "Power to the People" or "*All* power to the People." In this case, this means, roughly, "Power to the powerless." The assistant district attorneys, however, are referring to the powerful when they talk about "the People." Specifically, they mean themselves, the District Attorney's Office, and the State of New York. That is because, officially, the accusers of the Panthers are "the People of the State of New York." The official title of the case is "The People of the State of New York *v.* Lumumba Shakur, *et al.*"

RESPECT AND CONTEMPT. Much of each day is spent in colloquies and homilies about, and the application of epithets to, two words: "respect" and "contempt." Are the defendants, the defense lawyers, the press, the people exhibiting respect for the Court? ("The Court" here means both the Judge and the judicial process.) Or are they in contempt? One reporter comments that he has always thought of courts as places where the respectable have sat in judgment on the contemptible.

"Respect" has many meanings in this courtroom, depending on who is supposed to be showing respect for whom. Here are several different usages, drawn from Mr. Justice Murtagh's remarks on Tuesday, February 10th:

1. On the Press (the Judge is addressing a young lady—a researcher for *Newsweek*—he has thought of citing for contempt because she has applauded the remarks of a defendant): "The Court has tremendous respect and admiration for the profession you represent. I think it is unfortunate that you have cast discredit on these loyal people. The Court is loath to single out a member of that great profession, and thereby subject itself to a possible accusation of attempted intimidation. In measure out of compassion for you, in what was perhaps a human error, and partially out of respect for that great profession, the Court will not press its intention to adjudge you in contempt, and punish you accordingly."

2. On the Defendants: "I will also say, for the defendants . . . that it has been said that the Court is without power to compel respect from them. I remind them that there may come a day when they will confront this Court on a matter of sentence, and should they be acquitted the Court is still in a position adequately to deal with misconduct that occurs in its presence. I demand of them the respect they are going to give this Court."

3. On the Defense Lawyers (a defense lawyer has just told the Judge that "counsel is entitled to respect as well as the Court"): "You will get the respect you earn."

Finally, a colloquy:

THE COURT: I respectfully request that counsel proceed in a manner that will earn the Court's respect.

MR. KATZ [a defense lawyer]: Your Honor, I am not particularly interested in earning the Court's respect. We are—

THE DEFENDANT KING: We are not trying to earn it here, we are trying to earn it across the nation.

THE COURT: It is your duty to have our respect.

THE DEFENDANT POWELL: It is your duty to have our respect, *Judge*. [The last word is spoken with great contempt.]

MICHAEL TABOR VS. JOSEPH PHILLIPS. The most compelling testimony of the week has been elicited during Tabor's cross-examination by Assistant District Attorney Joseph A. Phillips, the chief prosecutor. Phillips strikes us as honest, hardworking, competent, and likable. Tabor is imposing. He is tall, slim, handsome, dignified, and well built. His voice is the voice of Paul Robeson and the voice of the Lawd God Jehovah, and his delivery and timing are extraordinary. He is twenty-three. Between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, he was a heroin addict. At fourteen, he dropped out of school. Phillips wants to get all this on the record, and also the fact that Tabor has a criminal record as long as your arm. It is possible that the prosecution thinks that this will dispose of Tabor's credibility, and of Tabor. It is also possible that the prosecution would like to think of Tabor as a common criminal and a junkie.

Many of the spectators and reporters are spellbound by Tabor's performance. Here is some of the testimony:

Q: During the period of that addiction is it fair to say you would lie to get narcotics?

A: It would be fair to say that during the period of my addiction I might have done anything to get narcotics, owing to the fact that I was a slave to heroin. [Tabor pronounces "heroin" with a long "i."] . . . I had lied, I had stolen, I had cheated to get narcotics.

Q: And would you lie here in this courtroom?

A: I have no reason to lie here in this courtroom. I am not addicted to narcotics. [Laughter from the defendants and some of the spectators.]

Q: When did you become truthful, Mr. Tabor?

A: After I liberated my body and soul from the plague of heroin.

Q: How long have you been in prison?

A: What are you referring to—sum total of years?

Q: Yes.

A: Twenty-three years, for twenty-three years.

THE DEFENDANT MOORE: Right on.

Q: Were you actually incarcerated in a penal institution for any of those twenty-three years?

A: Oh, most definitely.

Q: Would you tell me exactly how many years that was?

A: For twenty-three years.

Q: In a penal institution?

A: Oh, yes.

THE DEFENDANT SQUIERS: In fact, he is in one now.

Q: Now, I was asking you is there any period of time from the time that you were thirteen till the time that you were twenty when you were out of a state prison.

A: Well, all of America is a state prison as far as I am concerned.

Q: Now, on those occasions when you were going to commit these criminal acts, there were occasions when you took a weapon, isn't that so?

A: Standard K-55 knife that everyone in Harlem with good sense has. [Laughter from the defendants.]

THE DEFENDANT MOORE: Right on.

Q: Is it your testimony you only used a knife?

A: I never used a knife during the course of these what you refer to as being crimes.

Q: Well, don't you refer to them as crimes?

A: No, I don't.

Q: What do you refer to as a crime?

A: I refer to a crime as being the exploitation of poor people by filthy-rich, money-mad, avaricious capitalist pigs.

Q: What do you describe the criminal activities that I have asked you about, how do you describe them?

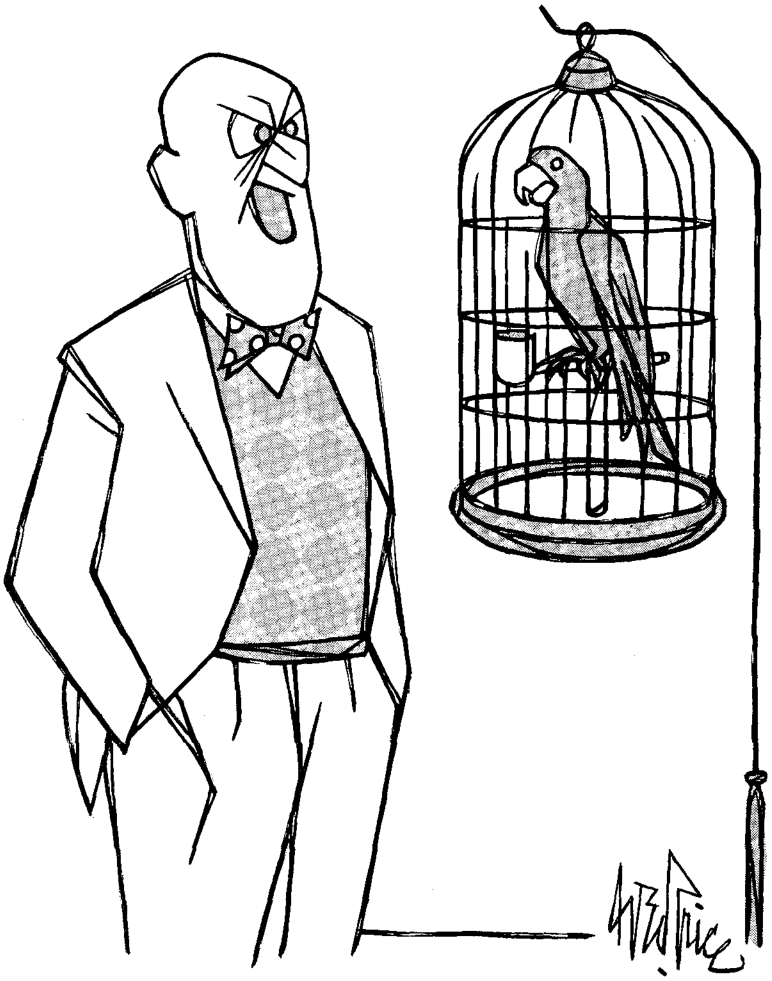
A: I describe them as being the result and the product of my oppression and my exploitation that instilled in me a profound and desperate need to attempt to escape that oppression. And in the course of doing so I used a drug, heroin, which had the tendency to produce euphoric illusions which served to cloud and obscure my nauseous and disgusting reality. I had become a member of the Cloud Nine Society.

SHEILA YOUNGE'S STORY. Sheila Younge went through a lot this week, and her experience has been an important event. Miss Younge is the researcher for *Newsweek* whom Mr. Justice Murtagh decided not to cite for contempt. She is twenty-four and black. Monday was a day off for her, and she decided to show some initiative and do some legwork on her own time for a cover story on the Panthers that *Newsweek* is preparing. So she picked up a *Newsweek* working-press pass and came to court. Monday was a noisy day, but Miss Younge sat through it quietly until just before the end, when the defendants started hassling with the Judge. After one of their remarks, there was considerable applause, and Miss Younge found herself joining in vigorously. Her action caught the eye of the Judge, who stood up and pointed a finger at her and commanded in a loud voice that she be removed. He then decided to have her brought before the bench, and told her he was considering holding her in summary contempt, and he then paroled her in her own custody until the next morning. Tuesday morning, *Newsweek* rallied round, and Miss Younge came to court accompanied by the editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*, the chief of correspondents of *Newsweek*, and two *Newsweek* lawyers. She apologized to the Judge. The Judge accepted her apology.

That night, we got in touch with Miss Younge, and she told us her story. Here it is:

"My intentions were very honorable. I was hoping to get some quotes, and some insight into what the Panthers were going through—what was happening to them as human beings. 'What do people who are supposed to have conspired to bomb buildings look like?' is what I kept asking myself. Then I got to court. I do not have a legal mind, but I have a logical mind, and I could hear those policemen on the stand playing with words, and playing with the lives of people at the same time. I didn't react to these things, I just let them happen, and they built up, and built up, and built up. Then I heard the Judge say, 'My patience is wearing thin.' I think it was right then that I stopped being a journalist. I suddenly knew what the Panthers were going through, and I got angry inside. '*Your* patience is wearing thin,' I said to myself. '*They're* sitting there, and there's not a damn thing they can do about it.' I can't condone everything the Panthers do, but I was proud of them. And then, when they all started shouting, I heard one of them say—and I have a very acute sense of hearing—'Why don't we switch places, Judge? Put yourself in my place. Why don't you let me up on the bench, and you come and sit here?' *That's* the remark I reacted to. I *did* clap. My hands are still sore. Then, suddenly, everything was quiet. I was sitting there, and he was pointing at me. And I said to myself, 'You've finally committed yourself.' Just at first, I got scared. I thought, I've got a lot of nerve, but, damn, give me some slack. Then I knew it would hold. In a split second, I was a defendant instead of a spectator. And I finally got a chance to be me.

"I've learned more about myself in the last twenty-four hours than in the last twenty-four years. I'm from a very middle-class family—never been cold, never been hungry. And I'd finally reached the point where I had to commit my guts. I really knew it the next morning, when I was standing before the Judge. I was sincerely sorry that I had got *Newsweek* involved. Still, for a fraction of a moment I was tempted not to read that statement. But then I knew I had gone beyond revenge already. And I could put myself in *his* place—the Judge's place—too. I really feel very sorry for Murtagh. He's got a job to do that's the hardest job there is, and that's judging other people. Those Panthers couldn't change places with him. But I could. And I knew that they had two separate missions in life, *both* of them important. They need to give each other a chance."



"You're going to quote me out of context just once too often."

THE FLOTO LETTERS

DEAR MAYOR FLOTO:

Starting this new "Vox Pop" letters column in the newspaper so citizens can write to you direct about the conditions of their city is nothing but another cheap "politician's trick," but just the same I think I will send you my "beef." Nothing runs anymore in this town, and that goes especially for the Scarlatti Fountain out on West Inglenook (near where I live), which is a disgrace. The pools are all dried and cracked and full of trash, the water pipes and nozzles are rusted away, and somebody has broke off the composer's nose and part of the harp that belonged to the Muse. Another nice old part of the city ruined and another insult to the Italian people. What are you going to do about it?

BURNED UP

DEAR BURNED:

As you may know, the problem you mention has already been dealt with. The party or parties unknown who stole the Scarlatti Fountain last Thursday night are still at large, but Police Chief Hackbart assures me that his department has several promising leads and that the miscreants will soon be brought to justice. In the meantime, decent citizens like yourself can find some comfort in the knowledge that there is a very poor current market for late-nineteenth-century rococo sculpture, and, likewise, that the cost and trouble of repairing, installing, and furtively operating a fifty-eight-foot vertical-spray fountain will detract considerably from any private aesthetic comfort these despoilers may have envisaged. I believe that this entire episode constitutes a lesson for us all, illustrating the value of patience in solving urban problems. Frankly, the question of what to do about the decaying Scarlatti Fountain had been allowed to hang fire for some time, ever since a deadlocked hearing of the Municipal Arts Board in 1927. Up to last week, the matter still seemed hopeless, yet today it has been entirely cleared up—cleared up, I may point out, at no cost to the taxpayers. As Scarlatti himself might have said, *Allegro non troppo!*

JOHN J. FLOTO

DEAR MAYOR FLOTO:

I have been raising tropical fish for twenty years (it's my hobby), but ever since you got into City Hall my danios have been dying off. Now, just lately, the guppies are going too.

FISHWIFE

DEAR MRS. FISHWIFE:

Dr. Krementz, Assistant Freshwater Curator at the Northside Aquarium, tells me that twenty is very old for a guppy, so I do not think you should feel too much sadness or guilt about the passing of your little friends. Probably it's "all for the best," as the saying goes. As for the other possible interpretation of your brief but stimulating letter, Krementz thinks it unlikely that domestic piscine longevity is much affected by municipal politics. He adds, however, there is very little empirical data on this question. How did you vote in the last election?

J. J. F.

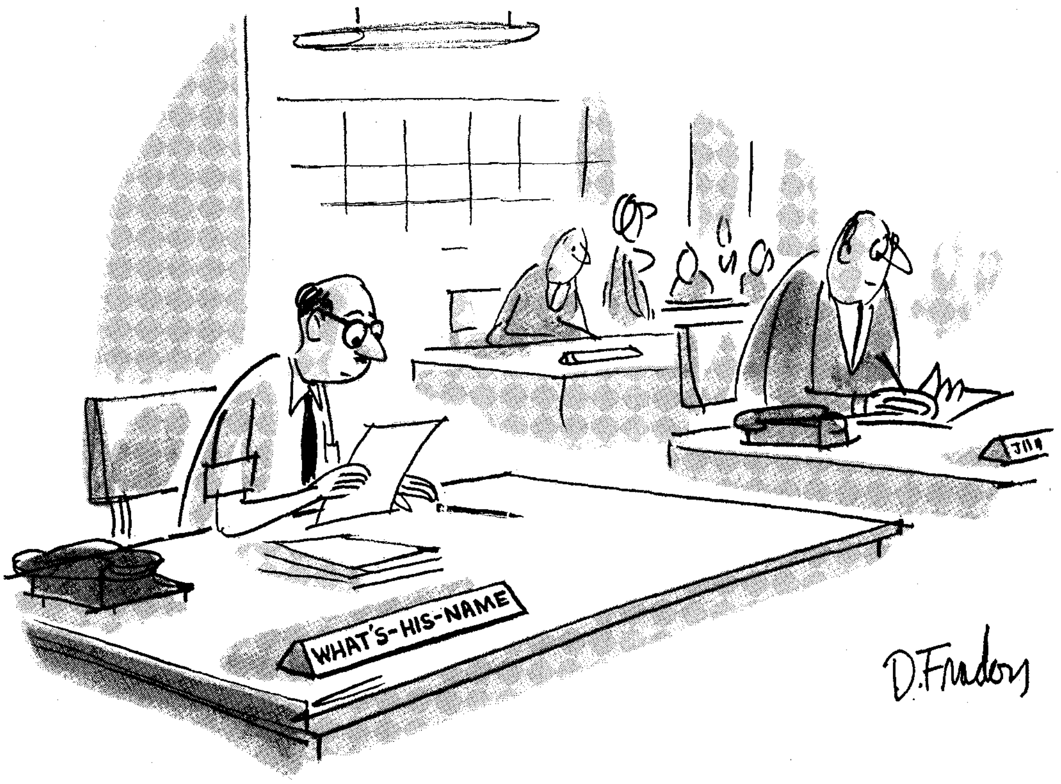
HEY MR. MAYOR-MAN:

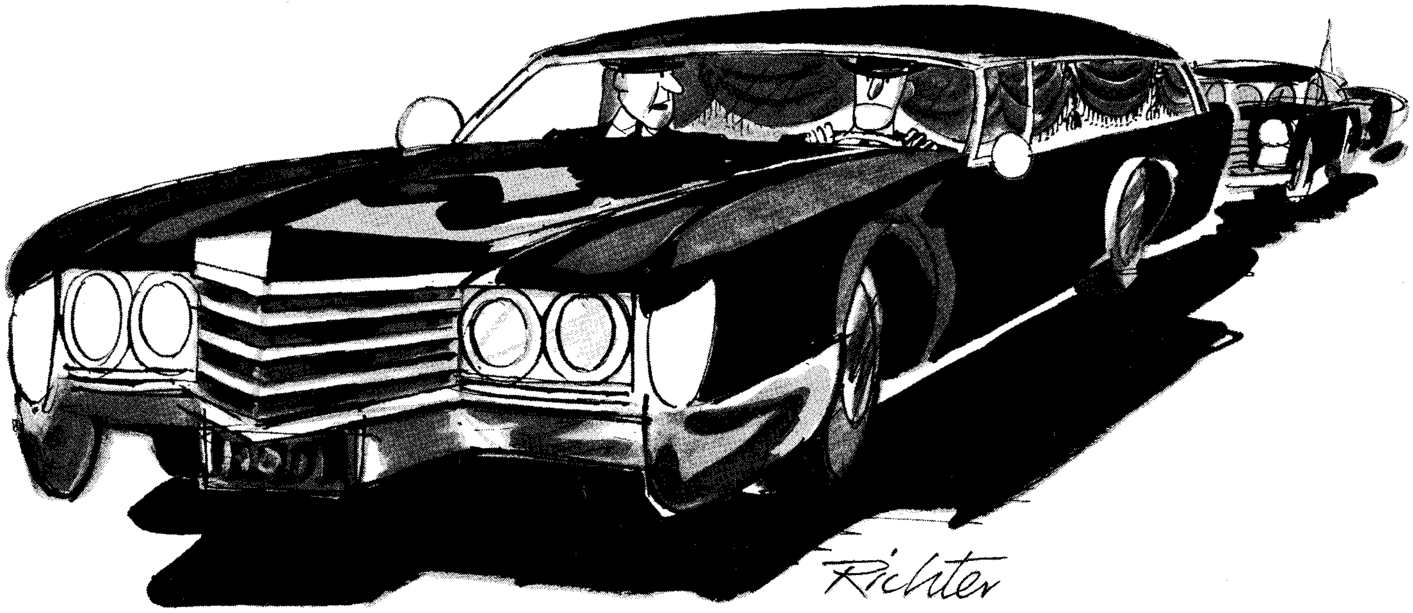
What's happening, baby? I guess you know this town is on a bum trip—narcs everywhere and no good weed going unpunished. Bad, *bad* scenes, man! The Acapulco up to $45 and none in sight. No Great Seedless Purple. No Tampico Taupe, no Valparaiso Violet, no Yggdrasill Yellow. Your best bread only gets a bag of stalks and pocket lint, with so many seeds you like to set your pants on fire. You trying to drive us onto the speedway, Poppa? I mean, how is a good quiet head going to get his head together?

SMOKEY THE BEAR

DEAR SMOKEY:

Even though my opponent for this office swore that grass would grow on the streets if I were elected, possession is still a stiff rap in this state and I have to "groove" on the law. I hope you saw a recent news photograph of me in the act of destroying some two million dollars' worth of illegal marijuana, which our local agents had intercepted in a shipment of frozen instant enchiladas. On that occasion, in an impromptu address to several reporters, cameramen, and police officers gathered at the Municipal Incinerator to witness the confiscation, I stated my firm belief that each of us should be capable of attaining a state of high spirits *without recourse to artificial and illegal stimulants or narcotics.* Then, after I had lighted the blaze, our group ascended to the roof of the Incinerator Building, where I wished to inspect a defective chimney that has been giving us some trouble of late; I'm sure you know my position on clean air. More photographs were taken there while I discussed repair of the chimney (it was indeed in bad shape, emitting a heavy pall of smoke from several fissures) with our Environmental Control people. Someone then remarked on the fine view of the River and the Eutawpa Hills one is offered from the roof of the Incinerator Building, and we all concurred enthusiastically. The Deputy Incineration Engineer even stated that he had never even been *aware* of the





"As we pass the country club, pause a moment beside the third fairway. He made an eagle there once."

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view until that instant, which caused a hearty laugh. In the end, most of us stayed up on the roof for the rest of the afternoon and well into the evening (despite fits of coughing attributable to the faulty chimney) while we indulged in thoughtful conversations about the beauty of our old town, the nearness of the stars, the distinctly reptilian appearance of Lower Marpless Drive, etc. This pleasant interlude, in fact, caused me to be more than two hours late for the Annual Corn Planters' Ball!

I cite this incident because I think it suggests a sound policy for us all. My little homily about man's capacity for natural, self-induced euphoria seemed to strike a common chord, encouraging each of us—reporters, police officers, civic servants—to pause there on the roof and appreciate for once the simple daily wonders that surround us. I tell you, Smokey, it was *great* up there. Wow, what a view. Wow, wow!

J. J. F.

DEAR MAYOR FLOTO:

Everywhere, the erosion of comfort—nay, of mere convenience—deepens. We live up on Delancey Plains, supposedly a "good address." Lately, however, there has been a shocking decline in services, which seems to be all too typical of conditions all over our city. First the doormen vanished. Then cabs ceased to appear. Then our phone went on the fritz. Last week, no hot water. Now there's something wrong with the lights. Where are those everyday amenities that used to make city life so pleasant? What is a civilized man to do nowadays?

OLD SETTLER

DEAR MR. SETTLER:

One thing a civilized man might do is go to the window and take a careful look outside, noting especially if there are any new "empty places" in the neighborhood. The entire Delancey Plains area was condemned eleven months ago, to make room for the new Frobisher International Airport, and demolition of the last buildings is scheduled to begin next Monday morning.

Let's all try a little harder to keep on our toes—O.K.?

J. J. F.

DEAR MAYOR FLOTO:

The city garbage truck that collects on our block has no American Flag on it. Our police and firemen are not afraid to show where their hearts belong, but some of these sanitation types are too stuck on themselves even to put up a little decal of Old Glory on their windshields. Maybe they'd rather make their rounds in Hanoi!

MRS. DELIGHT JORGENSEN

DEAR MRS. JORGENSEN:

Good for you! It's high time you real patriots rared up on your hind legs and showed us what you're made of. I'm sure that a person of your type will be pleased to know that your letter brought some fast results. The Character Committee of the Sanitation Workers Union launched a full investigation of the incident, and the three-man crew that used to serve your street has already been subjected to disciplinary action. Faced with undeniable evidence of flaglessness, two of these sanitation men made a full apology and confession of error; they have been permitted to remain in the Department, on a probationary basis, as apprentice manhole-flangers. The third member of the crew, however, proved to be intransigent. A thin young man with a droopy mustache, he appeared before the committee wearing tie-dyed jeans and love beads, and announced that he was joining a commune in Oregon, where he would devote himself henceforward to "cleaning out his own attic." Before turning in his badge, he played a short selection on a nose flute and then recited this piece of verse:

"... in pool and rut peel parches
Squandering ooze to squeezed dough,
  crust, dust; stanches, starches
Squadroned masks and manmarks
  treadmire toil there
Footfretted in it. Million-fuelèd,
  nature's bonfire burns on."

The Character Committee ruled that this confusing and anarchic view of the sanitation man's profession (I am told it is a fragment of a poem by G. M. Hopkins) be stricken from the record of the hearing; it then voted its heartfelt thanks to you, Mrs. Jorgensen, for "ridding the Department of one real weirdo."

J. J. F.

DEAR MAYOR FLOTO:

I just gave up on this city. This morning the alarm went off, but instead of getting up I lay in bed awhile. I thought about getting dressed, getting my coffee, getting to the bus, riding the bus, getting off the bus and changing to the subway, going up to the office. Thought about how it looks outside these days while everybody's waiting for the bus, with the lumpy old wornout snow still there and all that's piled up on it since way back last month, and more black gock falling on it out of the sky while you're standing there, and how the air smells dead all the time now. Thought about maybe no newspaper to read because somebody's always on strike again and won't deliver the papers. Thought about shoving into the bus (and maybe the bus being late again) and me afraid I don't have the 89 cents exact fare ready and scared the bus driver will yell at me and throw me off the bus if I don't. Thought about old commuting gents in baggy coats and rubbers looking tired on the bus, and did I have a token (another 89 cents) for the subway, and then the push out of the bus and down the steps, and the cold air and dirty papers blowing up out of the subway. Then waiting down in the subway (and maybe the train being late again), and being jammed in the car with all those faces looking at you, and maybe somebody in there shouting out loud to themselves or laughing or maybe *saying* something to you because there are so many crazies around now. Thought about the train stopping in the dark tunnel and maybe getting stuck there for a while, nobody knows how long, and the crowded car all full of breathing. Then (still lying in bed) I thought, Why try? Why go to work? What's better there than here? So I stayed in bed (still here) and wrote you this letter. What's happened to our city, Mayor Floto? How did things get this way? What's going to happen to me now, for the love of God?

Patrick Mulvany

IN CHARLIE'S BAR

Adelburg, England (UPI)—Charlie's Bar at the Brudunell Hotel refused to serve Miss Jane Waterfield because she was wearing a mod costume that violated the bar's rule against showing belly buttons.—*The Times.*

"Miss Waterfield, Miss Waterfield,
What'll it be today?
The usual? The usual?
That's all ye need to say.

"Miss Waterfield, Miss Waterfield!
What do mine eyes behold?
What is that darling circle there?
What's that adorable fold?

"Miss Waterfield, Miss Waterfield,
What in the name of God
Has brought ye here to Charlie's Bar
In clothes so utterly mod?

"Miss Waterfield, Miss Waterfield,
We're plain as English mutton,
And yet we have our rules, my girl:
No ale for a belly button.

"Miss Waterfield, Miss Waterfield,
I fear ye must be going;
We cater to the middle class
Whose middle isn't showing."

—E. B. White

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Dear Mr. Mulvany:

This has been a tough week, and your letter hasn't helped at all. This is just to tell you that I am getting tired of troublemakers like you. To be frank, I don't think you *have* a job; I think you're an unemployed writer. Do you think I can't recognize periphrasis when I see it? You and your "old commuting gents in baggy coats and rubbers looking tired on the bus"! Who do you think you are—Yeats? Jimmy Breslin?

Listen, Mulvany, I don't know how things got this way, because nobody does. The motto of this administration is something I swiped from a *real* writer, a fellow by the name of John Cage: "The truth is that everything causes everything else. We do not speak therefore of one thing causing another."

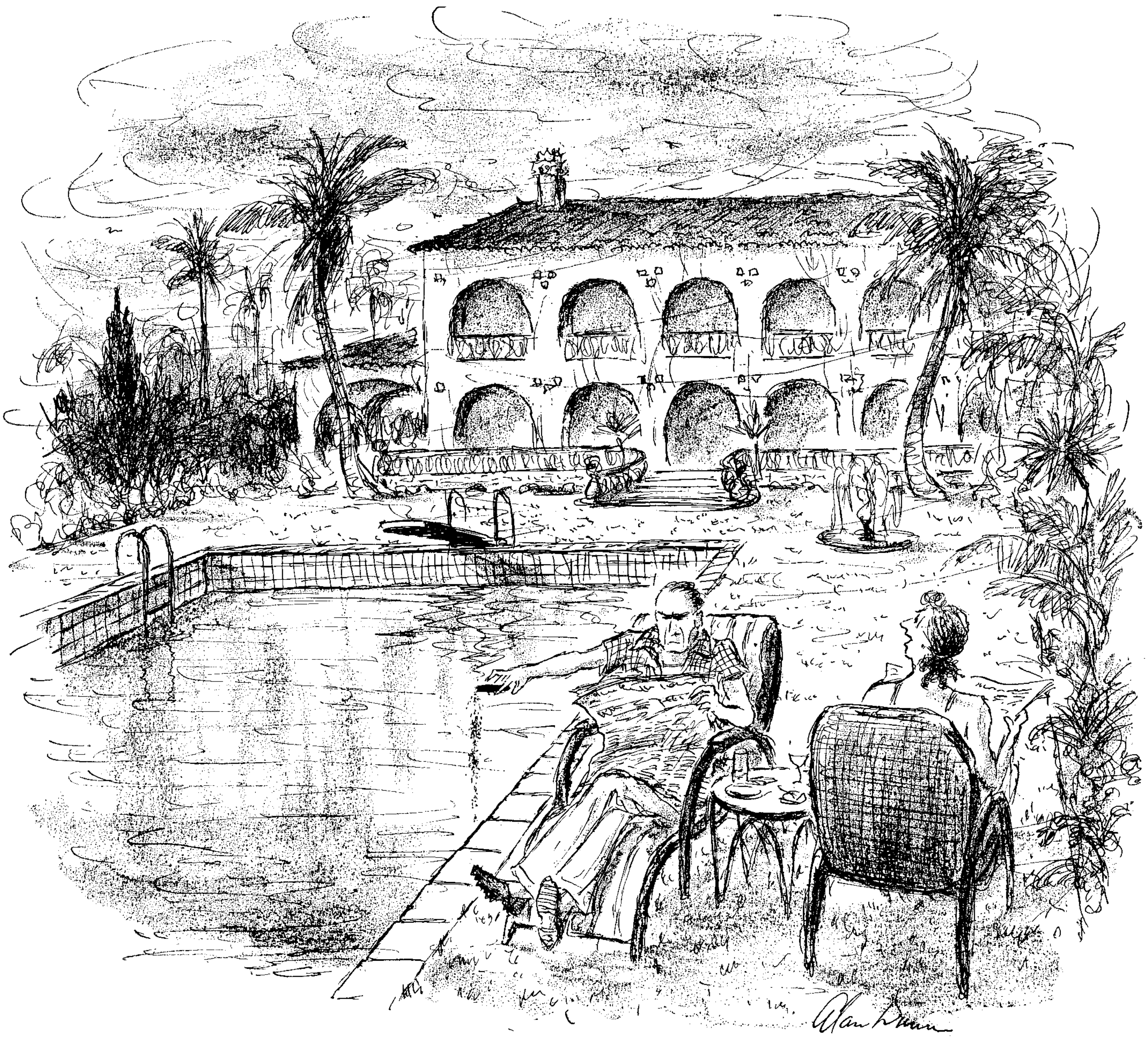
As for your last question, it might interest you to know that I read your damned letter out loud to the Board of Aldermen at our meeting this morning. We then drew the yarrow stalks (lately, we've found the "I Ching" more and more helpful in our deliberations), and what came up for you was K'un ("Oppression" or "Exhaustion"), a hexagram that includes a six at the beginning ("One sits oppressed under a bare tree and strays into a gloomy valley . . ."), a nine in the fifth place ("His nose and feet are cut off. Oppression at the hands of the man with the purple knee bands . . ."), and a six at the top ("He is oppressed by creeping vines. He moves uncertainly. . . . If one feels remorse over this and makes a start, good fortune comes"). Need I interpret? If I were you, Mulvany, I'd hop out of bed this instant and beat it out of town.

J. J. F.
(Purple Knee Bands)

Dear Mayor Floto:

What's happened to our kids? The other night I was watching the Cormorant basketball game on TV, and my son Byram, age 17, came into the room just as I am yelling something at Bingo Moussorgsky, the Cormorants' coach, who had just made another bonehead move to help the team move nearer the old cellar, and Byram laughed. "What are you laughing at?" I asked, explaining that the Cormorants were about to lose their ninth straight. "I don't care," said Byram, "and I am laughing at you." Then we "had words" and my beer got spilled on the davenport.

If our schools and churches would teach some decency and respect for parents, there wouldn't be all these demonstrations, dropouts, pornography, and trouble on the streets. And if you bleeding hearts in City Hall would



"Please, dear. This isn't Lake Erie."

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spend some money to build just one Champ club for this city, instead of the losers we got now, then maybe kids would stay home with their old man once in a while and watch the game, and we wouldn't have so much immorality and crime. Right?

BIG FRED

DEAR FRED:

Your letter has opened my eyes. I think you're dead right, and to prove it I have just appointed Bingo Moussorgsky to fill the vacant $80,000 sinecure as our Commissioner of Housing. This may not help our slum clearance program much, but what the hell—*nothing* seems to help the slums these days, eh, Fred? This way, at least, the Cormorants will get a new coach. I think they'll need a good one, because according to information now on my desk the team is about to be subjected to a massive campaign of round-the-clock demonstrations, picketing, boycotts, sit-ins, and harangues by the Women's Liberation Front, which is charging the Cormorants with discrimination in hiring practices. How does that grab you? Don't you think that Byram will be more interested in the Cormorants when they become the first heterosexual team in the N.B.A.? Don't you think that our passionate involvement in all-male professional teams suggests a hysterical-homosexual fantasy buried deep in the American Unconscious? Why are you afraid of cellars? I suggest that you talk over all these difficult questions with your son. Everything is changing these days, Fred, believe you me.

By the way, the Moussorgsky appointment is my final one as Mayor. Your letter and most of the other citizens' letters sent to me over the past six months have finally convinced me that city life, while perhaps still rewarding for some, no longer offers the same enrichment, zest, and challenge to high accomplishment that it once did for me. Or, as Mrs. Floto put it the other day, "Who wants to be Chief Kook in Kooksville?" By the time you read this, we will already be in residence, along with the children, in a somewhat smaller settlement out in Oregon, where I plan to undertake a regimen of fasting and meditation at the feet of an erstwhile young colleague of mine who also recently retired from the *faubourgs*. Please let me know how the Cormorants make out. Or don't—see if I care.

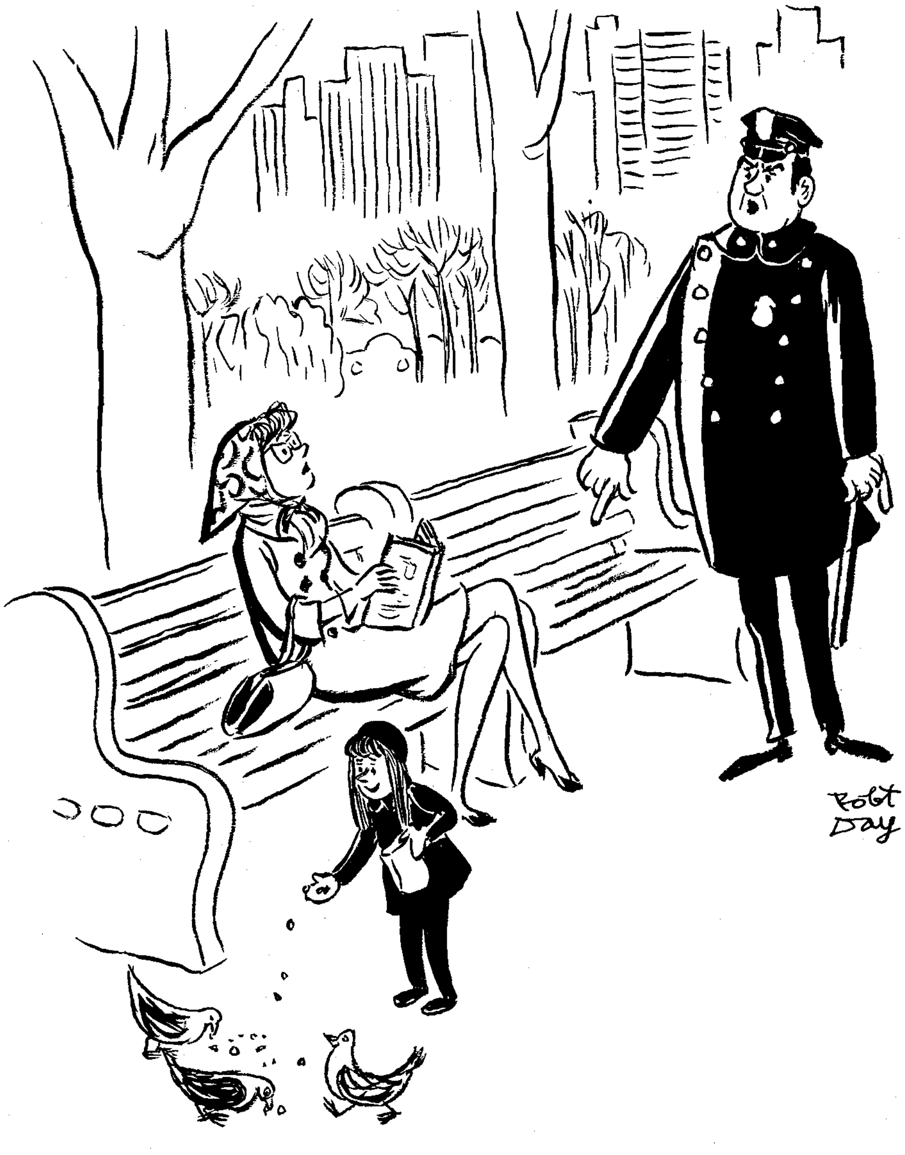
JOHN J. FLOTO

—ROGER ANGELL

THE DEACON

HE passes the plate, and counts the money afterward—a tall dogged-looking man, wearing metal-framed glasses that seem tight across his face and that bite into the flesh around his eyes. He wears for Sunday morning a clean white shirt, but a glance downward, as you lay on your thin envelope and pass the golden plate back to him, discovers fallen socks and scuffed shoes. And as he with his fellow-deacons strides forward toward the altar, his suit is revealed as the pants of one suit (gray) and the coat of another (brown). He is too much at home here. During the sermon, he stares toward a corner of the nave ceiling, which needs repair, and slowly, reverently, yet unmistakably chews gum. He lingers in the vestibule, with his barking, possessive laugh, when the rest of the congregation has passed into the sunshine and the dry-mouthed minister is fidgeting to be out of his cassock and home to lunch. The deacon's car, a dusty Dodge, is parked outside the parish hall most evenings. He himself wonders why he is there so often, how he slipped into this ceaseless round of men's suppers, Christian Education Committee meetings, choir rehearsals, emergency sessions of the Board of Finance where hours churn by in irrelevant argument and prayerful silences that produce nothing. "Nothing," he says to his wife on returning, waking her. "The old fool refuses to amortize the debt." He means the treasurer. "His Eminence tells us foreign missions can't be applied to the oil bill even if we make it up in the summer at five per cent interest." He means the minister. "It was on the tip of my tongue to ask whence he derives all his business expertise."

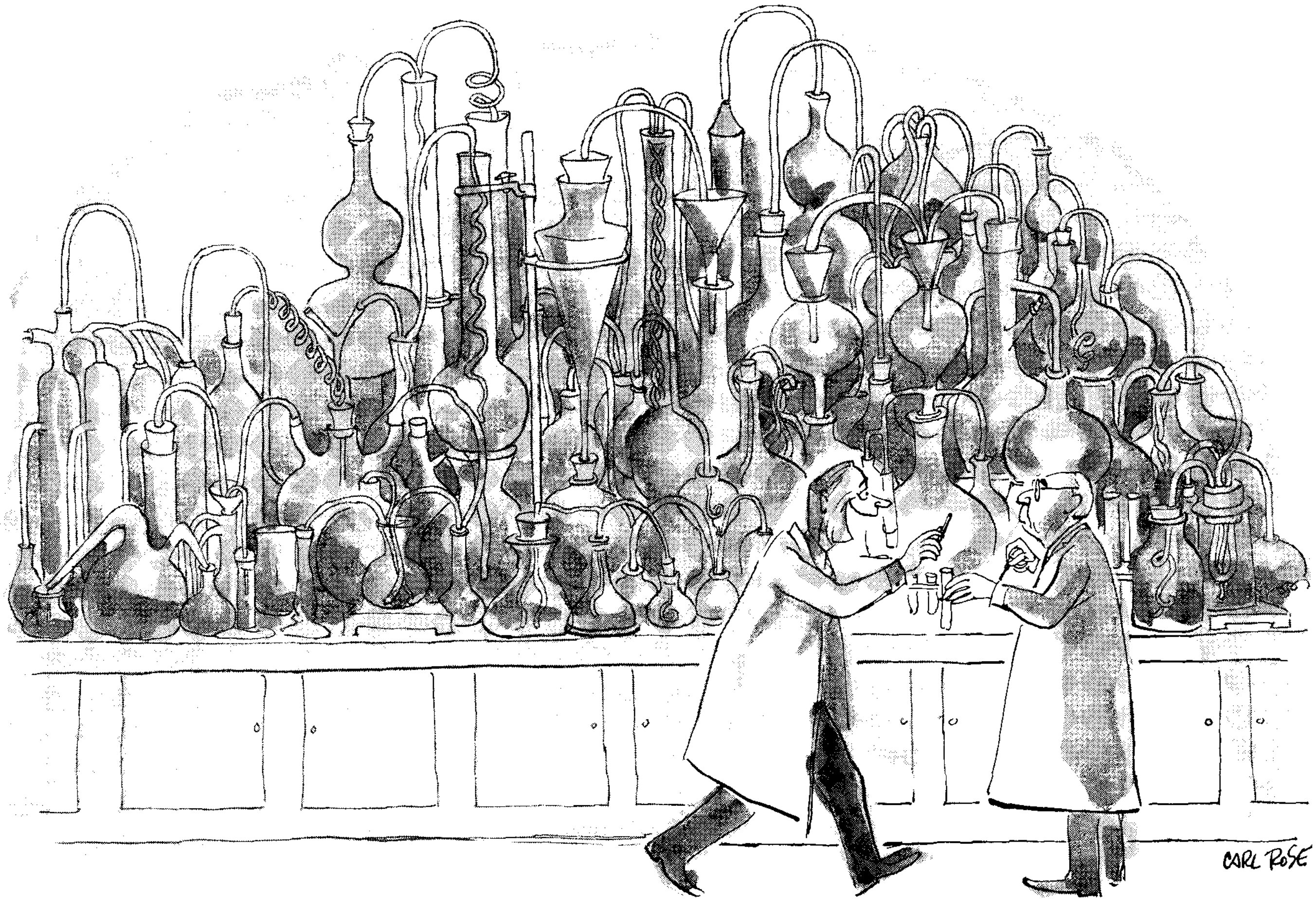
"Why don't you resign?" she asks. "Let the young people get involved before they drop away."



"Why isn't that child at home watching 'Sesame Street'?"

"One more peace in Vietnam sermon, they'll drop away anyway." He falls heavily into bed, smelling of chewing gum. As with men who spend nights away from home drinking in bars, he feels guilty, but the motion, the brightness and excitement of the place where he has been, continues in him. The varnished old tables, the yellowing Sunday-school charts, the folding chairs and pocked linoleum, the occasional laughter, the giggles of the children's choir leaving, the strange constant sense of dark sacred space surrounding their lit meeting room like the void upholding a bright planet. "One more blessing on the Vietcong," he mumbles, and the young minister's face, white and worriedly sucking a pipestem, skids like a vision of the Devil across his plagued mind. He has a headache. The sides of his nose, the tops of his cheeks, the space above his ears—wherever the frames of his glasses dig—dully hurt. His wife snores, neglected. In less than seven hours, the alarm clock will ring. This must stop. He must turn over a new leaf.

His name is Miles. He is over fifty, an electrical engineer. Every seven years or so, he changes employers and locations; it is the new American way. He has been a member of the board of deacons of a prosperous Methodist church in Iowa, a complex of dashing blond brick-and-glass buildings set in acres of parking lot carved from a cornfield; then of a Presbyterian church in San Francisco, gold-rush Gothic clinging to the back of Nob Hill, attended on Sundays by a handful of Chinese businessmen and prostitutes in sunglasses and whiskery, dazed dropout youths looking for a warm place in which to wind up their Saturday-night trips; then of another Presbyterian church in New York State, a dour granite chapel in a suburb of Schenectady; and most recently, in southeastern Pennsylvania, of a cryptlike Reformed church sunk among clouds of foliage so dense that the lights are kept burning in midday and the cobwebbed balconies swarm all summer with wasps. Though Miles has travelled far, he has never broken out of the loose net of Calvinist denominations that places almost every American within sight of a stumpy spire. He wonders why. He was raised in Ohio, in a village that had lost the tang of the frontier but kept its bleak narrowness, and was confirmed in the same colorless, bean-eating creed that millions in his generation had dismissed forever. He was not, as he understood



"By God, Dr. Schimmel, I've done it! I've done it! I've taken the country out of Salem!"

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the term, religious. Ceremony bored him. He distinctly heard in the devotional service the overamplified tone of voice that in business matters would signal either ignorance or dishonesty. His profession prepared him to believe that our minds, with their crackle of self-importance, are merely collections of electrical circuits. He saw nothing about his body worth resurrecting. God, concretely considered, had a way of merging with that corner of the church ceiling that showed signs of water leakage. That men should be good, he did not doubt, or that social order demands personal sacrifice; but the Heavenly hypothesis, as it had fallen upon his ears these forty years of Sundays, crushes us all to the same level of unworthiness, and redeems us all indiscriminately, elevating especially, these days, the irresponsible—the unemployable, the riotous, the outrageous, the one in one hundred that strays. Neither God nor His ministers displayed love for deacons—indeed, Pharisees were the first objects of their wrath. Why persist, then, in work so thoroughly thankless, begging for pledges, pinching and scraping to save crumbling old buildings, facing rings of Sunday-school faces baked to adamant cynicism by hours of television-watching, attending fruitless meetings where the senile and the frustrated dominate, arguing, yawning, missing sleep, the company of his wife, the small, certain joys of home. Why? He had wanted to offer his children the Christian option, to begin them as citizens as he had begun; but all have left home now, are in college or married, and, as far as he can tactfully gather, are unchurched. So be it. He has done his part.

A NEW job offer arrives, irresistible, inviting him to New England. In Pennsylvania the Fellowship Society gives him a farewell dinner; his squad of Sunday-school teachers presents him with a pen set; he hands in his laborious financial records, his neat minutes of vague proceedings. He bows his head for the last time in that dark sanctuary smelling of moldering plaster and buzzing with captive wasps. He is free. Their new house is smaller, their new town is white. He does not join a church; he stays home reading the Sunday paper. Wincing, he flicks past religious news. He drives his wife north to admire the turning foliage. His evenings are immense. He reads through Winston Churchill's history of the Second World War; he installs elaborate gadgets around the house, which now and then give his wife an electrical shock. They go to drive-in movies, and sit islanded in a sea of fornication. They go bowling and square dancing, and feel ridiculous, too large and heavy and slow. These years of evenings alone, she has developed a time-passing pattern—television shows spaced with spells of sewing and dozing—into which he fits awkwardly. She listens to him grunt and sigh and grope for words. But Sunday mornings are the worst, blighted times haunted by the giddy swish and roar of churchward traffic on the road outside. He stands by the window; the sight of three little girls, in white beribboned hats, bluebird coats, and dresses of starched organdie, scampering home from Sunday school gives him a pang unholy in its keenness.

Behind him his wife says, "Why don't you go to church?"

"No, I think I'll wash the Dodge."

"You washed it last Sunday."

"Maybe I should take up golf."

"You want to go to church. Go. It's no sin."

"Not the Methodists. Those bastards in Iowa nearly worked me to death."

"What's the pretty white one in the middle of town? Congregational. We've never been Congregationalists; they'd let you alone."

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to take a drive?"

"I get carsick with all that starting and stopping. To tell the truth, it would be a relief to have you out of the house."

Already he is pulling off his sweater, to make way for a clean shirt. He puts on a coat that doesn't match his pants. "I'll go," he says, "but I'll be damned if I'll join."

He arrives late, and sits staring at the ceiling. It is a wooden church, and the beams and ceiling boards in drying out have pulled apart. Above every clear-glass window he sees the dried-apple-colored stains of leakage. At the door, the minister, a very young pale man with a round moon face and a know-it-all pucker to his lips, clasps Miles' hand as if never to let it go. "We've been looking for you. We received a wonderful letter about you from your Reformed pastor in Pennsylvania. As you know, since the U.C.C. merger you don't even need to be reconfirmed. There's a men's supper this Thursday. We'll hope to see you there." Some minister's hands, Miles has noticed, grow fatty under the pressure of being so often shaken, and others dwindle to the bones; this one's is mostly bones.

The church as a whole is threadbare and scrawny; it makes no resistance to his helpless infiltration of the Men's Club, the Board of Finance, the Debt Liquidation and Building Maintenance Committee. He and a few shaggy Pilgrim Youth paint the Sunday-school chairs Chinese red. He and one grimy codger and three bottles of beer clean the furnace room of forgotten furniture and pageant props, of warped hymnals and unused programs still tied in the printer's bundles, of the gilded remnants of a dozen abandoned projects. Once he attends a committee meeting to which no one else comes. It is a gusty winter night, a night of cold rain from the sea, freezing on the roads. The minister has been up all night with the family of a suicide and cannot himself attend; he has dropped off the church keys at Miles' home.

The front door key, no bigger than a car key, seems magically small for so large a building. Is it the only one? Miles makes a mental note: have duplicates made. He turns on a light and waits for the others—a retired banker and two maiden ladies. The furnace is running gamely, but with an audible limp in its stride. It is a coal burner converted to oil twenty years ago. The old cast-iron clinker grates are still heaped in a corner, too heavy to throw out. Should be sold for scrap. Every penny counts. Pinching and scraping. Miles thinks, as upon a mystery, upon the prodigality of heating a huge vacant barn like this with such an inefficient burner. Hot air rises direct from the basement to the ceiling, drying and spreading the wood. Fuel needle half gummed up. Waste. Nothing but waste, salvage and waste. And weariness.

Miles removes his glasses and rubs the chafed spots at the bridge of his nose. He replaces them to look at his watch. His watch has stopped, its small face wet like an excited child's from the storm. The electric clock in the minister's study has been unplugged. Bogus thrift. There are books: concordances, daily helps, through the year verse by verse, great sermons, best sermons, sermon hints, all second-hand, no, third-hand, worse, hundredth-hand, thousandth-hand, a coin rubbed blank. The books are leaning on their sides and half the shelves are empty. Empty. The desk is clean. No business conducted on it. He tests the minister's fountain pen and it is dry. Dry as an old snakeskin, dry as a locust husk that still clings to a tree.

In search of the time, Miles goes into the sanctuary. The 1880 pendulum clock on the choir balustrade still ticks. He can hear it in the dark, overhead. He switches on the nave lights. A moment passes before they come on. Some shaky connection in the toggle, the wiring doubtless rotten throughout the walls, a wonder it hasn't burnt down. Miles has never belonged to a wooden church before. Around and above him, like a stiff white forest, the hewn frame creaks and groans in conversation with the wind. The high black windows, lashed as if by handfuls of sand, seem to flinch, yet do not break, and Miles feels the timbers of this ark, with its ballast of tattered pews, give and sway with the fierce weather, yet hold; and this is why he has come, to share the pride of this ancient thing that will not quite die, to have it all to himself. Warm air from a grilled duct breathes on his ankles. Miles can see upward past the clock and the organ to the corner of the unused gallery where souvenirs of the church's past—Puritan pew doors,

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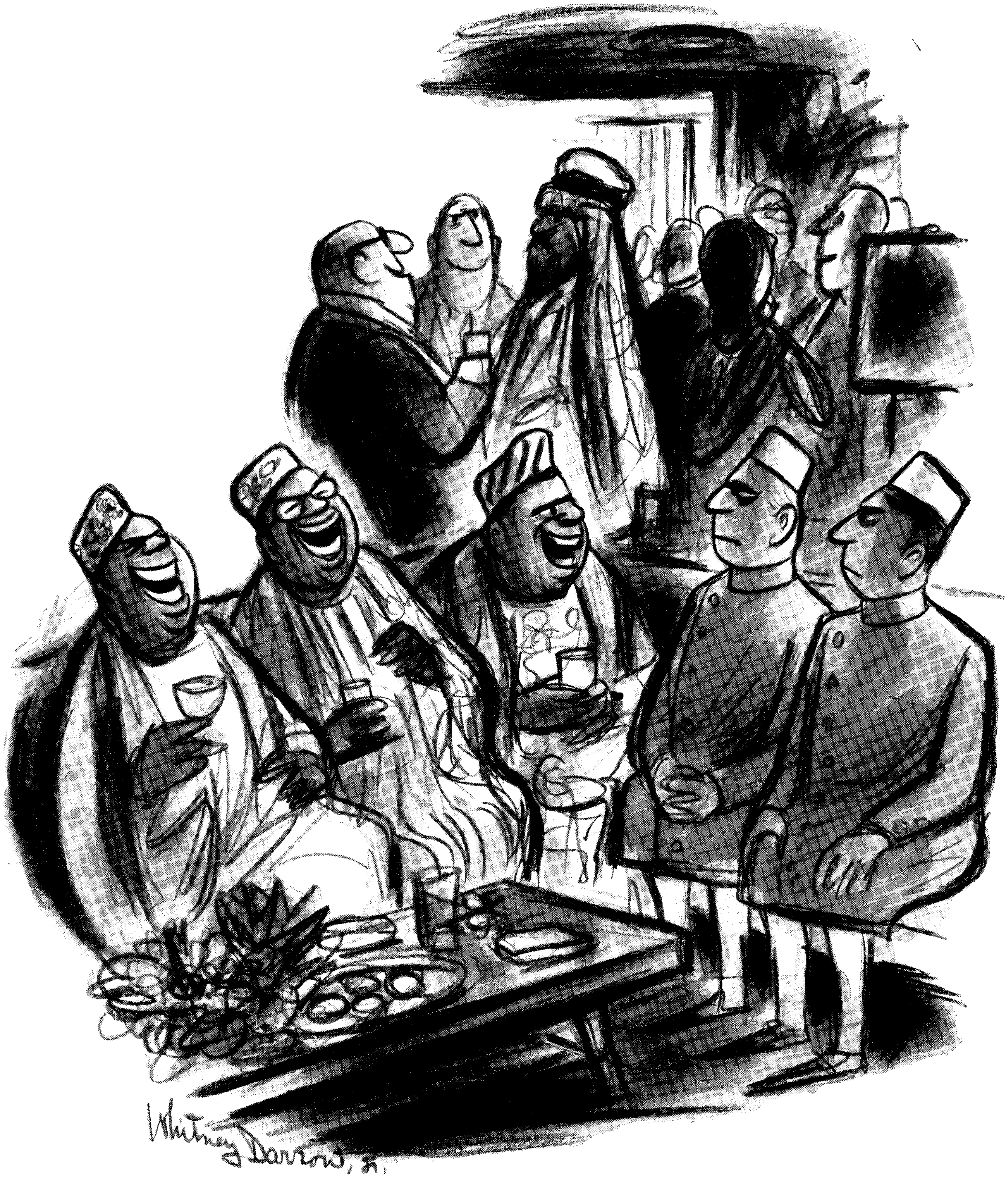
THE MAGICIAN'S RETREAT

of moderate height.
(I have seen it)
cloudy but bright inside
like a moonstone,
while a yellow glow
from a shutter-crack shone,
a cat's-eye yellow crack in the shutter,
and a blue glow from the lamppost
close to the front door.
It left nothing of which to complain,
nothing more to obtain,
consummately plain.

A black tree mass rose at the back
almost touching the eaves
with the definiteness of Magritte,
was above all discreet.

—Marianne Moore



"It loses something in translation, evidently."

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tin footwarmers, velvet collection bags, Victorian commemorative albums, etchings of previous edifices, cracking portraits of wigged pastors, oval photographs of deceased deacons, and inexplicable unlabelled photographs of chubby cross children in white stockings and buttoned boots—repose in dusty glass cases that are in themselves antiques. All this anonymous treasure Miles possesses by being here, like a Pharaoh hidden with his life's rich furniture, while the rain like a robber rattles to get in.

Yes, the deacon sees, it is indeed a preparation for death—an emptiness where many others have been, which is what death will be. It is good to be at home here. Nothing now exists but himself, this shell, and the storm. The windows clatter; the sand has turned to gravel, the rain has turned to sleet. The storm seizes the church by its steeple and shakes, but the walls were built with love, and withstand. The others are very late, they will not be coming; he is not displeased, he is immensely serene. He turns out the lights. He locks the door.

—John Updike

BRAIN DAMAGE

In the first garbage dump I found a book describing a rich new life of achievement, prosperity, and happiness. A rich new life of achievement, prosperity, and happiness could not be achieved alone, the book said. It must be achieved with the aid of *spirit teachers*. At long last a way had been found to reach the spirit world. Once the secret was learned, spirit teachers would assist you through the amazing phenomenon known as ESP. My spirit teachers wanted to help me, the book said. As soon as I contacted them, they would do everything in their power to grant my desires. An example, on page 117: A middle-aged woman was being robbed, but as the thief was taking her purse, a flash of blue light like a tiny lightning bolt knocked his gun out of his hands and he fled in terror. That was just the beginning, the book said. One could learn to eliminate hostility from the hearts of others.

CROWD NOISES

MUTTERING

MUTTERING

YAWNING

We thought about the blue flowers. Different people had different ideas about them. Henry wanted to turn them on. We brought wires and plugs and a screwdriver, and wired the green ends of the flowers (the bottom part, where they had been cut) to the electrical wire. We were sort of afraid to plug them in, though—afraid of all that electricity pushing its way up through the green stalks of the flowers, flooding the leaves, and finally touching the petals, the blue part, where the blueness of the flowers resided, along with white, and a little yellow. "What kind of current is this, that we are possibly going to plug the flowers into?" Gregory asked. It seemed to be alternating current rather than direct current. That was what we all thought, because most of the houses in this part of the country were built in compliance with building codes that required A.C. In fact, you don't find much D.C. around anymore, because in the early days of electricity, many people were killed by it.

"Well, plug them in," Grace said. Because she wanted to see the flowers light up, or collapse, or do whatever they were going to do, when they were plugged in.

The humanist position is not to plug in the flowers—to let them alone. Humanists believe in letting everything alone to be what it is, insofar as possible. The new electric awareness, however, requires that the flowers be plugged in, right away. Toynbee's notions of challenge and response are also, perhaps, apposite. My own idea about whether or not to plug in the flowers is somewhere between these ideas, in that gray area where nothing is done, really, but you vacillate for a while, thinking about it. The blue of the flowers is very handsome against the gray of that area.

MURMURING

WHISPERING

RETCHING

The cup fell from nerveless fingers. . . .

The china cup big as the Air Force Academy fell from tiny white nerveless fingers no bigger than hairs. . . .

"Sit down. I am your spiritual adviser. Sit down and have a cup of tea with me. See, there is the chair. There is the cup. The teaboy will bring the tea shortly. When the teaboy brings the tea, you may pour some of it into your cup. That cup there, on the table."

"Thank you. This is quite a nice University you have here. A University constructed entirely of three mile-high sponges!"

"Yes it is rather remarkable."

"What is that very large body with hundreds and hundreds of legs moving across the horizon from left to right in a steady, carefully considered line?"

"That is the tenured faculty crossing to the other shore on the plane of the feasible."

"And this tentacle here of the Underwater Life Sciences Department?"

"That is not a tentacle but the Department itself. Devouring a whole cooked chicken furnished by the Department of Romantic Poultry."

"And those running men?"

"Those are the runners."

"What are they running from?"

"They're not running *from*, they're running *toward*. Trained in the Department of Great Expectations."

"Is that my Department?"

"Do you blush easily?"

SHOUTING

SLEEPING

RHYTHMIC HANDCLAPPING

WHAT RECOURSE?

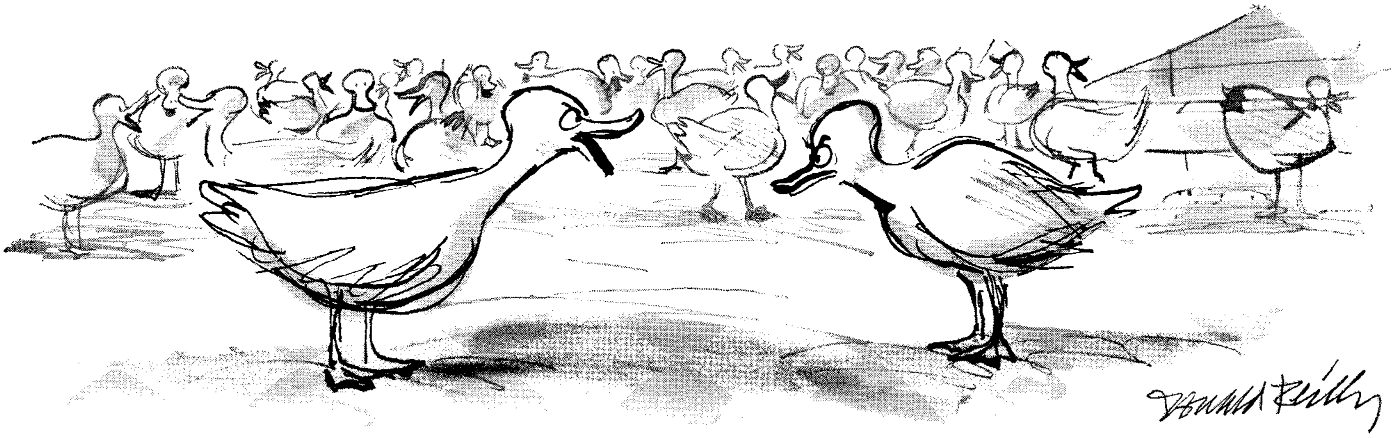
A great waiter died, and all of the other waiters were saddened. At the restaurant, sadness was expressed. Black napkins were draped over black arms. Black tablecloths were distributed. Several nearby streets were painted black—those leading to the establishment in which Guignol had placed his plates with legendary tact. Guignol's medals (for like a great beer he had been decorated many times, at international exhibitions in Paris, Brussels, Rio de Janeiro) were turned over to his mistress, La Lupe. The body was poached in white wine, stock, olive oil, vinegar, aromatic vegetables, herbs, garlic, and slices of lemon for twenty-four hours and displayed en Aspic *on a bed of lettuce leaves. Hundreds of famous triflers appeared, to pay their last respects. Guignol's colleagues recalled with pleasure the master's most notable eccentricity. Having suavely persuaded some innocent to select a thirty-dollar bottle of wine, he never failed to lean forward conspiratorially and whisper in his victim's ear, "Cuts the grease."*

WRITHING

HOWLING

MOANS

A dream: I am looking at a ship, an ocean-going vessel the size of the Michelangelo. But unlike the Michelangelo this ship is not painted a dazzling white; it is caked with rust. And it is not in the water. The whole immense bulk of it sits on dry land. Furthermore, it is loaded with high explosives which may go off at any moment. My task is to push the ship through a narrow mountain pass whose cliffs rush forward threateningly. An experience: I was crossing the street in the rain holding an umbrella. On the other side of the street an older woman was motioning to me. Come here, come here! I indicated that I didn't want to come there, wasn't interested, had other things to do. But she continued to make mo-



"If you can't stand the quacking, get out of the barnyard!"

• •

tions, to insist. Finally I went over to her. "Look down there," she said, pointing to the gutter full of water. "There's a penny. Don't you want to pick it up?"

WHISPERING

SHOUTING

SEXUAL ACTIVITY

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD

Behavior of the waiters: The first waiter gave a twenty-cent tip to the second waiter. The second waiter looked down at the two dimes in his hand and then up at the first waiter. Looks of disgust were exchanged. The third waiter put a dollar bill on a plate and handed it to the fourth waiter. The fourth waiter took the dollar bill and stuffed it into his pocket. Then the fourth waiter took six quarters from another pocket and made a neat little stack of quarters next to the elbow of the fifth waiter, who was sitting at a rear table, writing on a little pad. The fifth waiter gave the captain a five-dollar bill which the captain slipped into a pocket in the tail of his tailcoat. The sixth waiter handed the seventh waiter a small envelope containing two ten-dollar bills. The seventh waiter put a small leather bag containing twelve louis d'or into the bosom of the wife of the eighth waiter. The ninth waiter offered a one-hundred-dollar war bond to the tenth waiter, who was carrying a crystal casket of carbuncles to the chef.

MUTTERING

MURMURING

I worked for newspapers. I worked for newspapers at a time when I was not competent to do so. I reported inaccurately. I failed to get all the facts. I misspelled names. I garbled figures. I wasted copy paper. I pretended I knew things I did not know. I pretended to understand things beyond my understanding. I oversimplified. I was superior to things I was inferior to. I misinterpreted things that took place before me. I over- and underinterpreted things that took place before me. I suppressed news the management wanted suppressed. I invented news the management wanted invented. I faked stories. I failed to discover the truth. I colored the truth with fancy. I had no respect for the truth. I failed to heed the adage "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." I put lies in the paper. I put private jokes in the paper. I wrote headlines containing double-entendres. I wrote stories while drunk. I abused copyboys. I curried favor with advertisers. I accepted gifts from interested parties. I was servile with superiors. I was harsh with people who called on the telephone seeking information. I gloated over police photographs of sex crimes. I touched type when the makeups weren't looking. I took copy pencils home. I voted with management in Guild elections.

TO WHAT END?

IN WHOSE NAME?

WHAT RECOURSE?

Oh there's brain damage in the east, and brain damage in the west, and upstairs there's brain damage, and downstairs there's brain damage, and in my lady's parlor—brain damage. Brain damage is widespread. Apollinaire was a victim of brain damage—you remember the photograph, the bandage on his head, and the poems. . . . Bonnie and Clyde suffered from brain damage in the last four minutes of the picture. There's brain damage on the horizon, a great big blubbery cloud of it coming this way—

And you can hide under the bed but brain damage is under the bed, and you can hide in the universities but they are the very seat and soul of brain damage. . . . Brain damage caused by bears who put your head in their foaming jaws while you are singing "Masters of War." . . Brain damage caused by the sleeping revolution, which no one can wake up. . . . Brain damage caused by art. I could describe it better if I weren't afflicted with it. . . .

This is the country of brain damage, this is the map of brain damage, these are the rivers of brain damage, and see, those lighted-up places are the airports of brain damage, where the damaged pilots land the big, damaged ships.

The Immaculate Conception triggered a lot of brain damage at one time but no longer does so. A team of Lippizaners has just published an autobiography. Is that any reason to accuse them of you-know-what? And I saw a girl walking down the street, she was singing "Me and My Winstons," and I began singing it too, and that protected us, for a moment, from the terrible thing that might have happened. . . .

And there is brain damage in Arizona, and brain damage in Maine, and little towns in Idaho are in the grip of it, and my blue heaven is black with it, brain damage covering everything like an international agreement, like an unbreakable lease. . . .

Skiing along on the soft surface of brain damage, never to sink, because we don't understand the danger—

—DONALD BARTHELME

REFLECTIONS

THE SELLOUT

IN England in November, it gets dark early. I walked home, as usual, after my music lesson, groping my way through the War Cloister. I was thirteen, and already I could understand why people said that our Cloister, in the Hampshire town of Winchester, was the finest war memorial in Europe. It is a square colonnade built of white stone and enclosing a plot of grass with a plain white cross in the center. The wall surrounding it is unbroken except for three gates for people to pass through. All round the wall the names are carved—the names of six hundred boys from our school who were killed in the 1914-18 war, the war that for us was simply The War. Architecturally, the War Cloister is a masterpiece. Although we walked through it every day, its atmosphere of quietness, dignity, and tragedy never weakened. That evening, as I came through the War Cloister alone, I saw a soldier kneeling. I saw him quite clearly—a young man in the familiar uniform of The War. Then I looked again, and he wasn't there. I found this not particularly surprising. Later, I told my friends about it and we agreed that it was not surprising. Most of us preserved an agnostic attitude concerning the existence of ghosts. Maybe I had had an ordinary hallucination, induced by the solemnity of the War Cloister. Or maybe I had actually seen one of the six hundred, paying his respects there to the living as we did to the dead. If one of the six hundred was still restlessly haunting the earth, it would be a natural thing for him to come to find peace in the War Cloister.

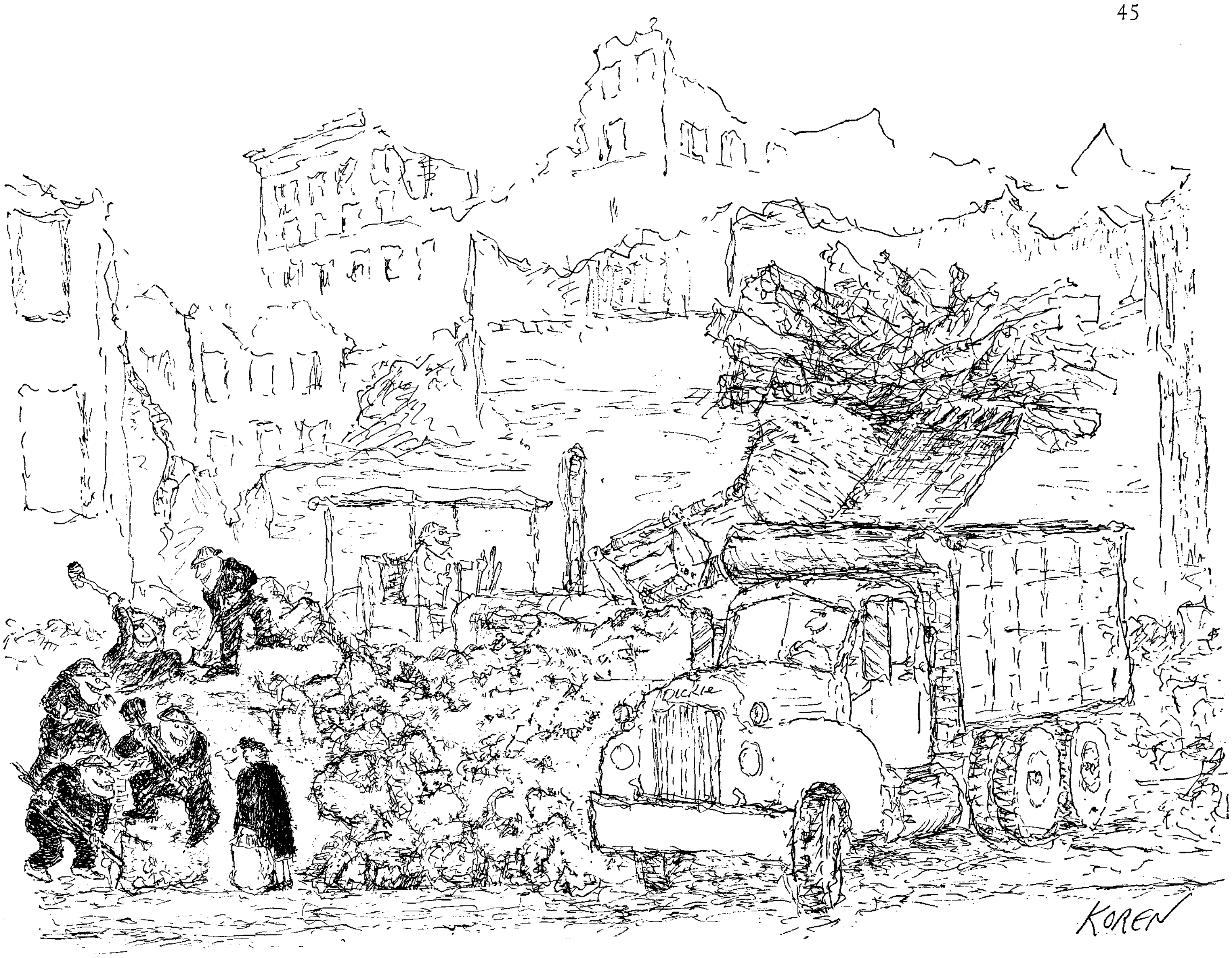
The older generation had fought The War and built the War Cloister. They were determined that we should be constantly reminded of their tragedy. And, indeed, our whole lives were overshadowed by it. Every year, on November 11th, there was the official day of mourning. But much heavier on our souls weighed the daily reminders that the best and the brightest of a whole generation had fallen. English life had sunk into sloth and mediocrity, we were told, because none were left of those who should have been our leaders. Everywhere, tired men of sixty-five were doing the work that vigorous men of forty-five should have done. The arithmetic was simple. Our school put out each year a graduating class of eighty boys. Our six hundred dead were more than seven complete years. The classes of 1914, 1915, and 1916 were wiped out. Few survived from the eight years between 1910 and 1917.

We of the class of 1941 were no fools. We saw clearly in 1937 that another bloodbath was approaching. We knew how to figure the odds. We saw no reason to expect that the next round would be less bloody than the one before. We expected that the fighting would start in 1939 or 1940, and we observed that our chances of coming through it alive were about the same as if we had belonged to the class of 1915 or 1916. We calculated the odds to be about ten to one that we would be dead in five years. Feeling ourselves doomed, we found it comforting to believe that the whole society in which we lived was doomed equally. The coming war would certainly bring large-scale bombing of civilian populations. And we expected bombing not with old-fashioned high explosives but with poison gas, such as the Italians had recently been using in Ethiopia, or with the anthrax bombs that Aldous Huxley described in "Brave New World." We expected biological weapons to be used more and more recklessly, until some new Black Death got out of control and destroyed half the population of Europe. Gas had been used recklessly by both sides in the First World War, and there was no reason to hope that germ warfare would lend itself to any greater restraint. We then expected the Second World War to end with man-made plagues destroying our civilization, just as, thirty years later, we expect thermonuclear weapons to do the job in the Third World War.

In 1937, we of the younger generation had absorbed from our elders this profoundly tragic view of life, and we had not yet asserted our independence. We read and reread "The Ascent of F6," the play by Auden and Isherwood, and I used to know long stretches of it by heart. It appeared in 1936, and marvellously expressed the mood of the time—especially one of the hero's opening speeches:

> O, happy the foetus that miscarries and the frozen idiot that cannot cry "Mama!" Happy those run over in the

"Nothing but smut today, Mrs. Trumbull."



"Your work must be very satisfying."

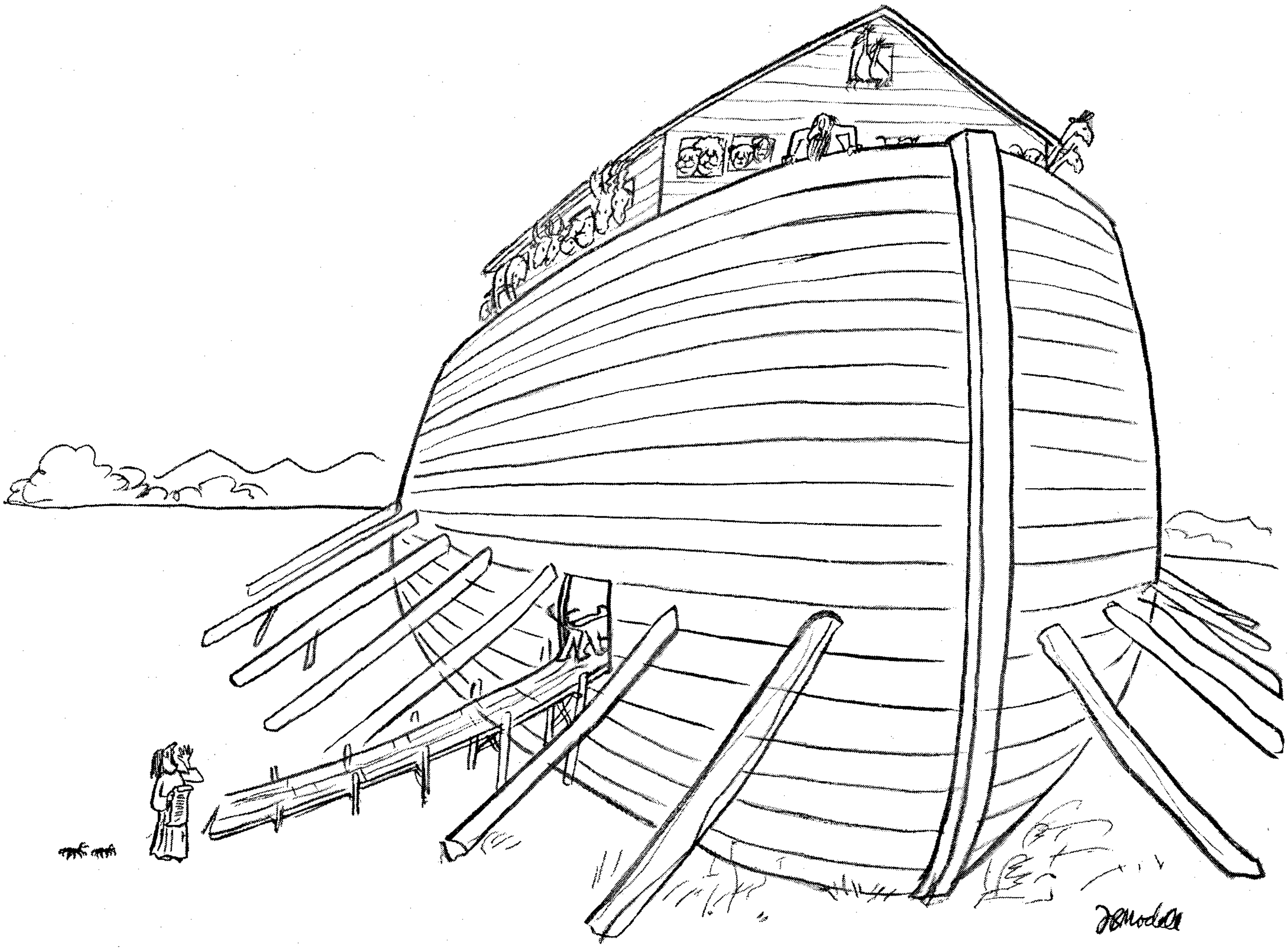
• •

street today or drowned at sea, or sure of death tomorrow from incurable diseases! They cannot be made a party to the general fiasco. For of that growth which in maturity had seemed eternal it is now no tint of thought or feeling that has tarnished, but the great ordered flower itself is withering; its life-blood dwindled to an unimportant trickle, stands under heaven now a fright and ruin, only to crows and larvae a gracious refuge.

WE who were pacifists all enjoyed digging the air-raid shelter. This was in the days of crisis before the Munich agreement. Sporting activities were suspended, and the boys were put to work with shovels digging a long trench. It was obvious to anybody of the meanest intelligence, we said, that the thing would never be of any use. It was a quarter of a mile away from the nearest school building, across an open field. It was in a low-lying spot, where any lethal gas was most likely to collect. And after the first good rain it would be full of water anyway. So we set to work with a will, digging this hole in the ground and enjoying the autumn sunshine. The enterprise was so demonstrably useless that we could take part in it without compromising our pacifist principles. We looked with satisfaction at the completed trench, regarding it as a monument to the total bankruptcy of the military mind.

By that time, we had made our break with the establishment and were fierce pacifists. We saw no hope that any acceptable future would emerge from the coming war. We had made up our minds that we would at least not be led like sheep to the slaughter, as the class of 1915 had been. Our mood was no longer tragic resignation but anger and contempt for the older generation, which had brought us into this mess. We raged against the hypocrisy and stupidity of our elders in the same way the young rebels are raging today, and for very similar reasons. We were not so naïve as to blame our predicament upon Hitler. We saw Hitler as only a symptom of the decay of our civilization, not as the cause of it. To us, the Germans were not enemies but fellow-victims of the general insanity. The first book I read in German was Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," describing the German class of 1914 torn to pieces by The War in the same way as their English contemporaries. Remarque's book is as powerful a memorial to them as our War Cloister is to our six hundred. My tears stained the pages of my German dictionary as I came to the end of the story. We did not bother to read "Mein Kampf."

We looked around us and saw nothing but idiocy. The great British Empire visibly crumbling—and the sooner the better, as far as we were concerned. Millions of men unemployed, and millions of children growing up undernourished in dilapidated slums. A king mouthing patriotic platitudes none of us believed. A government that had no answer to any of its problems except to rearm as rapidly as possible. A military establishment that be-



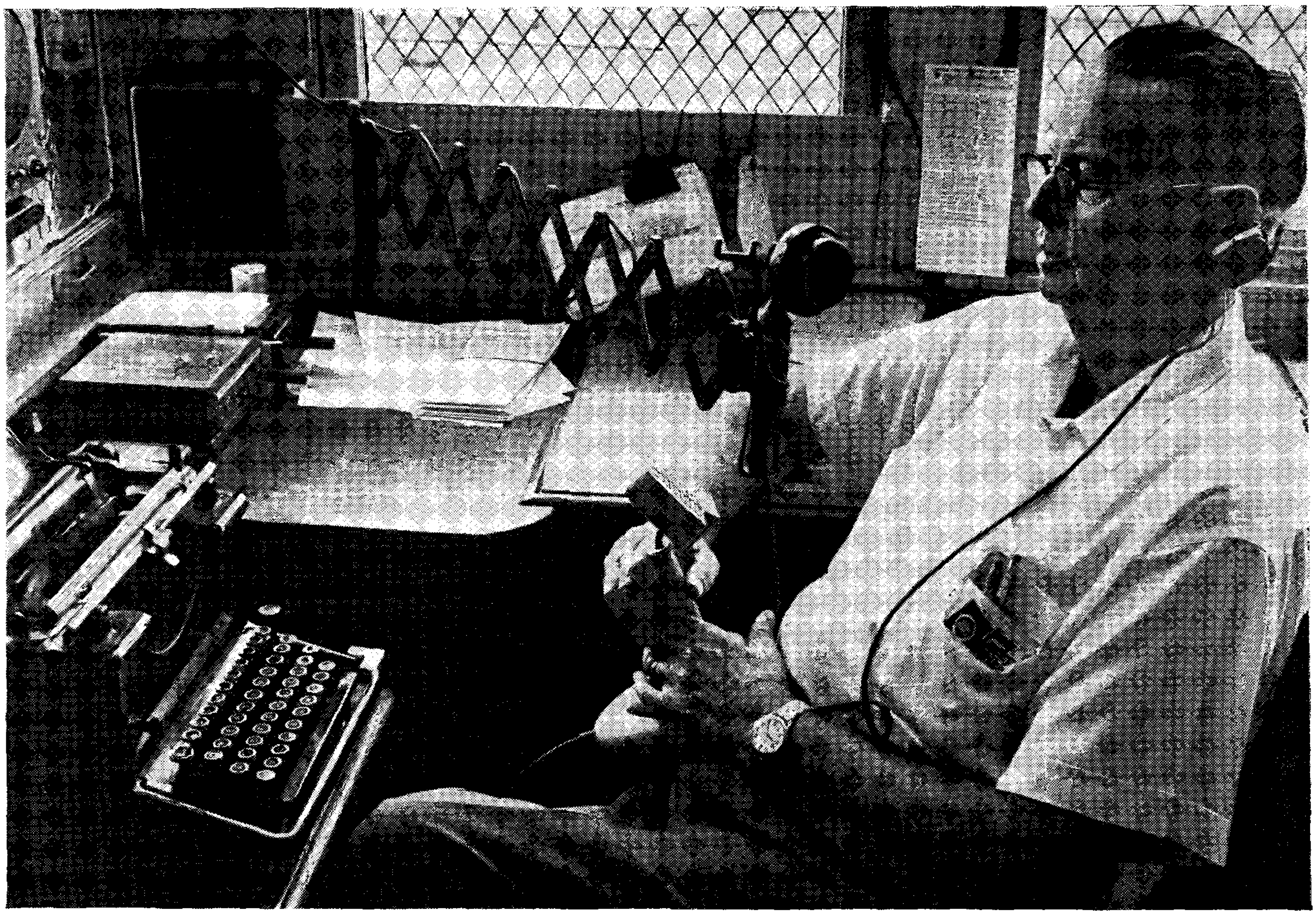
"Bugs! What about bugs?"

• •

lieved in bombing the German civilian economy as the only feasible strategy. A clique of old men in positions of power, blindly repeating the mistakes of 1914, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing in the intervening twenty-four years. A population of middle-aged nonentities, caring only for money and status, too stupid even to flee from the wrath to come. We looked for one honest man among the political leaders of the world. Chamberlain, our Prime Minister, we despised as a hypocrite. Hitler was no hypocrite, but he was insane. Nobody had any use for Stalin or Mussolini. Winston Churchill was our arch-enemy—the man personally responsible for the Gallipoli campaign, in which so many of our six hundred had died. He was the incorrigible warmonger, already planning the campaigns in which we were to die. We hated Churchill as our American successors in 1968 hated Lyndon Johnson. But in 1938 we were lucky enough to find one man whom we could follow and admire—Mahatma Gandhi. We loved him for three things. First, he was against the Empire. Second, he was against wealth and privilege. Third, his gospel of non-violent resistance gave us hope. We seized upon non-violence as the alternative to never-ending bombs and death. We were not sure whether Hitler could be successfully opposed with non-violence and turned from his evil ways, but at least there was a chance. With bombs and guns, we were convinced, there was no chance. If the worst came to the worst, if we opposed Hitler non-violently and he killed us, we should be dying in a good cause. That would be better than dying for Mr. Churchill and the Empire.

Brian was our leader. He was sixteen, and Welsh. He had the eloquence of a Welsh preacher, and we loved to listen to him talk. He claimed that he could make even the stupidest and stubbornest person believe in non-violence if only he could talk to him for six hours. "Talking to them for six hours" was Brian's answer to all problems. His ultimate purpose was to talk to Hitler for six hours, or die in the attempt. The school had an O.T.C., corresponding in function to the American R.O.T.C. Brian decided that we should non-violently resist taking part in the O.T.C. The school authorities amiably put us to work growing cabbages instead. Some time later, the colonel in charge of the O.T.C. shot himself, and this we considered very reasonable. We subscribed to *Peace News*, the organ of the Peace Pledge Union, and spent our small savings on quantities of propaganda leaflets that the Union supplied. We soon found that leaflets did not make converts to our cause. Nothing short of a six-hour session with Brian seemed to be effective. It was uphill work. In the end, Brian had about ten wholehearted disciples, in a school of four hundred boys. The worst of it was that nobody bothered to oppose us. We were just ignored. The rotten society around us blundered along to its inevitable doom, heedless of our warnings.

We had grand visions of the redemption of Europe by non-violence. The goose-stepping soldiers marching from country to country and meeting no resistance, finding only sullen noncoöperation and six-hour lectures. The



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leaders of the non-violence being shot and others coming forward fearlessly to take their places. The goose-stepping soldiers, sickened by the cold-blooded slaughter, one day refusing to carry out the order to shoot. The massive disobedience of the soldiers disrupting the machinery of military occupation. The soldiers, converted to non-violence, returning to their own country to use on their own government the tactics that we had taught them. The final impotence of Hitler, confronted with the refusal of his own soldiers to hate their enemies. The collapse of military institutions everywhere, leading to an era of worldwide peace and sanity. These visions were to us perfectly real. We knew that we faced a long struggle to make them real to even a minority of our countrymen. But we were not discouraged. After all, Gandhi had struggled for twenty-five years to make such visions real in India, and he had succeeded. Our self-confidence was sustained by the knowledge that if our program did not make sense in terms of immediate practical politics, the idea of fighting the Second World War in order to save the Czechs or the Poles or the European Jews made even less sense. We could see clearly that, however much we might suffer in the coming war, the Czechs and the Poles and the Jews would suffer worse. In this, as in many of our judgments of that time, history has proved us right. Above all, we were strengthened by the certainty that our program was moral and the society around us was immoral. Whether or not we had a chance of succeeding, we must stand up for the right as we saw it. In 1938, we were no longer responsive to the Oriental fatalism of Auden's and Isherwood's "F6." In that year, Cecil Day Lewis published a volume of poems called "Overtures to Death." His robust pessimism suited our new mood much better:

> And, if the truth were told,
> You'd count it luck, perceiving in what shallow
> Crevices and few crumbling grains of comfort
> Man's joy will seed, his cold
> And hardy fingers find an eagle's hold.

MY father had built a small house on a swampy piece of land, a mile from the nearest village, on the south coast, in Hampshire. We came home one fine day in September, 1940, after spending a night in London, and found our road barricaded, with a big sign saying, "Danger. Unexploded

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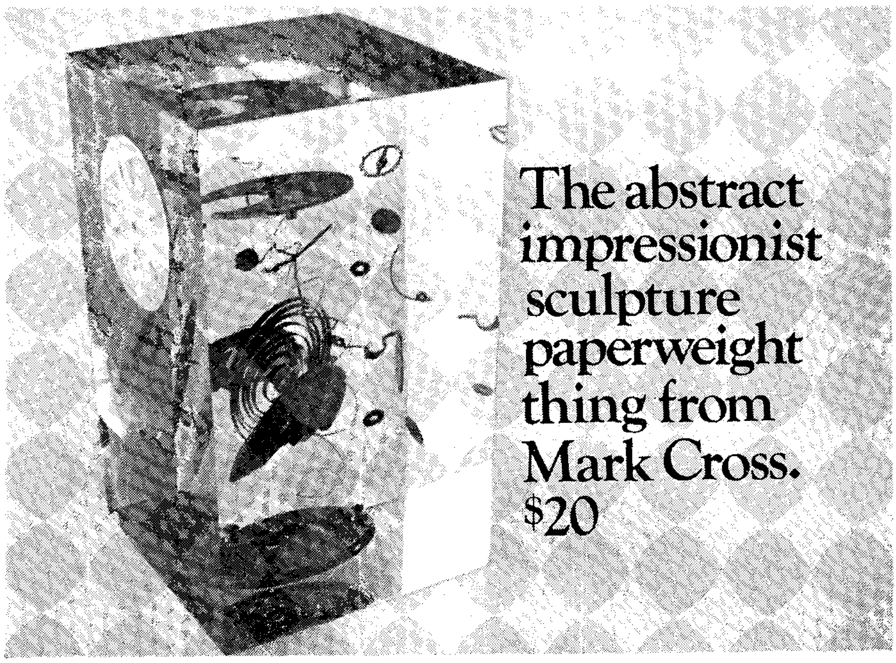
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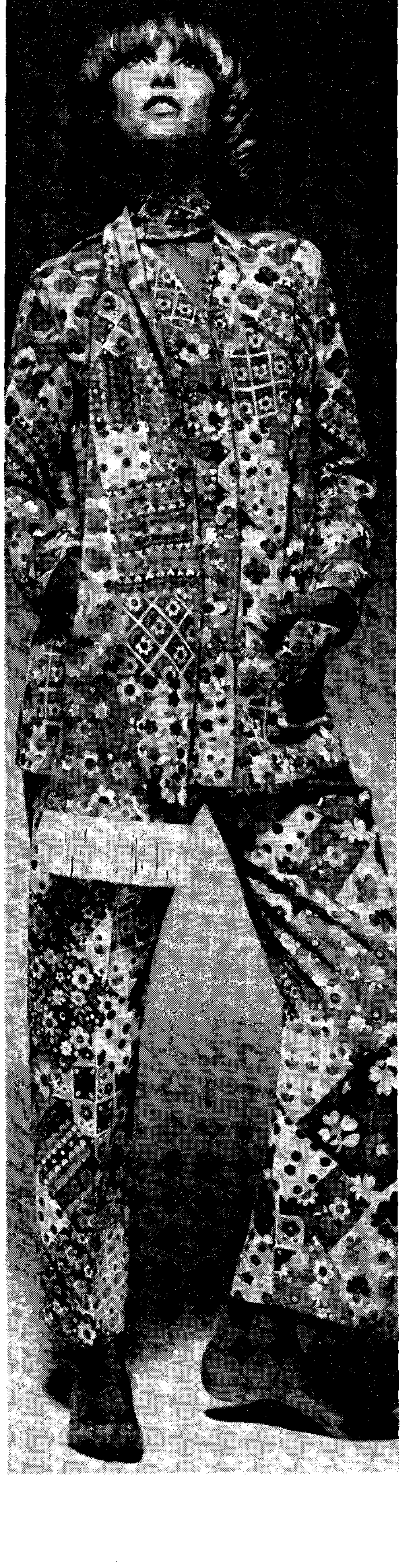

Bomb." A number of serious men in tin hats were inspecting the property. They had discovered on our lot eight neatly drilled holes, exactly straddling the house. Each hole was round, and so deep that one could not see the bottom. We were informed that in each there was sitting a hundred-kilogram time bomb, ready to explode at any moment. It was out of the question for us to live in the house until the bombs had been disarmed. The bomb-disposal squads had plenty of pressing business to attend to in London and elsewhere before they could be expected to come to our help; in fact, it was unreasonable to ask anybody to risk his life digging these bombs out, since they inconvenienced nobody except us. The bombs had been dropped during the night by some bewildered Germans who had failed to find their way to London. Perhaps they had mistaken the Solent for the Thames. At its narrowest, the Solent is two miles wide, and from twenty thousand feet it would be much easier to see. While we were still wondering what to do, a bomb-disposal expert drove up to our lot and asked to be shown the holes. As soon as he saw the first hole, he knelt down and sniffed into it. Then he laughed. He rapidly went round to the seven others and took a good sniff at each. "You can take down the sign," he said before he drove away. The bombs had all exploded when they landed. Our ground was so soft and sticky that they exploded deep underneath, without even making a crater. When we went into the house, we found not a plate broken.

So this was the war against which we had raged with the fury of righteous adolescence. It was all very different from what we had expected. Gas masks that had been issued to the civilian population before the war began were gathering dust in closets. Nobody spoke of anthrax bombs anymore. London was being bombed, but the streets of our village were not choked with maimed and fear-crazed refugees. All our talk about the collapse of civilization began to seem a little irrelevant. Mr. Churchill had now been in power for four months, and he had carried through the Socialist reforms that the Labour Party had failed to achieve in twenty years. War profiteers were unmercifully taxed, unemployment disappeared, and the children of the slums were, for the first time, being adequately fed. It began to be difficult to despise Mr. Churchill as much as our principles demanded.

Our little band of pacifists was dwindling. Brian had left the school in 1939, and without him we made no new converts. Those of us who were still faithful continued to grow cabbages and boycott the O.T.C., but we felt less and less sure of our moral superiority. For me, the final stumbling block was the establishment of the Pétain-Laval government in France. This was in some sense a pacifist government. It had abandoned violent resistance to Hitler and chosen the path of reconciliation. Many of the Frenchmen who supported Pétain were sincere pacifists, sharing my faith in non-violent resistance to evil. Unfortunately, many were not. The worst of it was that there was no way to distinguish the sincere pacifists from the opportunists and collaborators. Pacifism was destroyed as a moral force as soon as Laval touched it. Gradually, it became clear to me that what had happened in France would also happen in England if ever our pacifist principles were put into practice. Supposing that we succeeded in converting Mr. Churchill and a majority of the British public to the gospel of non-violence, what then? We should nobly lay down our arms and impress our moral superiority upon the German invaders by silent non-coöperation. But the English equivalent of Laval would soon appear, to make a deal with the Germans and make us contemptible in their eyes. Quite soon, a few of us would forget our pacifism and begin an armed resistance in the Scottish Highlands. After that, Englishmen would have to choose between a collaborationist government in London and a heroic fight in the Cairngorms. Any honest pacifist would choose the Cairngorms. By the end of 1940, the only members of our group whose faith remained alive were the religious pacifists—boys who believed in non-violence as a matter of individual conscience, independent of political considerations. Sadly, I parted company with them. For me, pacifism had been not a religion but a political program, and Laval had tarnished it irremediably.

Those of us who abandoned Gandhi and reënlisted in the O.T.C. did not do so with any enthusiasm. We still did not imagine that a country could fight and win a world war without destroying its soul in the process. If anybody had told us in 1940 that England

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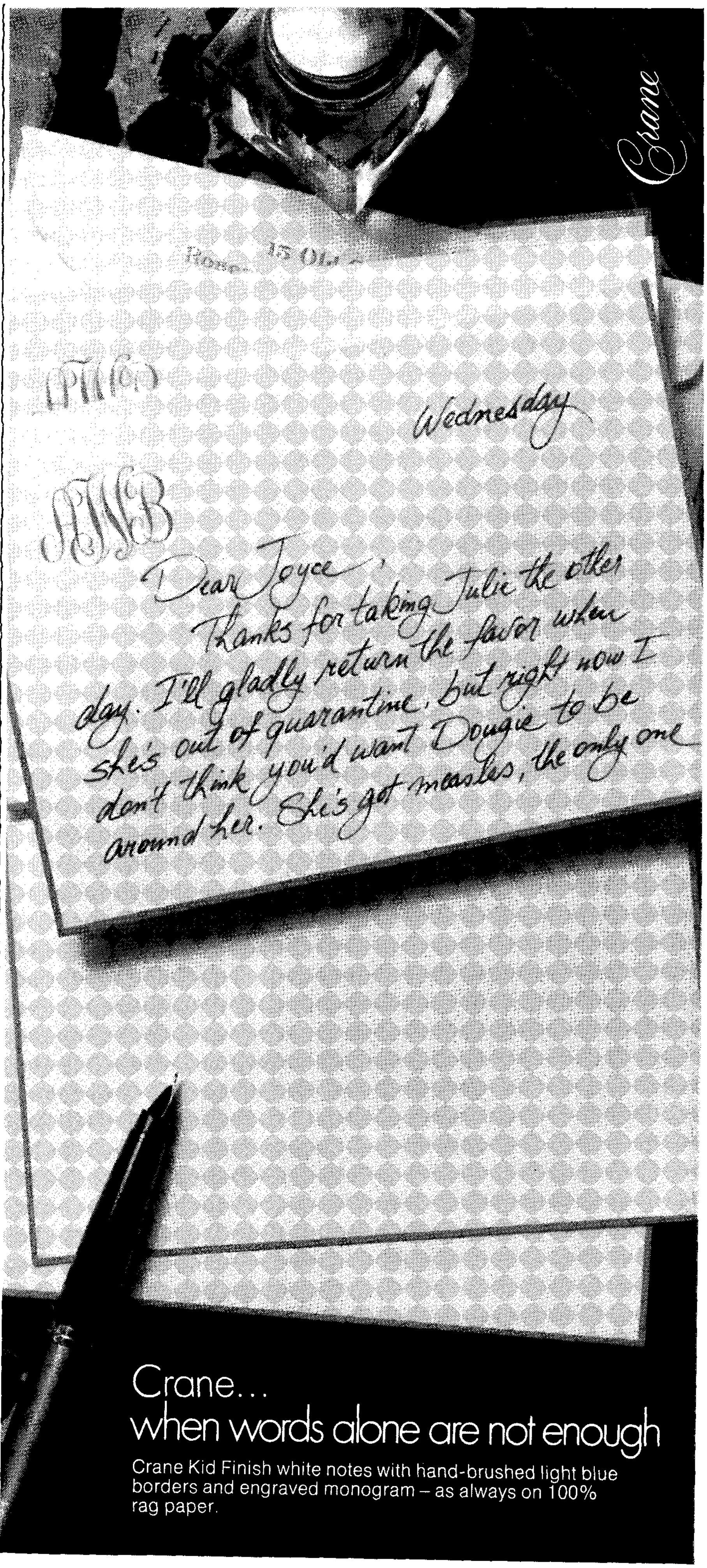
would survive six years of war against Hitler, achieve most of the political objectives for which the war had been fought, suffer only one-third of the casualties we had had in the First World War, and finally emerge into a world in which our moral and humane values were largely intact, we would have said, "We do not believe in fairy tales." Having been brought up to take a tragic view of life, we were pleasantly surprised by every small rebirth of hope. The ludicrous incompetence with which the Germans conducted their bombing campaign made the war almost enjoyable. We did not need Churchill's oratory to tell us that we could take it. We liked much better the quiet rhythms of T. S. Eliot, whose "East Coker" appeared in September, 1940, and sold out five printings by February, 1941:

> There is only the fight to recover
> what has been lost
> And found and lost again and again:
> and now, under conditions
> That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
> For us, there is only the trying.
> The rest is not our business.
>
> Home is where one starts from. As
> we grow older
> The world becomes stranger, the
> pattern more complicated
> Of dead and living.

I ARRIVED at the headquarters of the Royal Air Force Bomber Command in July, 1943, just in time for the big raids against Hamburg. On the night of July 27th, we killed forty thousand people and lost only seventeen bombers—by far the best we had ever done. For the first time in history, we had created a fire storm, which killed people even inside shelters. The casualties were about ten times as numerous as in a normal attack of the same size, without a fire storm. Nobody understands to this day why or how fire storms begin. In every big raid, we tried to raise a fire storm, but we succeeded just twice—once in Hamburg and once, two years later, in Dresden. Probably the thing happens only when there is a preëxisting instability in the local meteorology, which the bombs trigger off. The big slaughter in Hamburg and Dresden was not the result of a political decision to attack those places in any special way. It was a technological accident. Berlin and the Ruhr cities received many attacks of the same size as the one on Dresden but never had a fire storm. The Americans later had the same experience in Japan. They raised two fire storms—in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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

the conventional bombing of Tokyo and the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima—and each killed about a hundred thousand people. Their other raids, including the nuclear attack on Nagasaki, were less destructive.

My office at Bomber Command was in a low wooden building in the middle of a forest. Thick beech trees were growing right up to the windows, so the room was dark summer and winter. The idea was to make it invisible from the air. I do not know whether it was in fact invisible, but certainly the Germans never disturbed us. I had come to this place after an interview with C. P. Snow, who at that time was responsible for putting technically trained people into the appropriate jobs. I was nineteen and had finished two years at the university, so I counted as a trained mathematician. Snow explained to me that my job, which was called operational research, would require very little mathematics but a lot of common sense and political tact. I went to it willingly.

In a short time, I became the Bomber Command expert on collisions. Since we bombed at night and did not fly in formation, collisions occurred from time to time. The crews who returned had many experiences of narrowly avoided collisions. They also frequently reported seeing fatal collisions over Germany, but it was impossible to trust these reports, because a single bomber hit by a shell and falling in two pieces would look just like a collision. The crews were understandably resentful. They were willing to risk being shot down by German fighters, feeling that they at least had a chance to shoot back, but to die in collisions seemed utterly pointless. The Command had a difficult decision to make. On the one hand, we disliked losing bombers in collisions. On the other hand, we knew that the preponderant cause of bomber losses, then running at the almost unendurable rate of four per cent per operation, was the German night fighters. By bunching the bombers closer together, we reduced the losses caused by fighters—the same principle that made the convoying of ships a good tactic against submarines. Each time we ordered the bombers to fly closer together, we cut down the total losses and increased the crews' anxiety about collisions. The Command had to decide how far we could go in concentrating the bomber stream before we would begin to lose more to collisions than we would save from fighters. The first essential in making a sound decision was to know how high the collision rate was.

I collected whatever information I could find about collisions. About the collisions we were ultimately interested in, lethal collisions over Germany, I found no information that I could trust. But I had good information about non-lethal collisions over Germany, since all damage to returning bombers was regularly reported to us in detail. With more difficulty, I collected evidence concerning non-lethal and lethal collisions in night flying over England. The numbers of each kind were small but reliable. The ratio of lethal to non-lethal collisions over England proved to be about three to one. In this ratio, I had already allowed for the fact that some non-lethal collisions over England would have been lethal if they had occurred over Germany. So in the end I told the Command that our best guess at the number of lethal collisions over Germany was to multiply the number of non-lethal collisions by three. That was all the mathematics I had to do. In practical terms, my information meant that we were losing only about one bomber to collisions in a thousand sorties. I told the Command that this was not nearly enough. I told them to increase the density of the bomber force fivefold, so that the collision losses would come up to one-half per cent. I told them that they would save much more than one-half per cent in losses to fighters. The Command followed my advice, and the crews reluctantly obeyed. This decision confirmed the crews' belief that Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Travers Harris, their commander-in-chief, familiarly known as Bert Harris or Butcher Harris, was as callous toward them as he was toward the Germans.

Bert Harris was a man of the same stamp as General Curtis LeMay and General Thomas S. Power. Strategic bomber forces seem to require such men to command them. Secure in his personal relationship with Churchill, Harris ran his show as he saw fit, frequently ignoring or overriding his nominal superiors at the Air Minis-

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try. At one time, I had on my desk a lengthy memorandum addressed to Harris by Air Chief Marshal Sir Norman Howard Bottomley, Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, entitled "On the Proper Use of a Bomber Force." Underneath the title was pencilled in Harris's neat hand, "A lesson for Grandma on how to suck eggs. A. T. H." Unfortunately, we had in those days no Xerox machines to preserve such indiscretions for the enjoyment of future historians.

I was in a highly privileged position at Bomber Command. I knew much more than most of the operational officers about the general course of the campaign. I knew much more than the Cabinet Ministers in London about the details of our operations. I was one of a very few people who knew what the objectives of the campaign were, how miserably we were failing to meet these objectives, and how expensive this was for us in money and lives. The bombing campaign represented roughly one-quarter of the total British war effort. It was costing the Germans less than this to defend themselves against the bombing and to repair the industrial damage it caused. Their defenses were so effective that the Americans had to give up daylight bombing over most of Germany from the fall of 1943 until the summer of 1944. We stubbornly refused to give up when the Americans did, but the defenses made it impossible for us to bomb accurately. We stopped trying to hit precise military objectives. Burning down cities was all we could do, so we did that. Even in killing the civilian population, we were inefficient. The Germans had killed one person for every ton of bombs that they dropped on England. To kill a German, we dropped three tons. I felt my responsibility deeply, being in possession of all this information that was so carefully concealed from the British public. Many times, I decided I owed it to the public to run out into the streets and tell them what stupidities were being committed in their name. But I never had the moral courage to do it. I sat in my office until the end, carefully calculating how to murder another hundred thousand people most economically.

After the war ended, I read reports of the trials of men who had been high up in the Eichmann organization. They had sat in their offices writing memoranda and calculating how to murder people efficiently, just like me. The main difference was that they were sent to jail or hanged as war criminals and I went free. I felt a

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certain sympathy for these men. Probably many of them had loathed the S.S. as much as I loathed Bomber Command, but they, too, had not had the courage to speak out. Probably many of them, like me, had lived through the whole six years of the war without ever seeing a dead human being.

Already, by 1943, the war had made us all insensitive. Poetry did not heighten our feelings then as it had done earlier. In 1943, Cecil Day Lewis spoke for us in a short poem entitled "Where Are the War Poets?"

> It is the logic of our times,
> No subject for immortal verse—
> That we who lived by honest
> dreams
> Defend the bad against the worse.

IN August, 1945, I was all set to fly to Okinawa. We had defeated the Germans, but Mr. Churchill had still not had enough. He persuaded President Truman to let him join in the bombing of Japan with a fleet of three hundred bombers, which he called Tiger Force. We were to be based in Okinawa, and since the Japanese had almost no air defenses, we were to bomb, like the Americans, in daylight. I found this new slaughter of defenseless Japanese even more sickening than the slaughter of well-defended Germans. Still I did not quit. By that time, I had been at war so long that I could hardly remember peace. No living poet had words to describe that emptiness of the soul which allowed me to go on killing without hatred and without remorse. But Shakespeare understood it, and he gave Macbeth the words:

> I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far, that, should I
> wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

I was sitting at home eating a quiet breakfast with my mother when the morning paper arrived with the news of Hiroshima. I understood at once what it meant. "Thank God for that," I said. I knew that Tiger Force would not fly, and I would never have to kill anybody again.

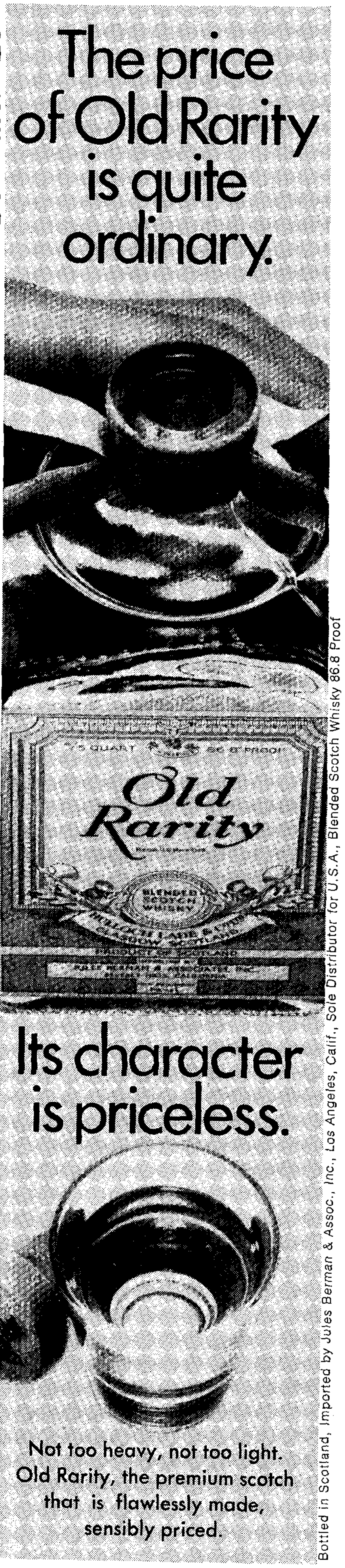
—FREEMAN J. DYSON

•

SNORTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SNORTED

[*Anne Wanstall in the Toronto Star*]

"One of the most deplorable things that has happened lately is the invasion of our food supplies by all sorts of snack foods which, by and large, tend to be a little bit of unenriched starch surrounded by saturated fat and covered with salt," snorts Mayer.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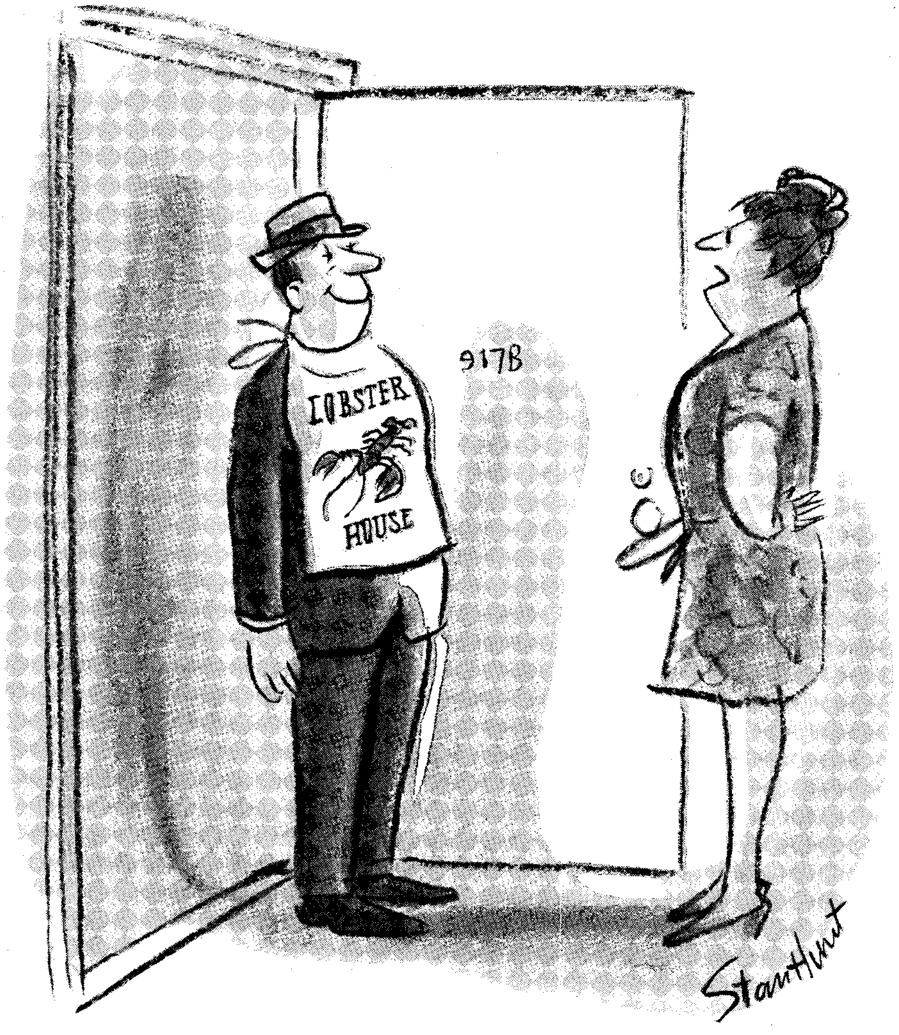
HOW WE LIVE

THE Molière Festival promised us by the Comédie-Française has proved to be as pleasant an occasion as the name implies, and I will be sorry to see the company return home to the Palais-Royal after dominating with characteristic Molièrean bounce and gusto the barny vastness of our City Center. Having already presented "Amphitryon" and "Dom Juan," the company last week put on "Les Femmes Savantes," and this week is offering a new production of "Le Malade Imaginaire." Deadlines being what they are, I will be seeing the last play too late for review, but my confidence in the company as it has been performing here, to say nothing of my confidence in the play (I imagine Molière in Heaven making grotesque monkey faces of mock gratitude for these assurances), is such that I am ready to risk bestowing on the new production a sort of anticipatory accolade. "Le Malade Imaginaire" is Molière's last play, and some think his greatest; he was acting in it the day he died, exactly two hundred and ninety-seven years ago. Before the performance, he had said with equanimity, "I suspect that I'm done for," and surely no great man of the theatre ever died more fittingly than by playing the part of someone who only pretends to die—"Don't be the least bit afraid," he has his hero say, "I'm not really dead."

How vividly he comes down to us over the centuries, this wiry, dyspeptic, exhausting Molière, whom the Sun King himself took care to be seen to pamper! Because he was an actor as celebrated in the Paris of his day as Chaplin was later to be in the world, his mannerisms were carefully noted down by his contemporaries, and in watching his plays one is continually tempted to picture him in the roles he created. Would it have been just here that he broke into his hilarious, loping walk? Would it have been this somewhat overlong-seeming speech that he punctuated with his famous hiccup, his cough, his leer? In "Les Femmes Savantes," which was his second-to-last play and to which he devoted exceptional care, he played Chrysale, a virtuous, henpecked, bourgeois husband. The role calls for little in the way of outright clowning; its humor lies in Chrysale's subjection to his formidable bluestocking of a wife and in his eventual triumph over her (devised, to be sure, not by him but by his robust and practical-minded brother), and Molière was evidently more interested in writing a well-nigh perfect play—perfect in the symmetry of its roles, perfect in the working out of its miniature complexities of plot—than in treating himself to a commodious part. He could readily estimate how funny he wanted to be for the sake of the play; he could also estimate how hard the audience would laugh at him because he was not merely Chrysale but Molière. If this was a hazard, it must have been an agreeable one for him to have to face at fifty, at the very peak of his writing and acting talent.

"Les Femmes Savantes" announces, almost as if they were topics for a formal debate, several radically different theories about how we live and ought to live, and for a couple of hours these theories are made to appear perfectly at home among the brown books and black busts of Chrysale's chastely pretentious library. The heart versus the head, common sense versus science, a desire for higher learning among women versus a desire for marriage and children, sincerity versus hypocrisy, false poetry versus true, silly self-deception versus unflinching self-examination, peasant standards of conduct versus bourgeois standards—such are the problems that Molière manages to introduce, discuss, and resolve (to his dramatic if not his personal satisfaction) in the course of fewer than eighteen hundred lines of poetry. It is a fantastic feat of literary economy, all the more remarkable because the conversations of which it consists flow with unflagging natural zest from point to point, exploding at last into a scene of elegant, preposterous farce.

The present company, directed by Jean Meyer, brings an unexpectedly



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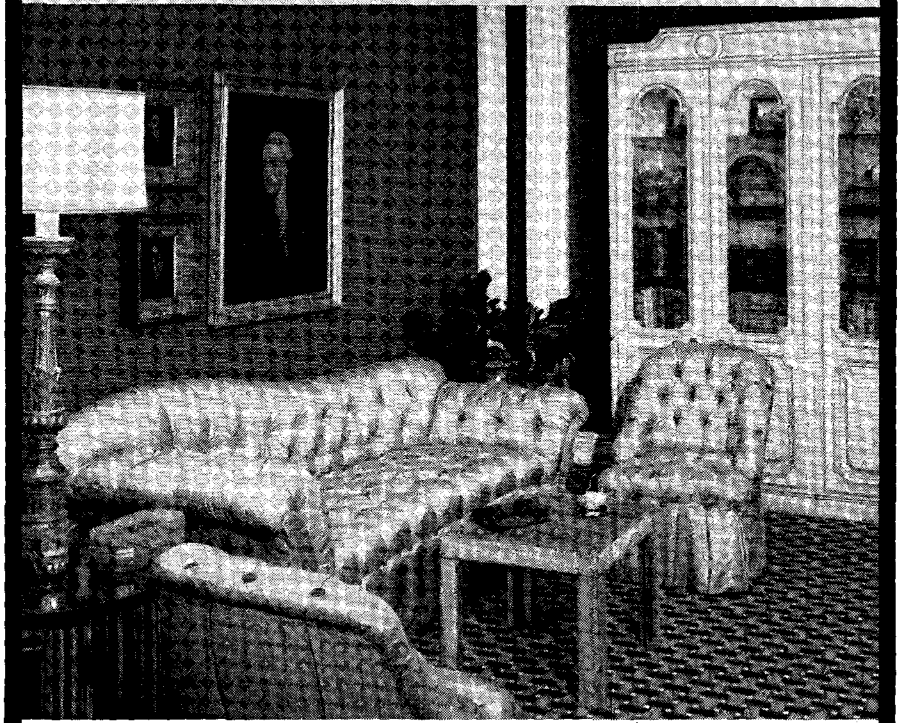

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grave intelligence as well as ample comic energy to the play. Thinking about their performance afterward, I find myself remembering, perhaps unjustly, a certain sadness in the air. Jacques Charon is admirable as Chrysale, and so is Jacques Toja as Clitandre. Françoise Seigner plays Philaminte, Chrysale's learned, lumpish wife, and succeeds in touching us by the stoic courage with which, toward the end of the play, she accepts the supposed loss of her fortune. Georges Descrières has a fine time impersonating Trissotin, a foppish, money-loving wit, while Denise Gence squeezes the last drop of drollery out of her role as Bélise, a dreamer of amorous—and totally unrealizable—dreams. The two daughters of the house are played with cool civility by Geneviève Casile and Catherine Hiegel, and Martine, the scullery maid, is played with lusty forthrightness by Catherine Samie. (Have there ever been scullery maids who weren't lusty? And is it their lustiness that obliges them to work in sculleries, or is it working in sculleries that makes them lusty?) The handsome sets and equally handsome costumes are by Suzanne Lalique, whom I unaccountably neglected to praise last week for the ravishing sets and costumes of "Amphitryon."

"LEAST said, soonest mended" is not a very lofty principle of criticism, but it is sometimes a kind one, and I mean to follow it in respect to a musical called "Gantry," recently at the George Abbott. The show was so insistently maladroit that it challenged one to find a single aspect of it that it didn't seem harsh to call attention to; I can meet this challenge by praising the set, which was by Robin Wagner and which consisted of an ingenious assortment of patched canvas flats and bare tent poles. "Gantry" was based on an old, loud, haranguing, and hee-hawing novel by Sinclair Lewis about a scamp of a revivalist preacher out in the Bible Belt; there was never any reason to suppose that this painfully old-fashioned novel could have been turned into an occasion for musical merriment on Broadway, but even the vestiges of true feeling in Lewis—for example, his village atheist's contempt for that old-time religion—were pruned away, and a work that began by seeming to make fun of Jesus Christ ended by asking Him to perform a miracle, which He promptly did. The star of this peculiar enterprise was the actor-novelist-playwright Robert Shaw. The commendable professional fervor with which he

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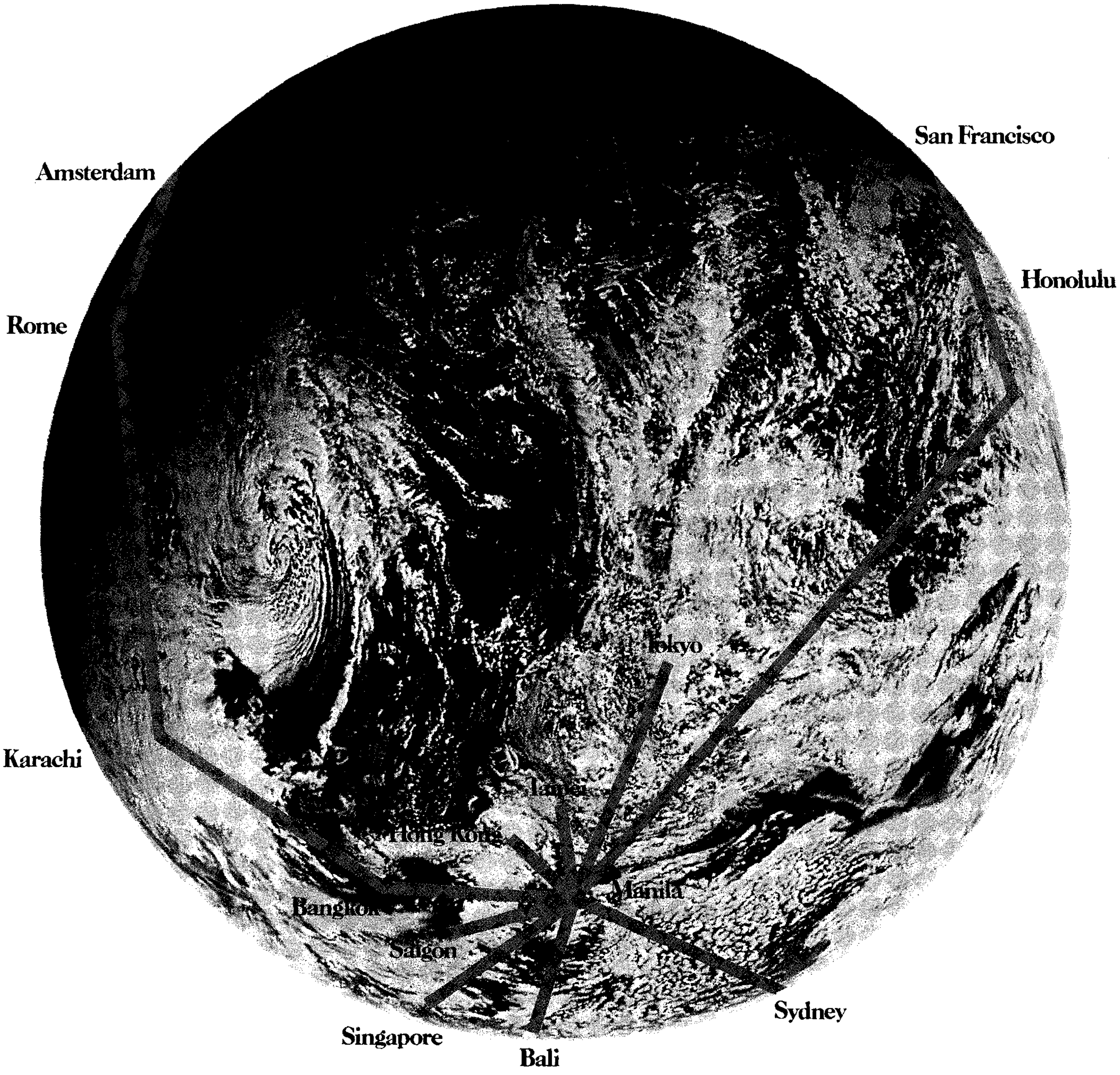
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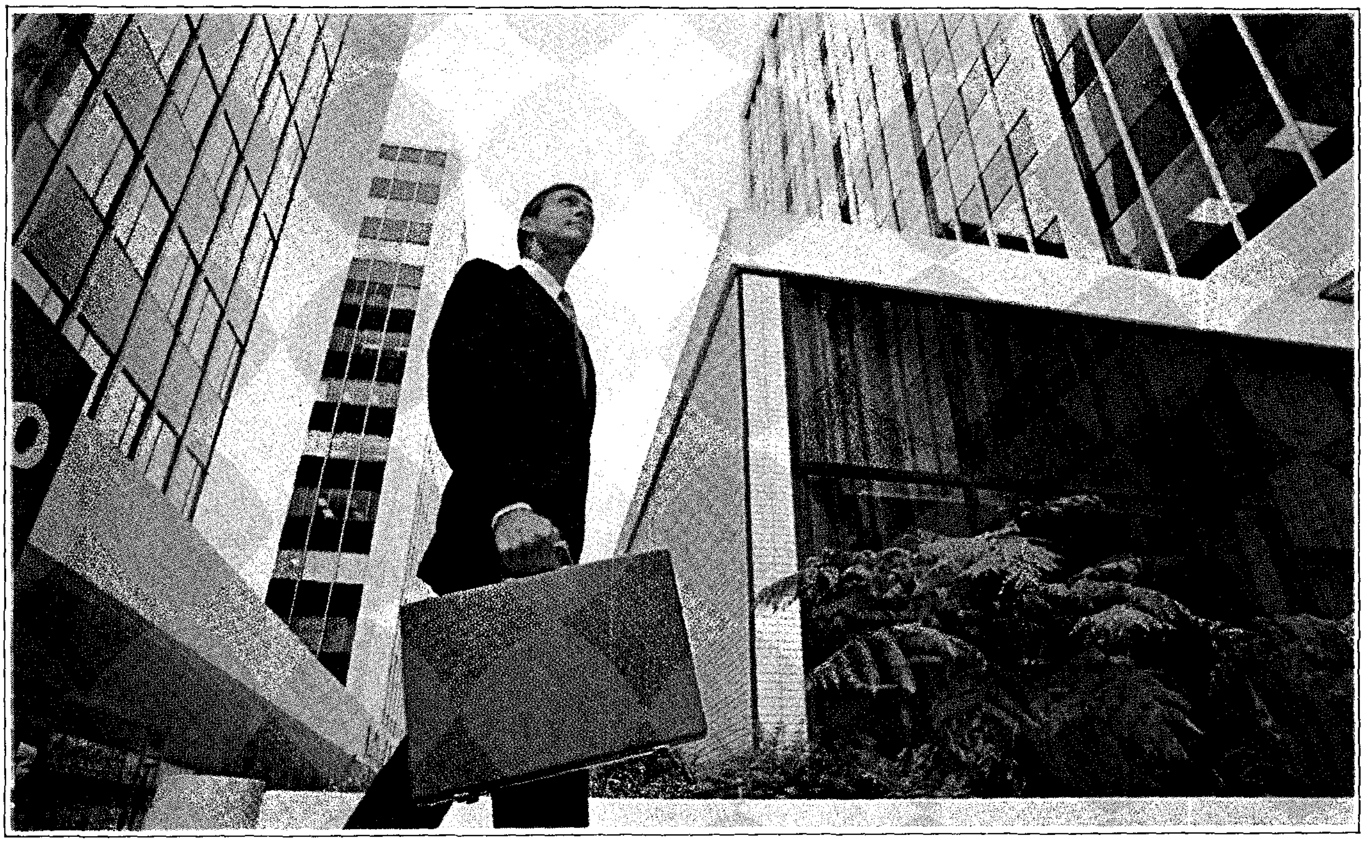

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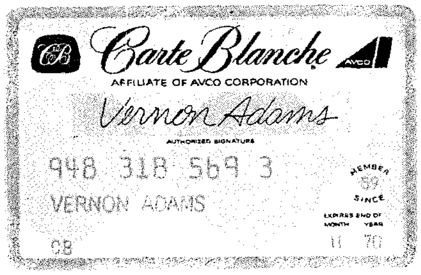
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hurled himself into the empty role of Gantry gave me no clue to what he was thinking, but I suspect that, to save his sanity, he must have been roughing out in his mind chapters of a novel laid far, far from the creaking boards of the George Abbott. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Basement

“I DREAMT I DWELT IN BLOOMINGDALE’S,” lately at the Provincetown, was another skirmish in the Generation War, done as a rock musical, and, for all its beguiling title, it was a disappointment—a sad disappointment, coming so soon after the lovely “The Last Sweet Days of Isaac,” which raised the standard for rock musicals by at least ten notches. Ernest McCarty’s music for “I Dreamt” was melodic and agreeable, and perhaps better than that; the singing and playing, by a rock group called the Wet Clam, sounded fine; the young performers were certainly attractive; the production, under David Dunham’s direction, was nimble and imaginative; and Ed Wittstein designed an effective setting. But the book, by Jack Ramer, was dreadful—facetious, conventional, small-spirited, and occasionally downright nasty—and it spoiled everything, although with so much going right it shouldn’t have. It tells of a girl of twenty who succeeds in blackmailing her horrible, cliché Jewish parents into allowing her to live in Bloomingdale’s after she has got a job as a model in the Fifty-ninth Street window. Lucy Saroyan, making her New York début as the heroine, seemed quite at home on a stage, and Linda Rae Hager and Erika Petersen, as her roommates, and Richard Darrow, as a college beau, were pleasant, too, but most of all I admired a blond and versatile wet clam named Dawn Culton—the only girl in the bunch—on flute, trumpet, and guitar, and as a singer. —EDITH OLIVER

•

> The bill was introduced after Michael Rose, a Baltimore teacher, refused to lead his class in the pledge. His contract was not renewed.
>
> The measure approved today would allow a student to be excused from the ceremony upon the written request of a parent. Teachers could not be executed “for any reason,” the bill states.
>
> —*Washington Post.*

We can think of a few.

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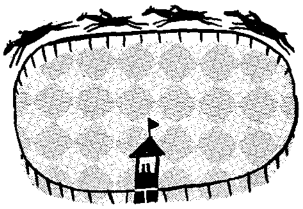
THE RACE TRACK

Star from Argentina

EVERYTHING is hunky-dory at Santa Anita again. Last Saturday, Snow Sporting, a colt from the Argentine, won the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first five-star event of the meeting out there, and won it deservedly, as the race was run. Might, a 20–1 shot, was second; Comtal, another Argentine, was third; and Tell, the odds-on favorite, was fourth. Twelve ran, and according to the chart Snow Sporting was away well and remained in third place, behind Tell and Governors Party, until the far turn, where he began his run. He passed the post with more than a length to spare. The fast early pace tired Tell. Snow Sporting, a dark bay by Snow Cat out of Extatica, was bought by Clement Hirsch, a Californian, shortly after the colt finished fifth in the Gran Premio Carlos Pellegrini at Buenos Aires last November. His share of the Strub purse was $84,500, and his performance made him a likely starter in the Santa Anita Handicap on March 7th. The Los Angeles Turf Club had a big day, too, with a crowd of 46,918 and a mutuel handle of $4,178,526.



The strike that had delayed the opening of Santa Anita ended with the members of the Pari-Mutuel Employees Guild voting to accept the Federation of California Racing Association's offer of a three-dollar-a-day raise the first year of the contract, additional raises later on, and more fringe benefits. The janitors, ushers, and others in the Service Employees International Union had already signed up. I have no intention of estimating what the twenty-seven-day walkout cost the strikers in pay, the horsemen in the upkeep of their stables, the track in revenue, and the state in its take from the mutuels and other taxes, but it must have run into a lovely dollar. Needless to say, a lot of people are glad it is over. For one, take the Los Angeles information operator I talked with the morning after the voting; I had called her to ask for the telephone number of the racing secretary at Santa Anita, and before she gave it to me she said, "Is the strike over? Will there be racing tomorrow? I hope there is." There was, and a crowd of twenty-eight thousand saw it. From all accounts, the horses have been running well; they've been in active training all along, and the respite from competition has done them no harm. In the San Pasqual Handicap the other day, Nodouble, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap last year, who has been pointed for a repeat, was in top form; carrying 128 pounds and giving weight in chunks to the eight other starters, he ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:40⅗, setting a new track record for the distance. Field Master was second and Dewan third.

HOW good is Vent du Nord? If he keeps up the pace at Hialeah, he'll be the grass-course Horse of the Year. Last weekend, he followed up his victory in the Palm Beach Handicap with one in the second division of the Bougainvillea. Although he won by a mere nose over Hitchcock, the German colt who had finished fourth in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last November, he was giving him seven pounds, and before they hooked up in the stretch Vent du Nord had stood off challenges from three other runners in the race. Fort Marcy must have been feeling his age (he's six) and the top weight (123 pounds) he carried. He was never in the picture. With so many grass runners tuning up for the Turf Cup, the Bougainvillea drew eighteen starters, so it was split. Great Cohoes won the first division by a neck from One for All, with Beau Brummel third, a length and a half behind. North Flight, the favorite, tired after going half of the mile and three-sixteenths, and finished next to last. Earlier in the week, the Columbiana Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a sixteenth on the grass, was also split; Drumtop won the first section and Harem Lady the second. Another interesting item at Hialeah was the return to the races of Silent Screen, everyone's pick as the best two-year-old last season, in the Bahamas Stakes, at seven furlongs. He won, of course—by a head from George Lewis, the colt from the Coast who had won the Hibiscus. Bowes Bond, who trains Silent Screen, was pleased, but I'm reserving judgment until after he runs in the Flamingo on March 3rd.

HUNCH players at Bowie made no mistake when the Native Dancer Handicap came up last Saturday. They settled on Gaelic Dancer, a son of Alfred Vanderbilt's famous gray, who is one of my all-time favorites. Gaelic Dancer won handily and paid $3.20.

THIS department notes with regret the death of Hirsch Jacobs in Miami last week. In the course of his forty-four years in racing, he saddled 3,596 winners—a record unapproached in the annals of what we used to call the sport. He also led the list of winning trainers eleven times, from 1933 to 1944—something no other horseman in this country has done. Although in his later years he bred some topnotchers (among them Hail to Reason, the durable Straight Deal, and Palestinian), much of his success was with horses bought out of claiming races—an outlet for animals unwanted by their stables. Jacobs had the gift of seeing things in horses—their potential or lack of it—which most of us do not have. Year after year, he won race after race with dogs he bought out of cheap claiming races when other trainers couldn't get anywhere with them. The most notable such find was Stymie, the darling of the Saturday horseplayers, whom he took out of a claimer for $1,500 and with whom he won many of the leading handicaps and $918,485 in prize money. Jacobs also had a sympathetic touch with other creatures, including pigeons. As a boy, when he lived in Brooklyn, he kept pigeons, and later he raced them. For years, he was known around the race track as the Pigeon Man. I remember sitting near him at the old Empire City track of a sunny afternoon when a pigeon fluttered down with a broken wing. He caught it, tore a handkerchief into strips for bandages, and, with matches for splints, set the fracture, and took the bird to his stable. Weeks later—I'd been out of town—I asked him how it was getting on. "All right," he said. "It was able to fly away yesterday."

—AUDAX MINOR

◆

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

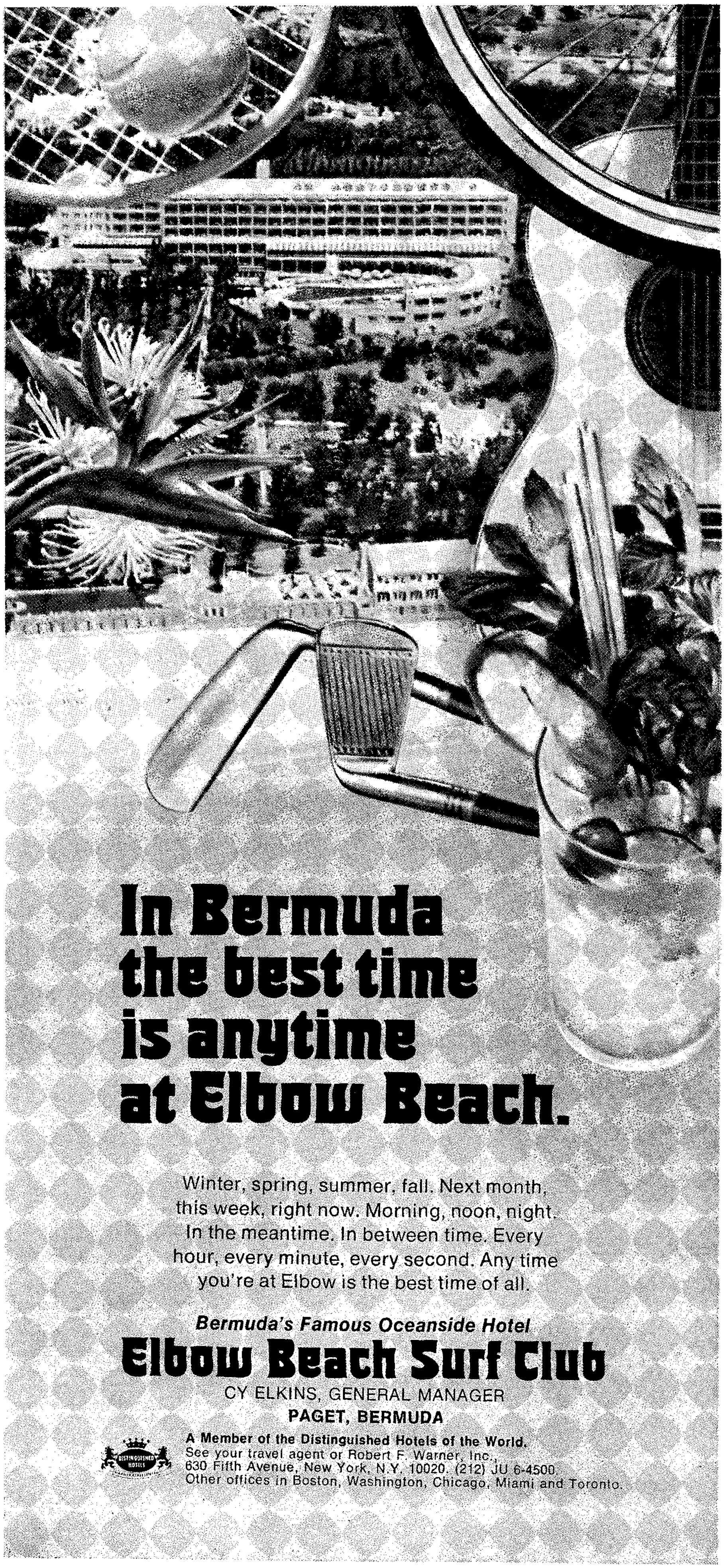
[*From the introduction to "The Vengeful Sea," by Edward Rowe Snow*]

For those of you who look in vain in this volume for the story of the sinking of the *Andrea Doria*, it will be in my coming book concerning man's many triumphs over the sea.

◆

b. In homes, the corner of the basement toward the tornado usually offers greatest safety, particularly in frame houses without basements.—*Tornado hints from a civil-defense plan published in Aurora, Ill.*

It's safe, but it's hard to find.



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INFLATION MEETS THOREAU TACTICS, AND IS DEFEATED

Thoreau built his cabin on Walden Pond for $28.12½—a price regarded even in 1845 as low. As he triumphantly pointed out, the mere rent for a dormitory room at Harvard that year was $30. In terms of current building costs, his feat seems almost incredible. A common rule for estimating the cost of one-story houses now is to figure $20 per square foot of floor space. Thoreau's place was ten feet by fifteen—a hundred and fifty square feet. Built now, it would therefore cost $3,000. It's true that 1970 estimates are heavily influenced by plumbing and electricity, neither of which Thoreau was troubled with. On the other hand, *his* costs included a fireplace, a chimney (he had to buy a thousand bricks and haul a ton of stones for them), and solid-plaster walls. Fireplaces and real plaster are regarded as luxuries too expensive for the majority of modern houses.

Last spring, I set out to build a house in Thetford, Vermont, about the size of Thoreau's down in Massachusetts. Without in the least intending to when I started, I gradually got into a price war with him. He won, of course. Building supplies were so very much cheaper in 1845. Those thousand bricks, for example, he bought second hand, with the mortar still on them. They cost him four-tenths of a cent each—$4 for the whole thousand. That's a very nice price. I, too, have on occasion bought second-hand bricks (besides getting four hundred and twelve free ones when they tore down the old part of the Hanover Inn in Hanover, New Hampshire, a few years ago). The absolute lowest one can pay for used bricks around Thetford, even bricks stiff with old mortar, is three cents apiece—$30 a thousand. Again, Thoreau's total cost for lumber was $8.03½. Nowadays it is possible to spend that much on four or five boards. But I gave him some stiff competition.

Thoreau and I started equal in that neither of us had to pay anything for land. He built on an eleven-acre woodlot lent him by Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Emerson had picked it up the year before for $88.88.) I built in a patch of woods that I already owned. It came, thrown into the bargain, when I bought a brick farmhouse and twenty-five acres across the road for $16,500, back in 1963.

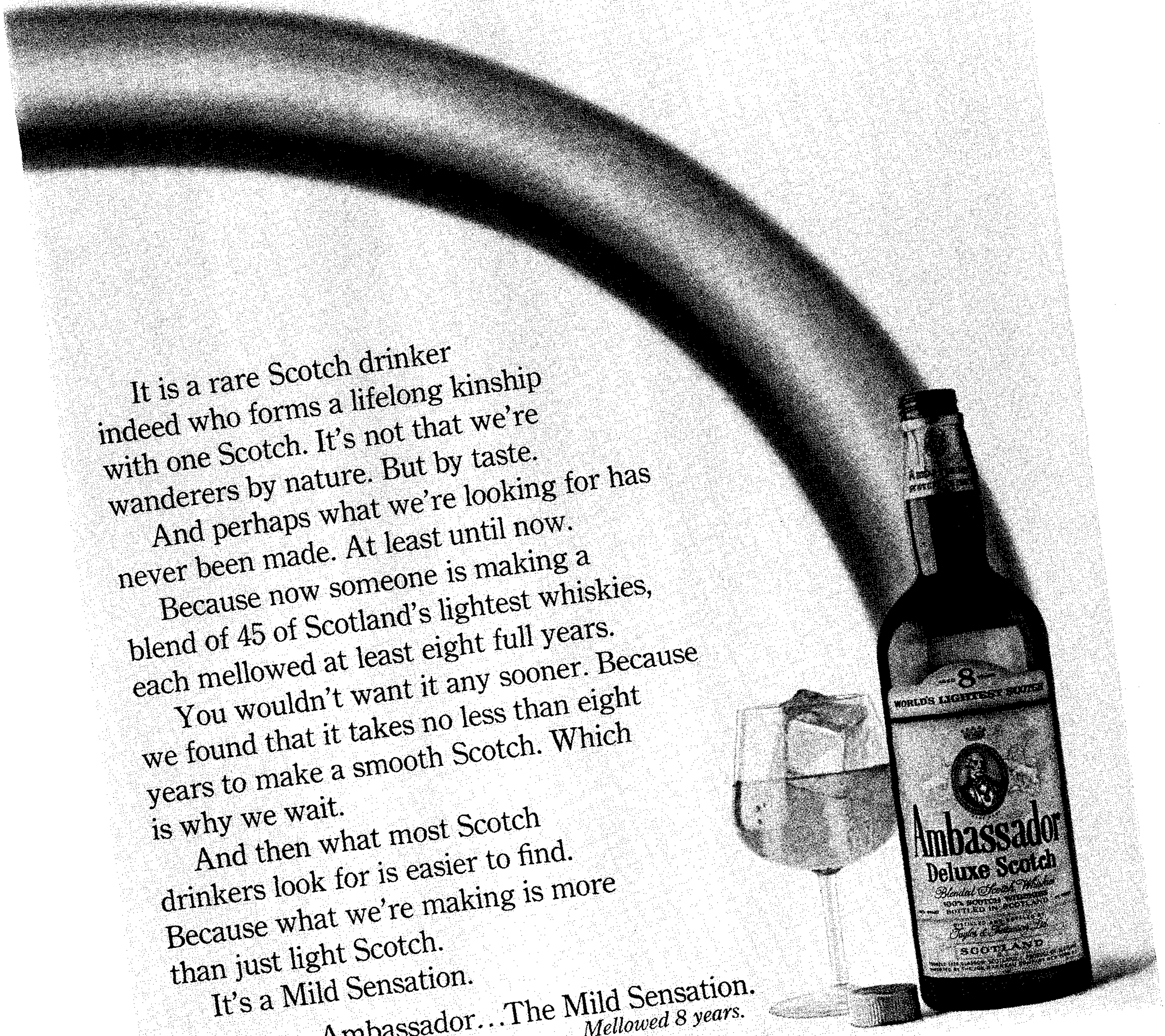
We started unequal in that our purposes were different. Thoreau meant actually to live in his house, and did so for two years, after which a Scot named Hugh Whelan moved in. I *could* live in mine, and find it so snug that I am sometimes tempted to. I actually built it, however, to be a sugarhouse—that is, a place for boiling down maple sap into syrup. I naturally don't have plaster walls. People who make maple syrup in their kitchens often find the wallpaper sliding gently to the floor, and sometimes the plaster itself beginning to crumble. No fireplace, either. But then I have a much grander roof. Thoreau's was an ordinary two-sided affair, such as you see on half the houses in America. Every decent sugarhouse, however, has a steam vent, which is a sort of cupola gone earnest. It rises a couple of feet above the main roof on special small rafters, and it has hinged sides that you open when you start boiling and close again when it begins to snow. Steam vents are hard work. I figure mine balances Thoreau's plaster, and I leave him ahead on the chimney and the fireplace.

Having borrowed Emerson's land, Thoreau picked his house site in late March of 1845. He chose a low hillside about two hundred feet from the shore of Walden. He then borrowed an axe from Louisa May Alcott's father, cleared the brush, and went on to fell twenty or thirty of Emerson's young white pines. (This was no loss to Emerson; a stand of pine benefits from thinning.) The first two weeks of April he spent gradually hewing them into house timbers. The biggest ones, he says in "Walden," he hewed six by six—that is, into beams six inches square in cross-section. These were for corner posts. He also cut out rafters and studs and plate and sills, "all with my narrow axe." Hand-hewn timbers now often sell for a dollar a foot. Thoreau-hewn ones might fetch a good deal more. But Thoreau himself had not spent a cent.

"*Why? Why anything?*"

I picked my site on June 18, 1969. It's

A Mild Sensation is what most people look for and almost never find.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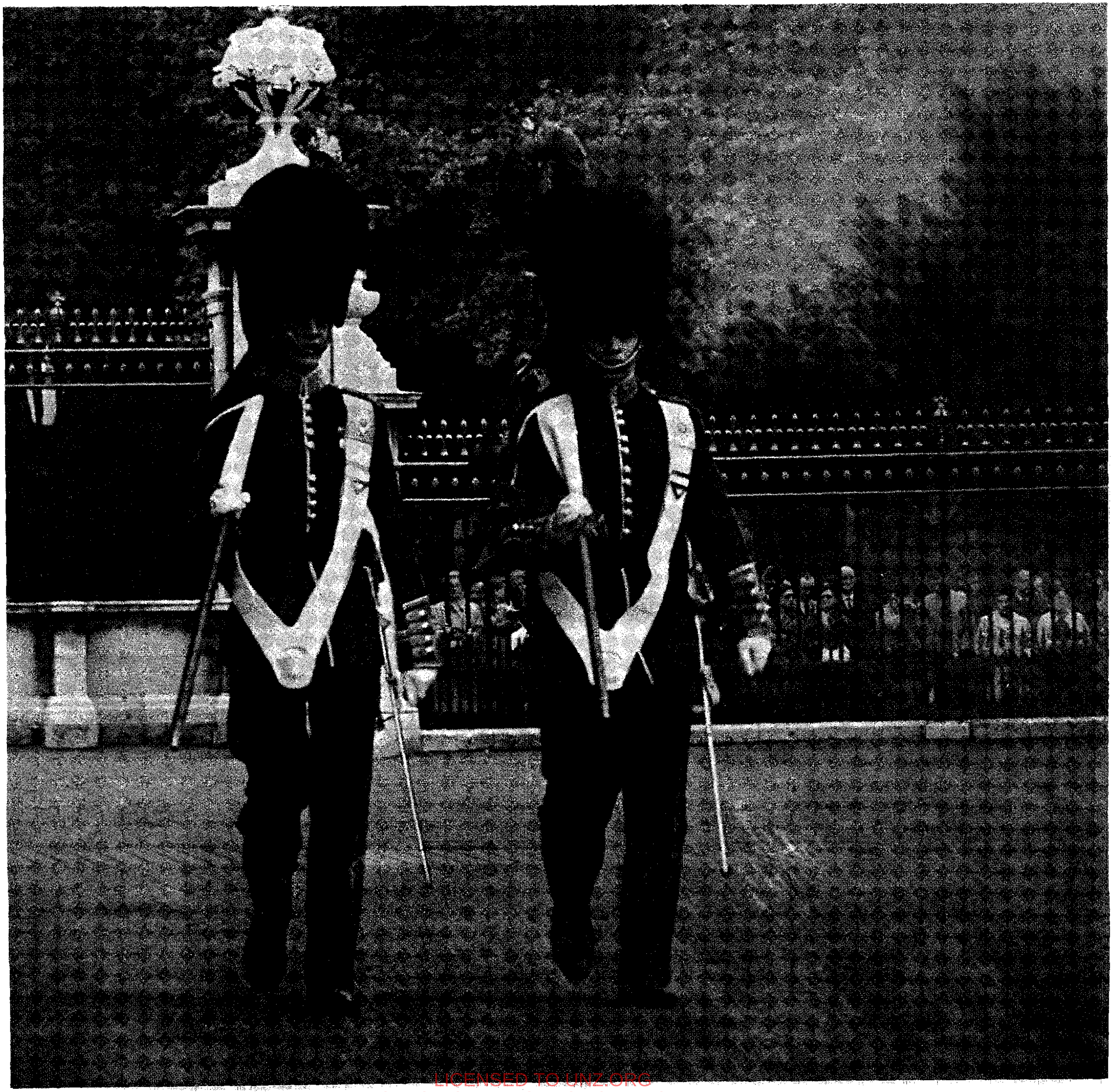
Where Churchill spoke

Act 2: A debate in the House of Commons. Most visitors are content to stare at the awesome Gothic pile of the Mother of Parliaments from the outside. *You* be a little adventurous and go inside. Listen quietly to the debate from the Strangers' Gallery where Clemmy Churchill watched her Winston not so very long ago.

Where Elizabeth was sceptred and crowned

Act 3: The great abbey at Westminster, the family church of English kings. This glory of early English architecture



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comes alive several times daily when services are held. To hear the great organs roll Bach's Toccata in D around the vast nave is the experience of a lifetime.

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about a hundred feet from the Pompanoosuc River, just where a dirt road crosses a brook (which I plan to use for washing sap buckets). I then got my chain saw and felled two white birches, a wild cherry, a red maple, and about twenty small alders, and cut and stacked the wood for use when I start boiling. All this took about three hours. I now had a clearing fifteen feet by twenty, sloping considerably downhill toward the brook. I first planned to hire a bulldozer to level it. But the cheapest you can get bulldozing done in this part of Vermont is $10 an hour, with a minimum charge for two hours, and usually a travel fee besides, so instead I used a shovel and an axe. Levelling took the rest of June 18th and the morning of the 19th. It left me a little stiff, but financially almost even with Thoreau. So far, I had spent approximately ten cents for gas for the chain saw. To be fair, maybe I should add fifty cents for wear and depreciation.

Timbers put me well behind. "Arrowy" white pines, such as Thoreau used, are hard to come by now, the white-pine weevil having grown steadily more ravenous during the past century. I am also not Thoreau's match with an axe. Few middle-class Americans raised in the suburbs are. Without even much shame, I went to a small lumberyard about two miles away and bought timbers. The yard is owned by a man named Ken Bragg, who does his own logging in the woods, trucks what he cuts, saws it, on occasion planes it, and, finally, is in the retail-lumber business. He is usually a hard man to catch. But on the morning of June 21st, when I came poking up the dirt road his mill is slightly beyond the end of, he happened to be there, sawing twelve-by-twelve bridge timbers for the town of Strafford, Vermont. More accurately, he was propelling hemlock butt logs down toward the saw carriage with a peavey while Mr. Lewis P. Farwell, his ninety-one-year-old saw master, did the actual sawing.

Ken was willing enough to stop and sell me four-by-fours. The fact that he didn't have any was no problem at all. He simply began skipping small hemlock logs over the big ones lined up waiting to become bridge timbers, and Mr. Farwell sawed out my corner posts and sills on the spot. I meanwhile loaded two-by-fours from a big stack below the mill. Ken dislikes bookkeeping, and quoted a price of eight cents a foot for the whole order. Since I stopped at the village store on the way

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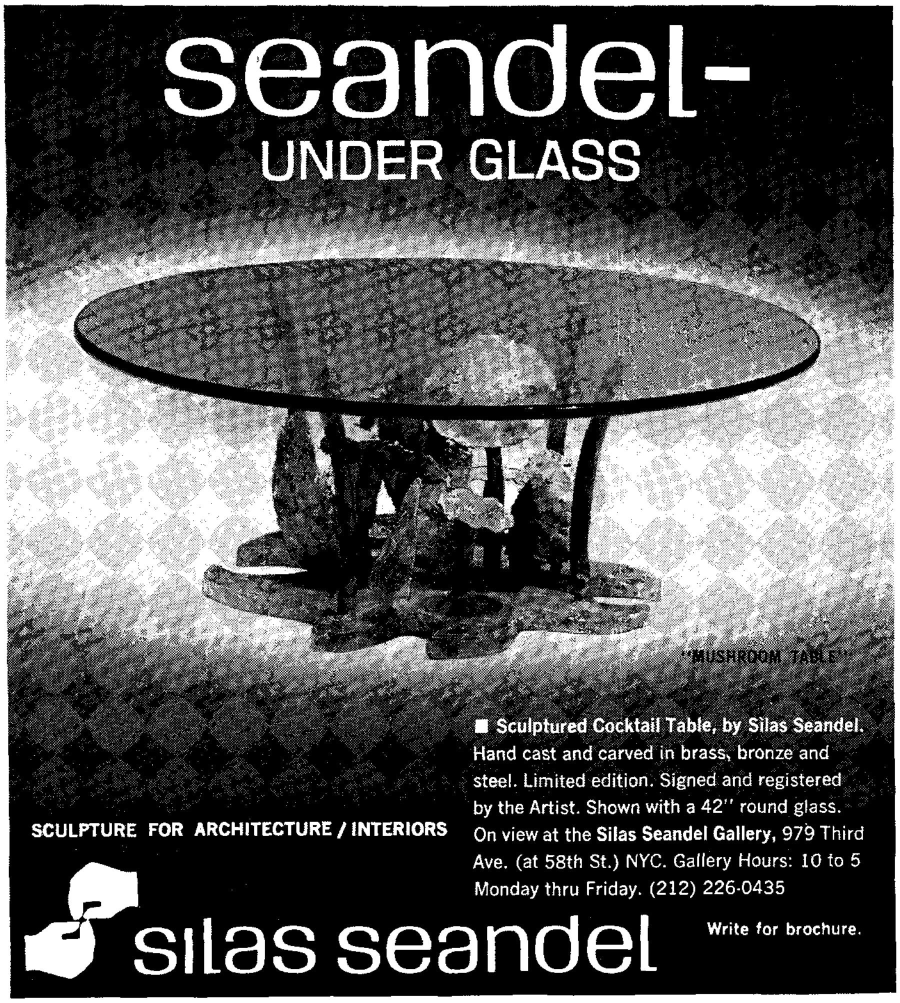

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home and bought fifteen pounds of nails, my expenses so far totalled:

Site preparation	$ 0.60
280 feet of hemlock 2 x 4 at 8¢ a foot	22.40
80 feet of hemlock 4 x 4, also at 8¢	6.40
Nails, 15 pounds at 20¢ . . .	3.00
	$32.40

Thoreau's totalled:

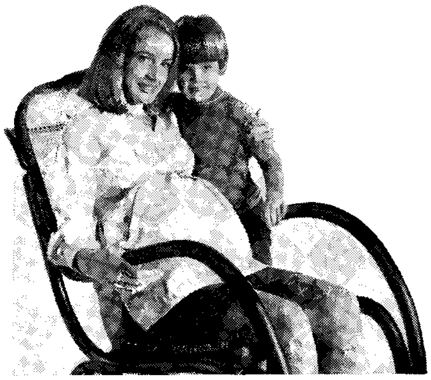
Site preparation	$0.00
Timbers	0.00
	$0.00

He began spending immediately afterward, however. Unless you're going to peg everything, you simply cannot build a house without nails. Thoreau did not learn blacksmithing and make his own. He bought them at a hardware store. Nails are the one building material almost as expensive in 1845 as now, and his supply set him back $3.90. Nor was this his only cost. Before he started actually building, he also bought his thousand bricks; he bought two casks of lime, for $1.20 each, to make mortar with; and he paid $1.40 to have all this hauled out to Walden. So he was soon out of pocket $11.70.

Each of us framed up his house alone. I suspect Thoreau got his done faster, even though it was bigger. (My sugarhouse is eight feet by eleven.) He had mortised and tenoned all his timbers while he was hewing them out, and he just had to fit them together and spike them. I was two full days with a handsaw cutting mine up, and most of a third day nailing them together. At this point, we each had a skeleton house, a trim rectangular outline with no trace yet of a roof. I don't know what Thoreau used for foundations, but mine consist of four large rocks. I got them from a place where I'm making a barway through a stone wall, and they cost nothing.

The next step in housebuilding is the hardest. This is the so-called raising, where you climb up on the skeleton and teeter in the air putting on the rafters. Thoreau, who apparently spent the last two weeks of April bird-watching, with a couple of hours out to dig his cellar and one day devoted to buying boards, raised his roof at the beginning of May. He asked some friends to help him—"rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness," he says in "Walden," "than from any necessity." I, too, sought help, and in my case it *was* from necessity. Without one to hold and another to nail, I don't quite see how anyone raises a roof. Thoreau did see, and I honor him for it. But I don't admit to-

A North American Philips company keeps kids from becoming mother's worst enemy.



Rubella—German measles. When a child catches it, he's usually in for nothing worse than three or four days' discomfort. But it makes him mother's worst enemy if she happens to be pregnant, and catches it from him.

Rubella can kill, blind or deform unborn babies, give them heart lesions or brain damage. In the last epidemic, 2,100 babies were born dead, and 20,000 with birth defects, because of rubella. And we're due for another epidemic this year or next.

PEPI, Inc., a subsidiary of North American Philips Corporation, has developed, and received Government license for, a vaccine that makes children immune to rubella. If kids don't catch it, probably nobody else will. The Government is studying a plan to inoculate every child in the country. About seventy million doses would be needed.

Measles, leopards and puppies

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Philips Roxane also makes a comprehensive line of vaccines for farm animals. And they have patented the only distemper vaccine that can be given to puppies within a few days of birth, thus protecting them during their most susceptible period. Until now, distemper vaccine could be administered only when the dog was between six and sixteen weeks old, a tense interval indeed for kennel owners.

Philips Roxane Laboratories has also developed a new idea in liquid drug packaging, the Hospital Liquid Unit Dose system. Each measured dose of medication is sealed in its own container, clearly labeled and tamperproof. It needs no mixing or measuring. It saves time. And it assures that the right amount of the right medicine is delivered to the hospital patient.

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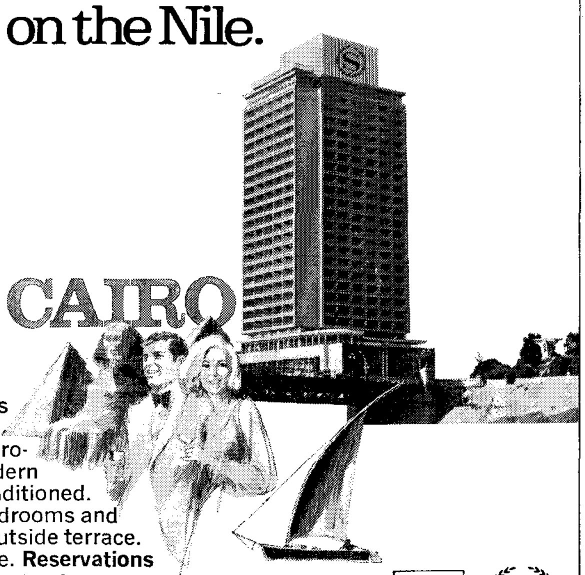

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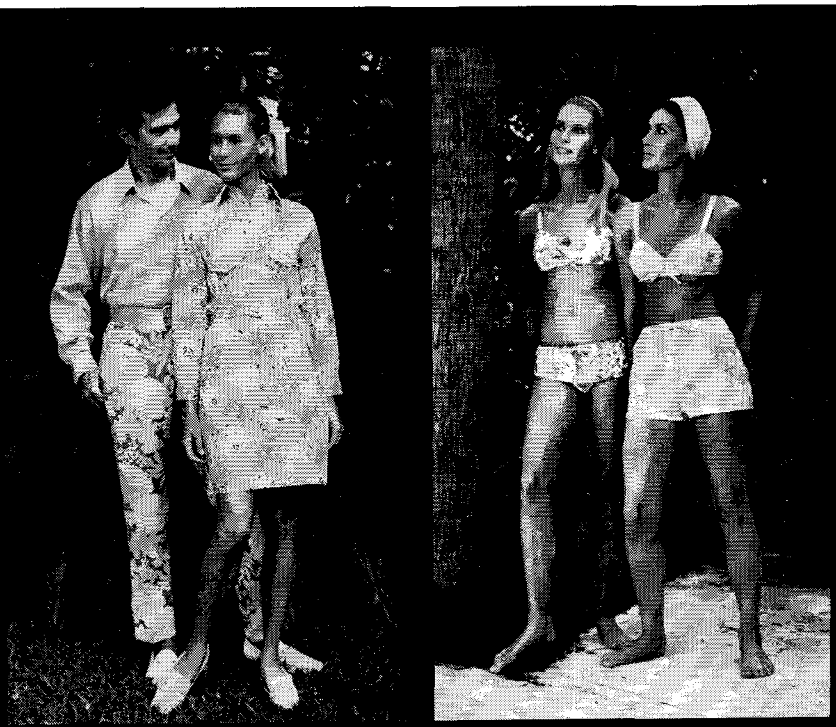

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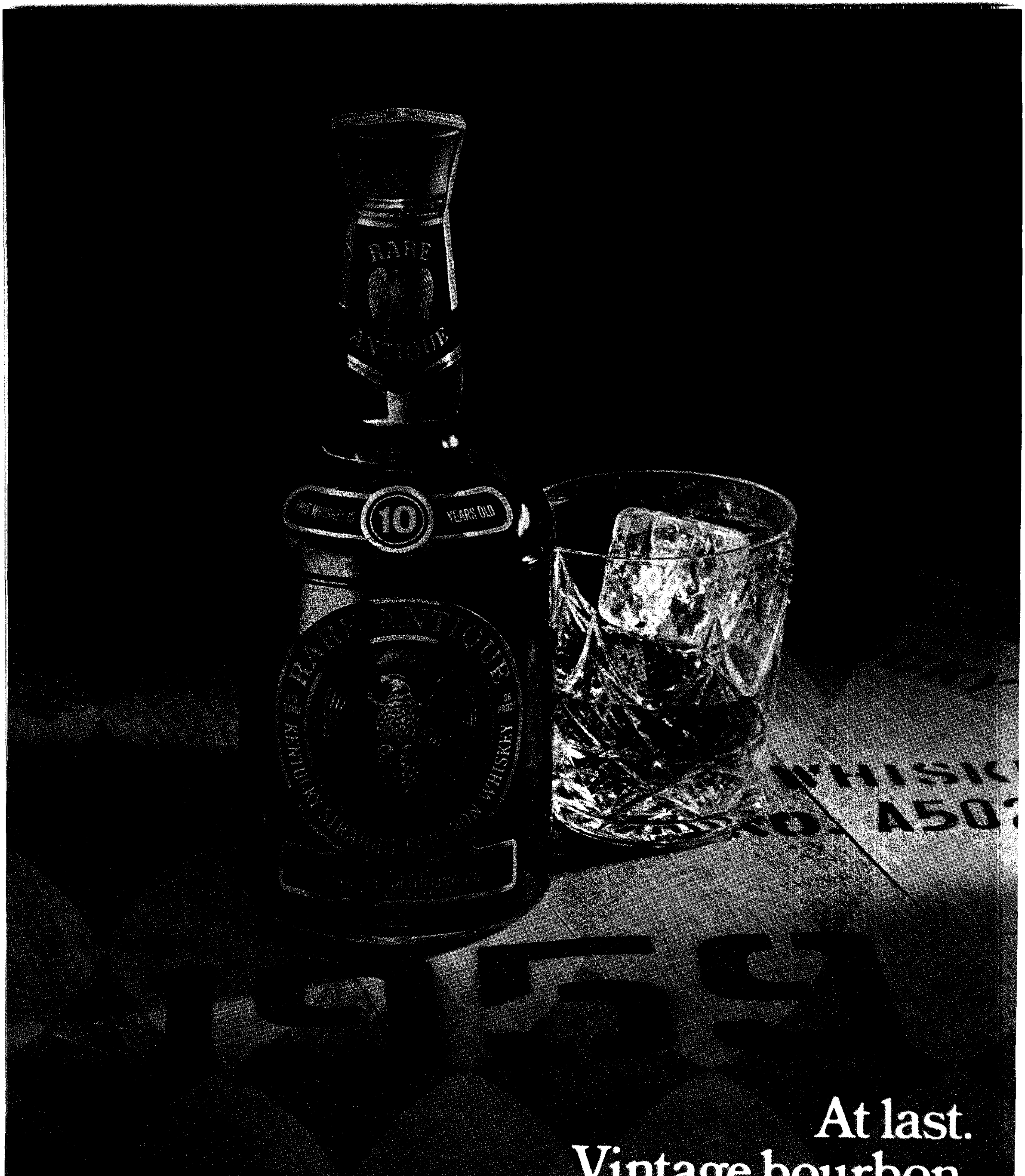
tal inferiority. Modern scholarship has determined that there were no fewer than nine assistant roofers present at Walden: Emerson, Bronson Alcott (who probably wanted his axe back), William Ellery Channing, the two Curtis brothers, Burrill and George, and a Concord farmer named Edmund Hosmer, with his three sons, John, Edmund, Jr., and Andrew. That seems to me excessive and unhermitlike. I got my roof up with the aid of one neighbor, a young Oberlin graduate named Dick Cooper.

Neither Thoreau nor I had labor costs. It would have been absurd for him to pay Emerson—who doubtless let the Hosmer boys do the teetering anyway—and though Dick Cooper will, and sometimes does, work for money, he much prefers to trade labor. So do I, for that matter. He spent a day working on my house; I spent a day helping him cut dead elms for firewood. Dick and his wife and baby have a five-room house they heat with a wood-burning furnace.

Once the roof is raised, you start boarding. Thoreau had his boards already there and stacked. He knew an Irish railroad worker named James Collins who had moved away from Concord that April, leaving behind a shanty. Thoreau bought all rights to it for $4.25. He should have got some free nails along with the boards, but he says another Irishman, named Seeley, kept pocketing the straight ones each time he was off carrying a load of boards to Walden.

Thoreau apparently got about three-quarters of the way with what he took from the shanty, and then had to rush to the lumberyard. At any rate, he records an expenditure of $3.78½ for more boards, presumably new ones. I had hoped to use a lot of old boards I found in the barn basement when I bought my farm, but it soon turned out that they had been thrown down there because they were too rotten to use. All I could salvage from a disorderly heap of at least a hundred was boards for one side of the roof, and I wish now I hadn't done that. So at the beginning of July I drove up to Ken Bragg's again. Not finding him there, I went on to Snelling's lumberyard, in East Thetford. This is a much larger operation, though there's still no sign or any other hint to the public that you can actually buy lumber there. People are always around. Mr. Snelling sold me two hundred feet of wide-board hemlock for $19—a good price. Later, I went back and spent another $9.50 for a hundred feet more. Later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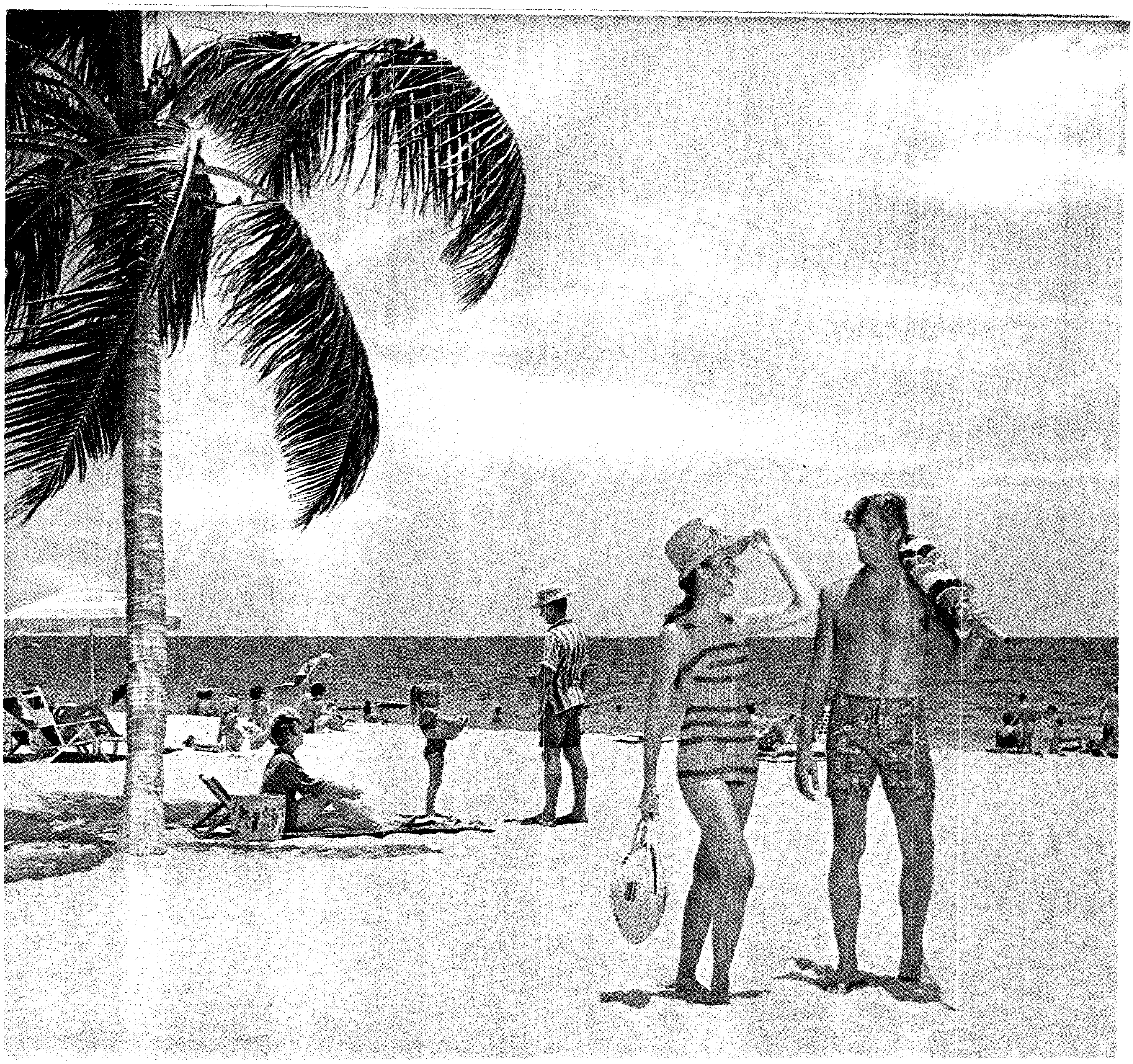

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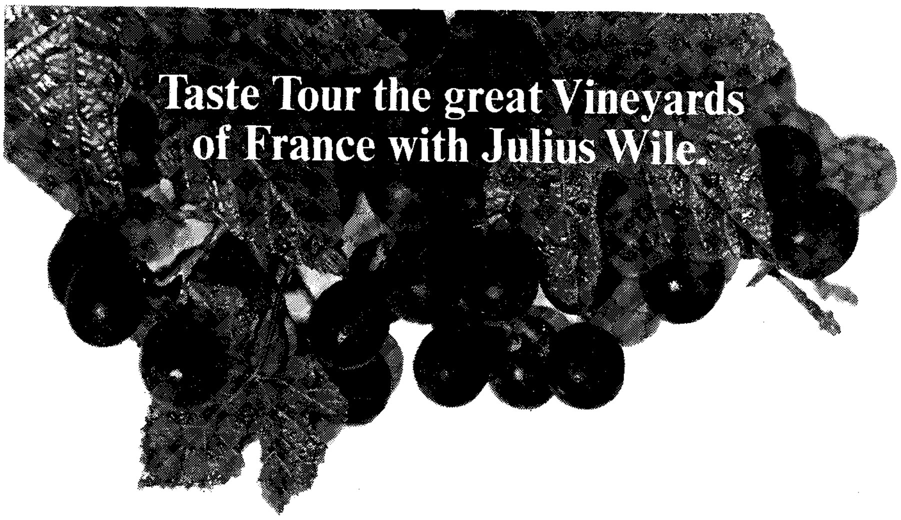
still, I blew $2 on eight feet of white pine to board the sides of the steam vent, which I want fancy. All this sent my expenses soaring to $62.90, while Thoreau's only crept up to $19.73½.

But after we had boarded our houses our building methods began to diverge widely, and to my advantage. Thoreau instantly moved into his house, and then he not only plastered it ($1.25 for laths and thirty-one cents for hair to mix in the plaster) but completely shingled the outside, like a Cape Cod cottage, using what he called "refuse shingles." These I take to be what are now called seconds. The elegance cost him $4 more.

My walls, on the other hand, were done. Inch-thick hemlock will last indefinitely, and as for the narrow cracks between the boards, in a sugarhouse they are an actual advantage—they let out more steam. All I still needed was some kind of top roofing to keep out rain. I could have used cedar shingles for $60, or cedar seconds like Thoreau for $40, or metal roofing for $25, or common asphalt shingles for $20. What I actually did use was asphalt paper, Bird's best quality with mineral surface, two rolls at $4.50 a roll. I used only half the second roll, giving the rest to a friend whose woodshed had developed a leak. She later gave me an old but good foot-treadle grindstone that belonged to her husband, so I think it is fair to deduct $2.25.

Furthermore, Thoreau had a string of expenses, all escaped by me, for hardware and fittings. We both made our own doors, and are even there. But he had to pay $2.43 for two second-hand windows, while I just walked out to the barn and picked my four out of a pile. Almost any old barn has enough windows lying around to equip two or three small houses. He had to spend fourteen cents for hinges and screws, and ten cents for a door latch. I got all the hinges and screws I needed from that heap of boards in the basement, and as for a door latch, I don't have one. An old iron ring serves to open the door, and I lock it with the padlock that used to be on the footlocker my wife took to college. Finally, he spent fifteen cents on a manteltree iron and one cent for carpenter's chalk, bringing his total for one complete plaster-walled Cape Cod house with brick chimney and stone-based fireplace up to $28.12½. Per square foot of floor space, he had spent 18¾ cents. I don't need a manteltree iron, and I marked my saw cuts with a pencil I already owned. My total for one complete sugarhouse with two



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double windows and a white-pine steam vent was $69.65. As I have eighty-eight square feet of floor space, the cost per square foot came to 79.1 cents.

Or, rather, it came to that for about three months, and then, late last fall, I betrayed everything "Walden" stands for. I had a six-inch slab of cement poured on top of the dirt floor. I had good reason. The worst thing that can happen when you're sugaring is to have your evaporator suddenly tilt to one side as its heat thaws the frozen ground. If this happens, your sap pans run dry on one side and instantly scorch. I heard enough stories last summer about people with dirt-floored sugarhouses having to spend $150 on new pans that I finally got scared and ordered the cement. I am not sorry. And yet cement is modern. Cement comes from the world of aluminum siding and pink plumbing. Even though a neighbor in the contracting business had my order added to a mixerload he was getting anyway, so that I had no delivery charge or any expense but the bare basic cost of one cubic yard of cement, the slab still jumped the cost of my house by thirty per cent. I paid $21.38 for it, and my house has finally cost $91.03. That's more than Emerson paid for his whole eleven acres, and raises my cost to $1.03 per square foot of floor space.

But it turns out that even cement does not betray the point of "Walden." The point is not to use quaint building methods; Thoreau himself consciously rejected the quaintness of 1845, which would, he says, have been to build a log cabin or a bark tepee, and used the latest thing—machine-made boards. The point is to simplify as much as possible, and so test the standard claims of one's time about the cost of things—an education, a house, a life. "I thus found that the student who wishes for a shelter can obtain one for a lifetime at an expense not greater than the rent which he now pays annually," Thoreau wrote in 1845. It's still true. Harvard students pay $580 a year for their rooms now, and Dartmouth students, not twelve miles from my sugarhouse, pay from $369 to $639. Men are still trying to solve the problem of a livelihood by formulas more complicated than the problem itself.

—NOEL PERRIN

•

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[*San Francisco Chronicle*]

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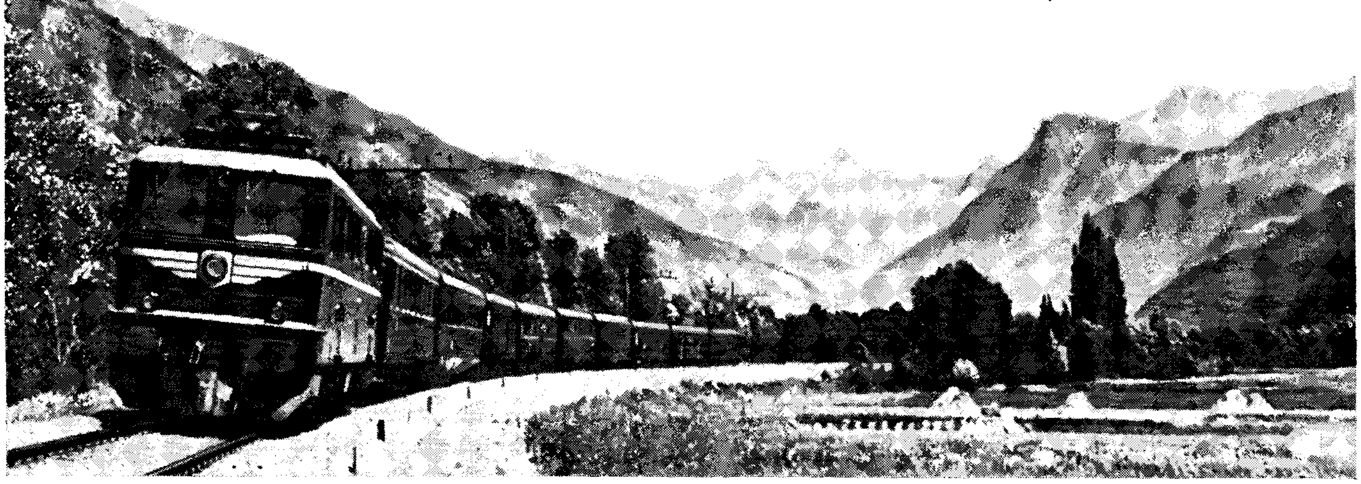


THE ART WORLD

Keeping Up

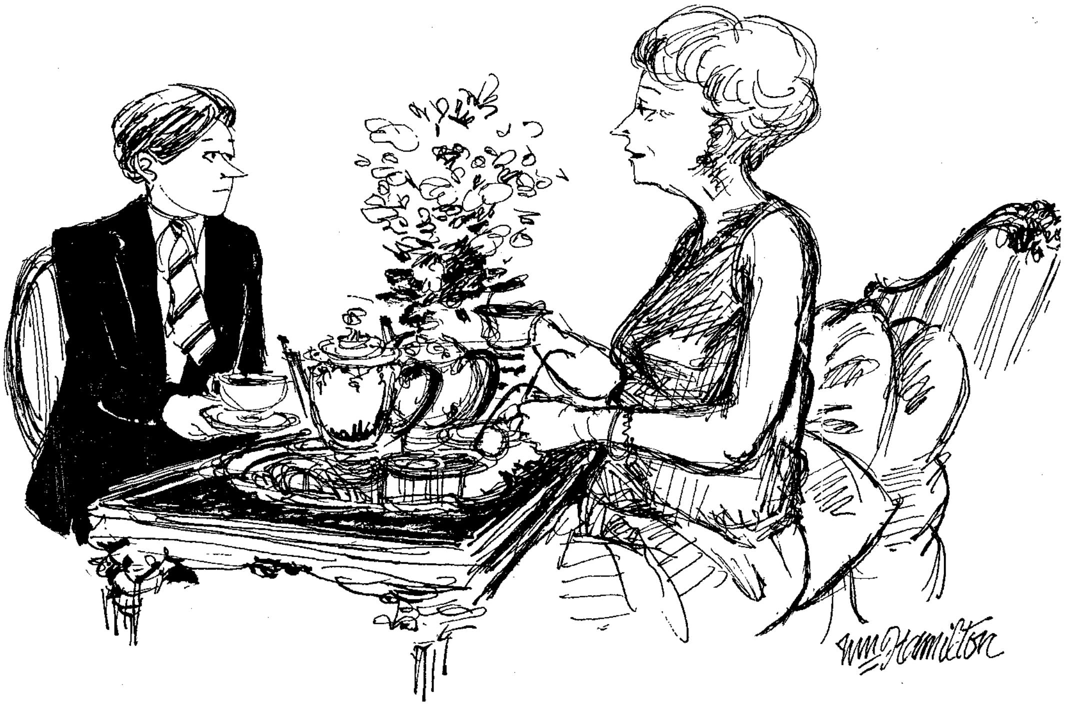
THE artist today is offered a catalogue of styles and invited to choose. He knows, however, that the latest edition is already out of date. Everything that has been done opens another door, but the door faces a blank wall; once someone else has made a move, there is no use repeating it. In effect, therefore, each invention plugs up another avenue of advance. Thus, having cancelled or submerged traditional modes in art, the new has reached the point of cancelling itself. All current styles are simultaneously legitimized, on the ground that they reflect the present, and discredited, on the ground that they belong to the past. A survey exhibition of current American painting, such as the Whitney Annual, which closed on February 1st, is a report on what artists in 1969 were able to do with the visual vocabulary of 1968. Most observers found the Annual depressing: the selections were too pat with familiar trends, though the exhibition catalogue, with ritual hopefulness, bravely claimed that the works in the show exemplified "new directions . . . generating the most creative excitement." Excitement! The reigning spirit of the Annual was cool-headed adaptation. One reviewer was "dismayed" by "the degree of sheer cleverness and expertise displayed in the Annual"—a response similar to Baudelaire's judgment of the Salons of a hundred years ago that "everyone is painting better and better—which seems to us a lamentable thing." That good or expert painting can be bad and dismaying is one of those floating problems of modern art that have never been adequately anchored down. What did the critic of the Whitney expect—that the machinery of art history that kept painting and sculpture going throughout the sixties would suddenly give birth to unheard-of flowers? The sixties was a decade of stylistic programming, not of outstanding creations. It brought to light no new radical idea or widely persuasive image. Its obsession was the negative one of liquidating the preceding era of "expressionism" through works in which the artist effaced himself in his concept. One of its canons accepted by art dealers was the "non-painterly" surface, which condemned traces of the artist's hand. Above all, the art of the decade lacked what Baudelaire called naïveté; that is, the shaping of works by temperament rather than by rule. It was a decade of experimenting with materials, past styles, and art-critical concepts—in itself not unimportant. But art that lacks more than a concept or fresh materials is design; it was in new design that the sixties was richest.

Viewing, at the Whitney, the traditional gestures of revolt, the critic I have quoted reluctantly concluded that "the role of the avant-garde . . . has become one of the casualties of the past decade." By the measure of earlier vanguards—for example, the Surrealists, with their conception of a new kind of psyche, or the Futurists, with their discovery of the new physical and social setting of the twentieth century—his judgment was unquestionably correct. Conceiving design variations on existing styles, whether to meet the requirements of world fairs, or of the textile industry, or of theories of space and color extrapolated from the history of modern art, is not an avant-garde activity. Still, one should perhaps consider that the notion of a vanguard may itself no longer be a vanguard idea, and that to expect present-day painting and sculpture to equal or surpass the innovations of Cubism, Futurism, and Constructivism could be, except in the case of a rare individual, a mistake. Those who complacently applauded each novelty of the sixties, from Pop to shaped canvases, as if it were the latest in a series of revolutionary "advances" are predisposed, when they are confronted by too rapid overproduction in all of these modes, to be excessively pessimistic about the accomplishments of the decade. The "crisis" of painting has once more become a popular theme in the art journals. What is regrettable is not that the sixties should have ended on this note but that the continuing crisis of art, which is the fundamental condition of creation in our century, should have been for so long desperately denied.

Fortunately or unfortunately, yesterday's avant-garde art becomes today's new design. The following jingle should help in memorizing the principle:

Art movements in decline
Produce nouveau design.

Though painting and sculpture in the sixties may have lacked avant-garde élan (for which no basis existed in either politics, philosophy, or social theory), they were moved by an intense desire to keep up with the realities of the present day as these are manifested chiefly in technology and the mass media. The seemingly unrelated modes, representational and abstract, prominent in the sixties all pointed toward phenomena made part of everyday life by advertising and entertainment art, electronics, animated mechanical gadgets, supply-house equip-



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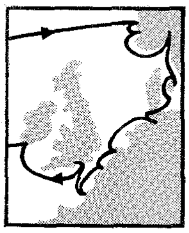

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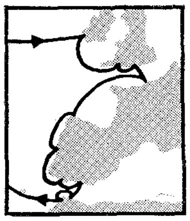

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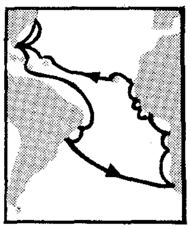

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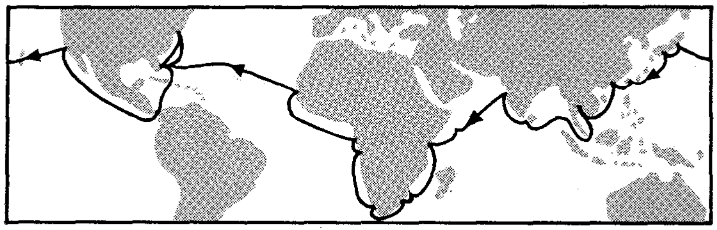

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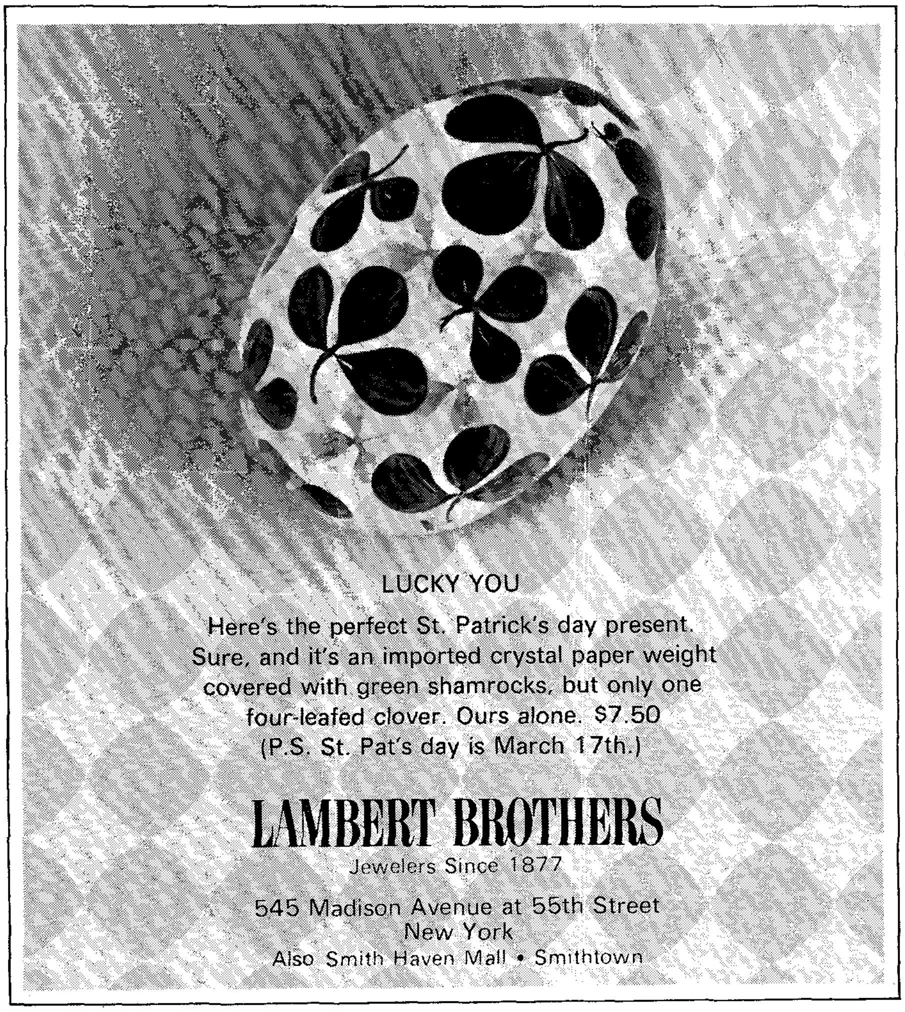
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ment and parts, news photography, wholesale reproductions of works of art. Pop and Op Art, kinetic constructions, lights art, modular and machine-shop sculpture, silk-screen and typographical assemblages, color-area painting, computer-patterned figures, abstractions and cutouts, mixed-media enclosures matched the visual and somatic effects of the industrial environment. In pursuit of technological freshness, painting and sculpture put aside their traditional mediums—wood, stone, paint, cast metal—in favor of new manufactured materials and industrial-age waste: the decade opened with junk assemblages and reliefs, moved on to aluminum, Plexiglas and other plastics, and tense cables and wires, and wound up in a conscious rejection of both new and old art materials in preference for the earth, rocks, animal matter, and raw substances (strips of felt, rubber and copper sheets, lead pellets) of the anti-form movement.

The "sheer cleverness and expertise" that the critic of the Whitney objected to are precisely the qualities that enabled art in the sixties to expand design possibilities through apparently limitless stylistic derivations and combinations of materials. The quantity of visually competent matter currently presented in the art galleries and art magazines is literally overwhelming. By the same measure of visual competency, there is not much to object to in the work of the typical figures of the decade—e.g., Stella, Noland, Kelly, Warhol—except the pretentiousness of the claims made for it. In essence, the sixties carried forward the work of the Bauhaus in the Weimar period (1919-25), when the school mixed principles of art with objectives of product design; it is symbolic that in the closing year of the sixties the mammoth documentary history of the Bauhaus, by Hans M. Wingler, was published by the M.I.T. Press, and that the Los Angeles County Museum organized an exhibit for the United States Pavilion at the Japan World Expo, in Osaka, under the title of "Art and Technology." "Art and Technology—A New Unity" was the theme in 1923 of Gropius, founder of the Bauhaus: "If a creatively talented person had a factory at his disposal with all its machinery," he wrote, anticipating to the letter the Los Angeles artist-industry collaboration, "he would be able to create new forms that would differ from those produced by hand crafts."

The orientation toward super-technique has been met with some skepticism, but this was so in the case of the Bauhaus, too. The question is to what degree the industrial-design outlook is forced upon art by the character of the century. "With absolute conviction," declared Lyonel Feininger, one of the painter-masters at the Bauhaus, "I reject the slogan 'Art and Technology—A New Unity;' this misinterpretation of art is, however, a symptom of our times" (one of whose other features he found to be "the aimlessness of the typical art school"). Another Bauhaus master, Georg Muche, went further: in his view, "the close contact between modern art—especially painting—and the technological development of the twentieth century must lead inevitably and with surprising consequence to mutual rejection." Muche went on to say, as if he were describing the nineteen-sixties attack on subjective individualism in art, that in his enthusiasm for technology "the artist . . . disproved his own existence. The square became the ultimate picture element for the superfluous—for the dying—field of painting." After mentioning that the "enthusiasm for modern design" is "extraordinarily intolerant toward art," Muche concluded that "art has no ties to technology; it comes about in the Utopia of its own reality." Despite opposition, however, Gropius's affiliation of art with technology prevailed at the Bauhaus, perhaps because, as Feininger had noted, the temper of the time favored it. The antagonism brought to the fore by Muche was settled by reducing the role of art. "Independent creative work," observes Wingler in the margin of Muche's statement, "never again acquired the significance it had held during the first years of the Bauhaus; art was relegated more and more to a peripheral role in the work of the Bauhaus."

The virtue of the Bauhaus lies in its intellectual forthrightness, its willingness to draw candid conclusions, in contrast to the aesthetic coyness of the contemporary American art world. The Bauhaus based its program on its realization that once the idea of the individual artist and of his metaphysics of creation was discarded, art had to face the consequences of finding its meaning in social utility. Unwilling to educate "little Raphaels," as he contemptuously put it, Gropius conceived the purpose of the Bauhaus school to be "the training of artistically talented people to become creative designers in the fields of the crafts, industry, and architecture. . . . The Bauhaus wants to serve in the development of present-day housing, from the simplest household appliances to the finished dwelling." The ultimate goal was the unity

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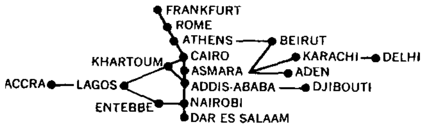

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of the creative arts under architecture, "the total work of art." Moholy-Nagy (a comprehensive exhibition of his work in many mediums opens at the Guggenheim on February 20th), who used his oil paintings as studies for works with practical application, denied the significance of the modern-art movements with the contention that "despite all formal differences" they were attempting to achieve "the same clarification of visual design principles. The common denominator of all the 'isms,' from naturalism to constructivism . . . is the continuous, unconscious struggle to conquer the pure, primary, and autonomous means of expression and design." This view, which subsumes the sensibilities and the drama of individual artists and the philosophies of the modern schools under a single formal purpose, has an uncanny resemblance to the formalist ideologies of the sixties, while at the same time it holds that avant-gardism has culminated in the will to raise the quality of mass-produced objects.

In the union of art and technology, which I have taken to be the symbol of the sixties, the idea of a vanguard as the bearer of a singular vision or message of the times is replaced by the vigorous expansion of all modes of art conceived to be advanced insofar as the public taste is concerned. Gropius was justified in denying that the Bauhaus sought "to propagate any style, system, or dogma;" the artist as designer cuts across the styles of all creative élites in order to bestow modernism directly upon the aesthetic silent majority through the objects they use and the images that are familiar to them. Lichtenstein redesigns the comic-strip box and the popular art reproduction, Chryssa the electric sign, Snelson the cables of power stations, Judd the rows of factory supply bins. Vanguard art demands to be understood and even to change the spectator; the understanding and the change are the point of it. Art as design offers gifts of the new to the majority without demanding comprehension in return. It brings the aesthetically uneducated person up to date while leaving his beliefs, attitudes, and prejudices intact. Like applied science, which supplies the advantages of the self-defrosting refrigerator and the electric toothbrush regardless of the consumer's knowledge of electronics, applied design induces the individual's participation in progress as naturally as a sudden improvement in the weather. Spiro Agnew is undoubtedly a modernist in his crockery and sports shirts, as

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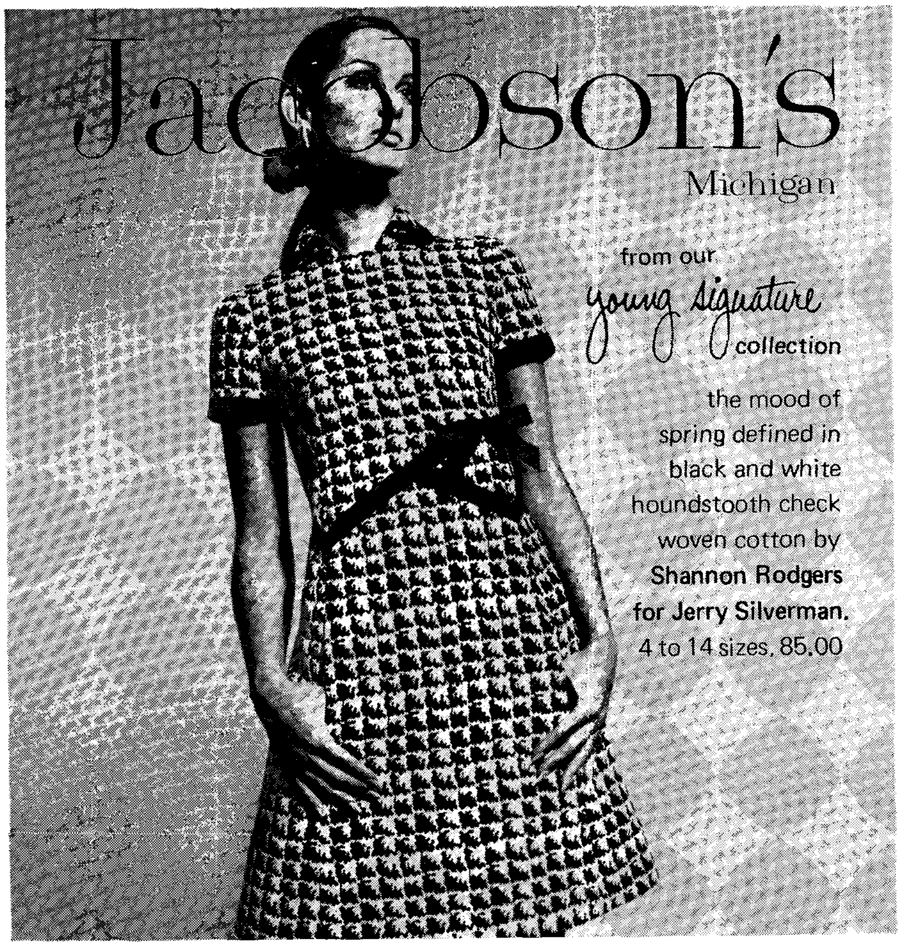

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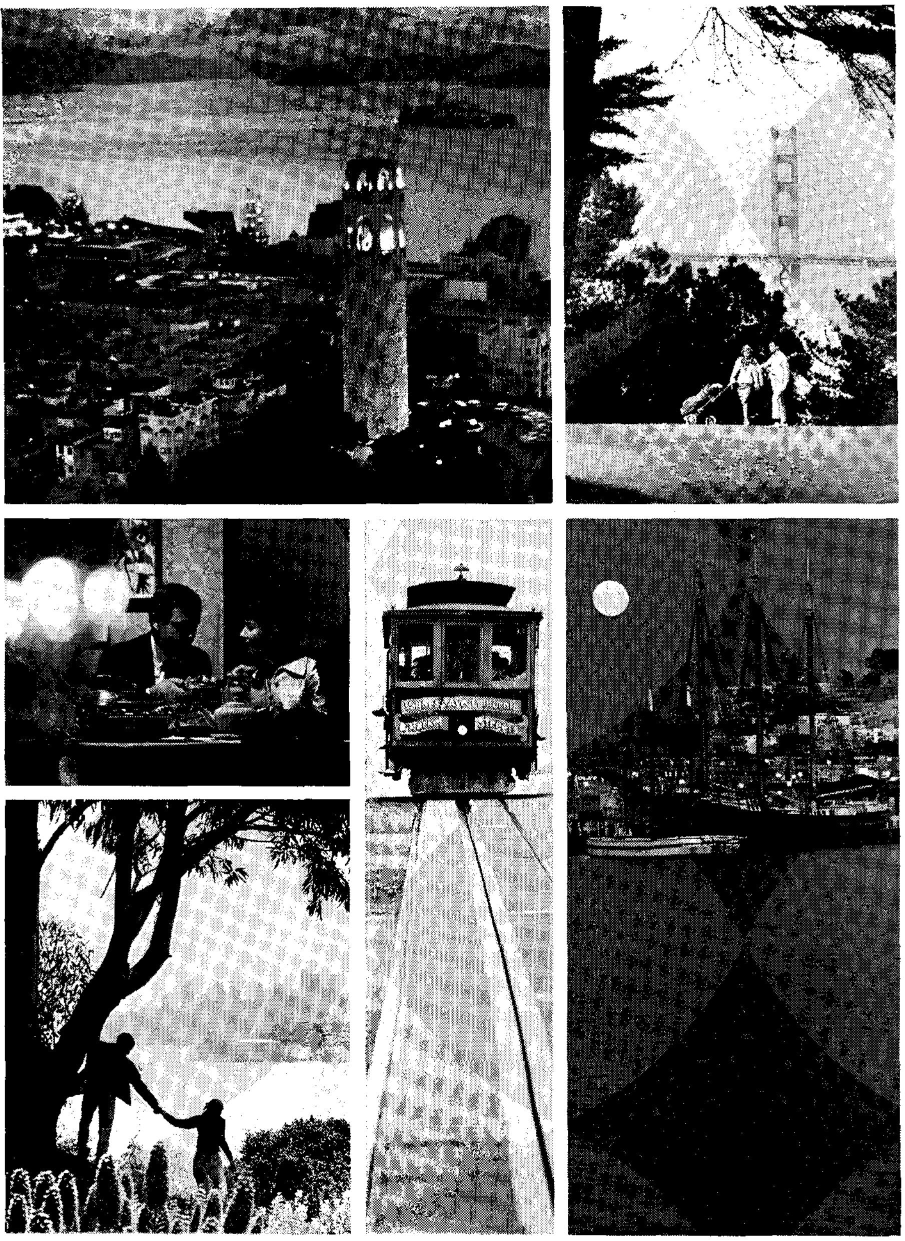
he is in his use of jets and his reliance on the ABM. The silent majority and its leaders accept the bonanzas showered on them by science, technology, and design as proof that good Americans are favorites of the Divinity. They anticipate no problems accompanying new things and new forms, and if problems arise they are irritated by them. The majority has its own art forms: sentimental genre scenes, likenesses of ancestors and great men, de-luxe-hotel "abstracts" of fishing boats, airport handicrafts. As for modern art, it is still, as I suggested twenty years ago, regarded as belonging to the Age of Queer Things. Yet the majority can be lured into this age by means of new-style goods that serve the needs of daily life: an inflatable hassock decorated with traffic signs à la D'Arcangelo, Sears' self-sticking Optical wallpaper "with colorful daisies or without daisies." Besides seeking coöperation with technologists and engineers, present-day American artists have tried to project themselves directly into the surroundings of the majority through products midway between art and supermarket ornaments and spectacles, such as light displays and Happenings, posters, color prints, banners, and multiples.

In the perspective of the sixties, it is evident that the Bauhaus had to contend with an irony: that when art is made for its own sake industry will appropriate it (if possible, without royalties), while when it is offered as "creative design" industry will tend to ignore it. (The principle seems to be that art is more practical than practical art programs.) Nevertheless, there was a continuous tension at the Bauhaus between the painters who "wanted to be nothing but painters"—Klee, Kandinsky—and the succession of architect-designers—Gropius, Moholy-Nagy, Mies van der Rohe—who headed the school toward the product market. "At the Bauhaus," said one levelheaded contemporary, "there are a few masters who are also masters even without the Bauhaus; the others are just Bauhaus masters." In a mixture of this sort, it is the artist who ultimately gets squeezed out. The Bauhaus course in basic art principles, called the preliminary course, which was taught by Klee, Kandinsky, and Albers, among others, came under increasing fire, first from the Bauhaus administration, later from left-wing students, who attacked the usefulness of the course. In the end, after years of patient protest and withdrawing into themselves, Klee and Kandinsky found themselves obliged to



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quit the school, as Schlemmer and other artists had done before them. The artist as designer proved to be in a fundamentally conflicting situation.

The popularity of art in America today derives from its design appeal, but American art will not settle for a role in product design. American artists are aware that art for industry is, as Muche pointed out, limited by the needs of distribution, managerial control, and profits. And beyond the social utility of what he produces the American artist seeks a deeper meaning; he has not ceased to be a Romantic. In the sixties, meaning lay in the idea of winning a place in art history. Lichtenstein redesigned comics not to make them newer or better but to make them art-historical. The uneasiness of the American artist as designer, which echoes the uneasiness of Klee and Kandinsky at the Bauhaus, is especially manifested in the fantastically overelaborated rhetoric of art-historical critical apologia, which has become part of the verbal inception of the works.

Art in America now exploits design but keeps itself aloof from the norm of social usefulness. In his giant "Art and Technology" "Icebag," for the Japan Expo, Oldenburg did not attempt an improved version; he redid the old drugstore fabric icebag, with the screw cap, in salmon-pink vinyl, enlarged it to eighteen feet in diameter, and animated it with gears, hydraulics, and blowers that would swell it in waves to a height of sixteen feet. An object of this sort stands the Bauhaus tradition on its head or puts its tail in its mouth. For all the solemnity of sixties formalism, the Expressionist revolt in American art lingers on in slapstick and deadpan—including the resigned acceptance of exorbitant tribute for what Gropius called "useless" machines and sketches of unrealizable projects. Experience seems to show that art cannot stay even with technology; it is either ahead of it or behind. In retracing the old problems of European modernism, American art is today neither avant-garde nor backward. It is managing to balance itself between past and future. In short, it is keeping up. Once its anti-subjectivist dogma is put out of the way, it may pass from conceiving the present as technology to dealing with the ultimate reality of the new—the condition of the individual and of man.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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(9) NAKED TRUTH—Discussion Topic: nudity.—*TV Guide*.

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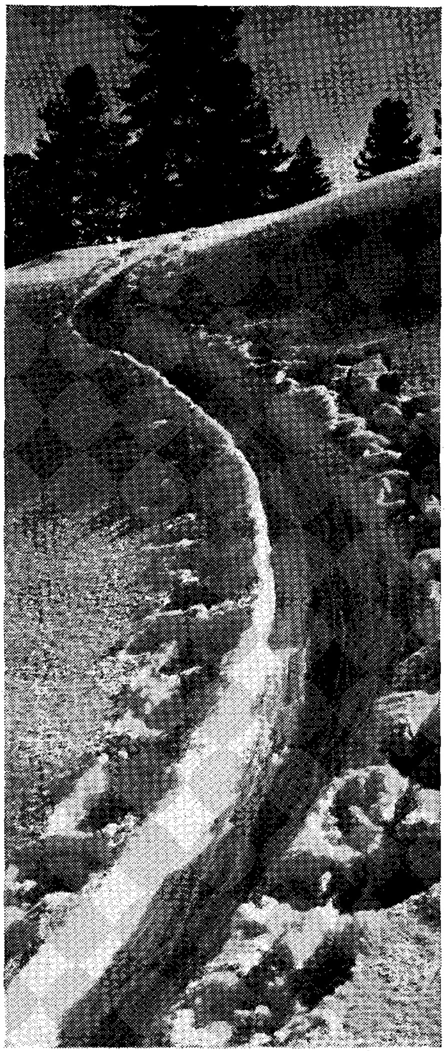

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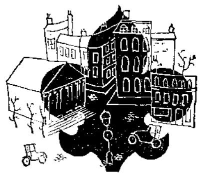
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 10

THE new Italian-language film "Medea," directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini and starring Maria Callas as merely a great dramatic actress, was recently given its gala world première at the Paris Opéra, where, in her former opulent vocal days, her extraordinary thespian gift was generously included like an obbligato to any major aria she sang. Because movies mostly still rank aesthetically as vulgarian upstarts compared to grand opera, the relief and surprise among Miss Callas's faithful followers was breathtaking when her cinematic "Medea" turned out to contain the greatest acting performance of her career—being, moreover, immovably set in its perfections by the camera, so that the grandeur of her accomplishment cannot alter or diminish from one showing to another, as did her singing performances, until they at last became only tragic infidelities of what one's memory retained. To her physical artistry Pasolini not only has supplied the melodramatic sweep and scope of the ancient classic tragedy but has placed it in terrains so little known to us as to seem truly the antique Mediterranean world, which we have just discovered for the first time. For instance, he used the unoccupied high plateaus of Anatolia for Colchis, the land where Medea's father was king and she was schooled in magic—the land of the legendary Golden Fleece. In the opening screened silence of the film (nearly half of it is without sound, except for some pentatonic music), she speaks as if unheard except by history, amid majestic yellow stretching landscapes suited to the remote dawn of Greek life still peopled by mythological figures, struggling to become an early barbarian race of heroes. Furthermore, Callas as Medea is visibly turned, by a facial miracle, into an inhabitant of her ancestral Greek country—a restored member of her own Greek people, with her pointed, strong-jawed archaic visage like a profile on some matriarchal primitive Greek coin, so early as to be dateless.



From among the various versions of "Medea" left over the centuries since Euripides—from Seneca down through Corneille into semi-modern French literature—Pasolini felt free to choose what apparently most interests him in humanity. That is its destructive, dark psyche, which contains its instinct for bloodshed, crime, and cruelty as an eternal balance and as part of its civilizations' struggles over time and under different gods. Thus, his new film begins with the flight of Medea and her lover Jason after his theft, aided by his Argonauts, of the Golden Fleece, and with his and Medea's escape in an archaic high-walled cart carrying murder within it, as she tosses overboard the head and dismembered fragments of her own brother, so as to retard the pursuers, who must pause to honor the princely remains. Only the stolen Golden Fleece itself is a disappointment—at least to modern eyes—in these opening scenes, for it looks merely like a large, brownish billy goat's head-and-shoulder pelt, instead of some fantasy monster as big of skull as a bison. Jason disappoints also, looking less Olympian than Olympic, and being, in truth, too handsomely played by the former professional athlete Giuseppe Gentile, chosen for the role because of his great shoulders and his well-poised, small, blank-looking classic head. Not until the latter half of the film, with the couple now ensconced in Corinth with their two little sons, do Medea's emotional tortures begin, when Jason breaks his sworn oath of faithfulness to her. He has fallen in love with Glauce, daughter of Corinth's king, and in order to marry her he plans to have Medea banished. Her love for him turns to vengeful hate, which she at first artfully conceals. These scenes of mixed artifice and agony are, by calculation, the high point in the great acting that Callas brings to the tragic role. Attired in a long, clinging embroidered robe, decked with ropes of barbaric ornaments falling to her feet, she abandons her body to its own grief, flinging herself to the ground, grovelling with anguish and fury in contortions of pain accented by extraordinary grace—a hypnotic performance such as one rarely sees even attempted nowadays, and endowed with true magnetic power. It is a virtuoso corporeal and psychological triumph. By sorcery, Medea contrives to set Glauce aflame as she takes the air alone on the palace roof. Then Medea turns to the destruction of her own two little sons, stabbing them, naked and trusting, in their bath. (Only the knife itself is shown; the act of double infanticide is not made visible.) Finally, she sets fire to the palace and, presumably, perishes in its flames.

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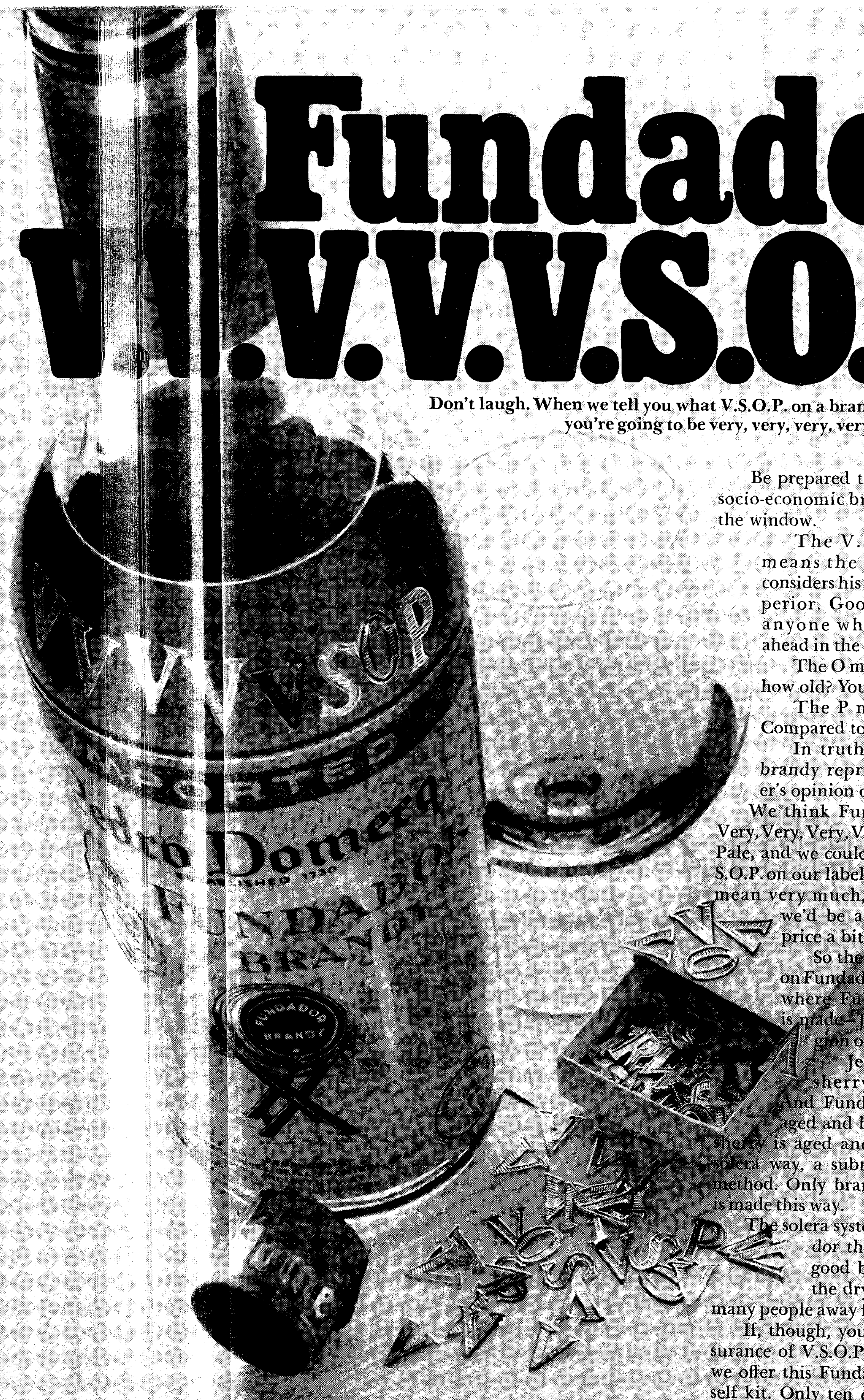

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from antiquity—the bloodiest horror story of the early Hellenic dramatists' imaginations. Owing to the presence of Maria Callas—along with all the ennuis for the spectators that are inevitable in the revival of any drama already two thousand years old (and complicated by Pasolini)—it can be said that in this new "Medea" there is contained acting of a supreme dramatic achievement, which will rank the film as a rare work of cinematographic art.

A MINOR intellectual rebellion in the Communist Party, which could have favored members' being free to think for themselves about at least one new Communist idea, has just failed here—of course. But unusually dispassionate discussion of it has filled the bourgeois newspapers, and it has been the bone of conversation at Paris businessmen's lunch tables. The rebellion, sparked by its inventor and loser, came from middle-aged Roger Garaudy—intellectual, political philosopher, and for twenty years or more the so-called ideological adviser to the Party's Central Committee, from which he has just been ousted in disgrace. The Party had accepted his earlier protest against the Russians' takeover of Prague, since at first this was the Party's own attitude, from which it soon *timidly* backtracked. The Soviet occupation of Prague is unpopular with all the French, who see in it a denial of the libertarian principles enunciated by their own French Revolution. Actually, the only leading French Communist with the privilege of immunity in matters of criticism is the elderly poet Louis Aragon, editor of the Communist literary weekly *Les Lettres Françaises*. In it he has just run a criticism of what he calls Soviet anti-Semitism in the Daniel trial and a protest against Soviet treatment of the novelist Solzhenitsyn. But Garaudy's rebellion consisted of an intelligent new theory he had invented, which he called "the new historic bloc." This was a remarkably sensible idea to the effect that the traditional Communist manual workers should be united with the new educated technical and scientific workers in modern French industry, the result being that Party membership, which had lately been lagging dangerously, would be greatly increased. The Communist Party is the largest political party in France, and can always count on a regular twenty per cent of all the votes in a national election. But as manual workers decrease in number, and as all workmen are increasingly educated, the over-all Party member-

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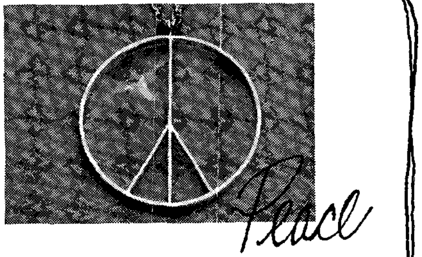

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ship has lessened in proportion to the growing French population. This ratio Garaudy wanted to rebalance with his "historic bloc." And this is where he ran afoul of the Communist Party, which denounced his bloc as "intellectual revisionism"—a dangerous charge for any Party man to face. Last week, at one of the meetings of the five-day national Party Congress, held in the huge municipal gymnasium at Nanterre, he was given exactly one hour to refute it. Between the boos of his listeners, mixed with their glacial silence, Garaudy failed. His position was like that of Galileo centuries ago, when he said "*E pur si muove*," Garaudy himself being sure that the modern industrial political world had indeed moved, whether his Party colleagues had noticed or not. And if they had not, his historic-bloc theory would sooner or later still have to be accepted as one way of saving European Communism. Two springs ago, in the Paris student riots, the Communist Party cravenly refused to take over the direction of the revolutionary possibilities that the riots offered, so this direction was taken over by young Georges Seguy, chief of the Communist-backed Confédération Général du Travail, France's biggest, most powerful labor union, where the real working-class Communist strength is still concentrated today, rather than in the Party apparatus. But at least Garaudy's explanations of his historic bloc were heard and valued from afar by the Paris industrialists, who recognized, if unhappily, the truth of his prophecies, which would certainly further weaken their control of their own businesses and profits. This is why the Garaudy Affair, as it is called, has been so repeatedly discussed in the bourgeois French press. It is ironic that, like all small French political upheavals, this year's Party Congress at Nanterre had as its specific aim the increase of the Party's effectiveness against the Gaullist-centrist, essentially bourgeois government coalition now operating under President Pompidou. If the rebel Garaudy failed to save his skin at Nanterre, so did the Communists themselves, who can be reckoned to have lost even more of their prestige.

—GENÊT

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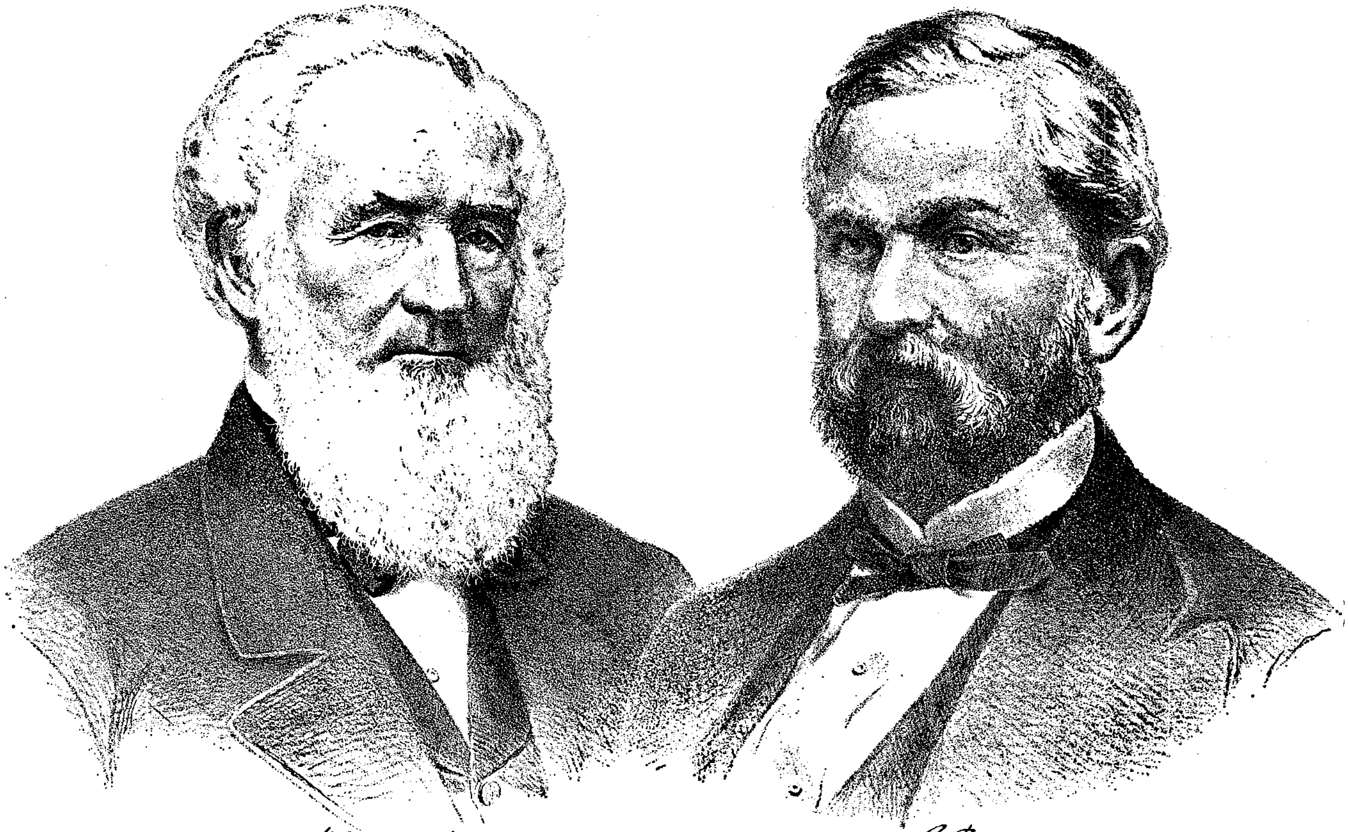

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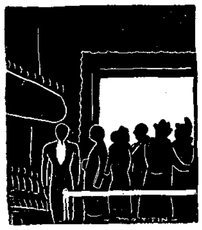
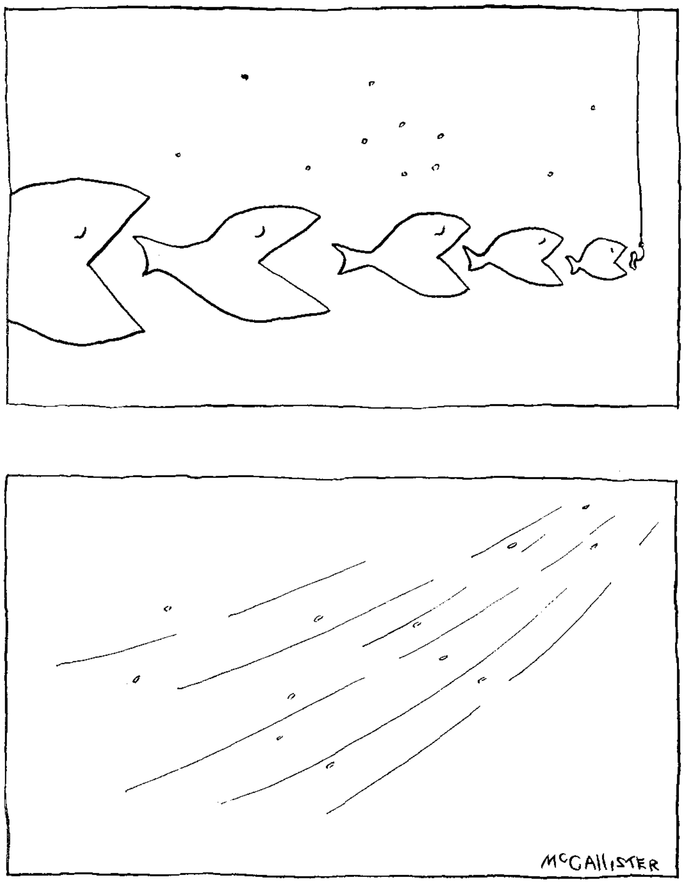


WHEN Michelangelo Antonioni made his first American public appearance, late in 1968, at the San Francisco Film Festival, *Variety's* Rick Setlowe reported that before Antonioni arrived "a chicklette with lank, flowing hair turned to her bearded companion and pronounced with wide-eyed awe, 'He's flying in from Death Valley.' 'Wow! Where else?' he answered softly." There is an inevitability about it, and that's part of what's the matter with Antonioni's "Zabriskie Point," which is a rather pathetic mess. Death Valley is the perfect Antonioni location, because his infatuation with desolation has become his defining characteristic. He wore out his material in his Italian films, and he has not renewed himself; instead, he has gone to new places—England, in "Blow-Up," and now America—to reproduce the same material. His early style (influenced, possibly, by Cesare Pavese's "Tra Donne Sole," which he turned into "Le Amiche") reached its climax in "L'Avventura," a masterwork in which the postwar alienation of the prosperous classes and his negative prognosis for them seemed perfectly expressed by long, open rhythms and by a generalized sourness. But then, having distilled that sterile atmosphere, he kept going back and trying to recreate it. I've been frantically restless at all of Antonioni's films since. Beginning with "La Notte," they turned stagnant and essentially repetitive, and it seemed to me that the moralism he more and more injected into them had become obligatory—a way of justifying his style, which was formed in death valley. Even those of us who had lost interest in Antonioni's mind looked forward to his vision of America. But he doesn't offer an outsider's view that illuminates what we had never seen for ourselves or what we had taken for granted—he plants and arranges every loaded bit of banality about our sins and vices. Working ouside the studio and on a huge scale, he winds up with an America as false and unconvincing as if it had been manufactured in a studio by foreign craftsmen. Though he uses actual locations, "Zabriskie Point" is as far off America as the Italian Westerns shot in Spain.

It was possible for people who got caught in the Mod alienation and the mystery of "Blow-Up" to ignore or misunderstand Antonioni's moralism. In "Zabriskie Point," it saps his style. He has rigged an America that is *nothing but* a justification for violent destruction, and the only distraction—love in the desert sands—is so inane that one prefers the silly moralism, though he moves his puppetlike figures in and out of awkwardly contrived situations so that he can make points that just about everybody already knows better than. Trying to be topical, Antonioni is merely obtuse and dated; he tells us what is wrong with America as if Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair and all our other critics, to say nothing of last week's movies, had never been. The story is about a semi-political boy who wants to live dangerously and an uncommitted girl, and how everything they encounter of American life is cruel and rotten. The boy steals a plane because he needs "to get off the ground" and the girl drives to the desert to meditate, and they meet there and fall in love. When he is (implausibly) killed by a "pig," she sees what must come: the destruction of America. There is not a new idea or a good idea in the entire movie—not even a small one. It is a very odd sensation to watch a message movie by a famous artist telling us what is wrong with America while showing us something both naïve and decrepit; if it weren't for this peculiar sense of dislocation and the embarrassment one feels for Antonioni, "Zabriskie Point" would be just one more "irreverent" pandering-to-youth movie, and (except photographically) worse than most.

But the dislocation is crucial: "Zabriskie Point" is a disaster, but, as one might guess, Antonioni does not make an ordinary sort of disaster. This is a huge, jerry-built, crumbling ruin of a movie. At the opening, he tries briefly to capture the ambience of revolutionary youth, but he soon returns to his own kind of apparently aimless scenes in his own kind of barren landscape. He can't animate the young performers—he can't, it seems, truly connect with them. It's as if he were baffled by America and it all got away from him, and so he, like other filmmakers, picked up the youth mythology so popular in the mass media; but he uses it as a rigid, schematic political point of view, and it doesn't fit his deliberately open-ended, sprawling style. Antonioni has always been a clumsy director, and has never had much luck at solving the mechanical problems of how to get his characters in and out of the places where he needs them and still keep his open construction, but it didn't matter too much when the characters were supposed to be suffering from lassitude and indifference about what they did. However, when a scene is planned to be loose, as if the characters were being observed at random, and then the characters make their politically pointed remarks, the effect is ludicrous.

"Zabriskie Point" is pitched to youth—that is, to the interests and values of the rebellious sons and



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daughters of the professional and upper middle classes—the way the old Hollywood movies used to be pitched to lower-middle-class values. The good guys (youth) and the bad guys (older white Americans) are as stiffly stereotyped as in any third-rate melodrama, and the evil police have been cast from the same mold as the old Hollywood Nazis. Antonioni has dehumanized them, so that they can be hated as pigs, but since he has failed to humanize the youth, it's dummies against dummies. Antonioni's specialty has always been "exposing" dehumanization in a dehumanized way; he has never before fallen into the trap of trying to show people with energy and vitality, and he simply doesn't have the temperament for it. The young in this movie don't communicate, any more than those earlier characters of his whose problem was supposed to be that they *couldn't*. When the people in his earlier films were zombies, this could be interpreted as upper-class enervation or working-class despair, but when activist youths are the zombies it is the director who appears to be alienated. If an artist's style is his content, Antonioni's style gives the lie to his own political message, because in this movie the young are lifeless. There's more energy in little visual details: the composition with a flag outside an executive's windows; the satires of billboards; the parody TV commercial that seems so strange and foreign, and is fun for that reason. If it is fair to judge an artist's involvement and his true convictions by what he does well and what he does badly, then from the evidence Antonioni doesn't believe in "revolutionary" youth—he doesn't understand them and they bore him—but he does have a feeling for Pop commercialism and enjoys devising his own versions of it.

The romance is a washout. Antonioni has frequently used actors as if they were non-actors, but when he used Jeanne Moreau and Alain Delon that way they still had the intensity and the expressive qualities of experienced performers, and they held the eye. This time, his hero, Mark Frechette, and his heroine, Daria Halprin, really are non-actors, and it makes a fatal difference. Frechette has a movie-star face—he looks like a cross between Warren Beatty and Peter Fonda—but he's a nothing on the screen: all profile and chin, and no projection of intelligence or emotions. Daria Halprin has a lovely figure but no way of coping with her excruciating lines, and she's rather clumpy, in a well-fed, middle-class way that inad-

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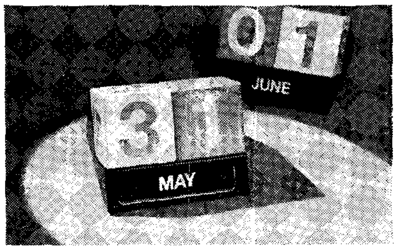

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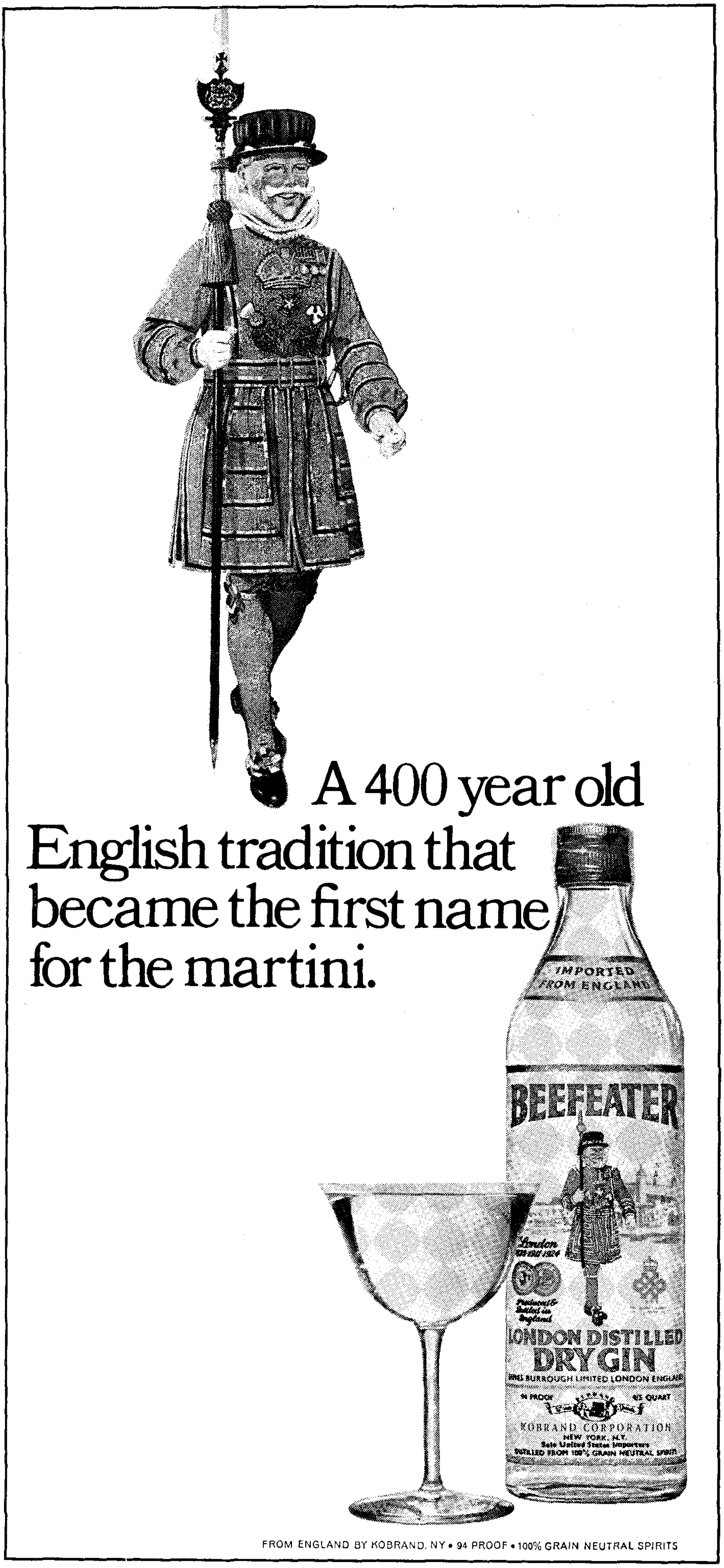
vertently reveals far more truth about "revolutionary" youth than anything Antonioni has deliberately put in the movie. Partly because of atrocious sound recording and crude post-synching, their voices are so toneless and their readings so amateurishly flaccid that their most serious lines (which, as in nearly all message movies, are, of course, the worst) are greeted by ripples of laughter. Until the end, the only alive sequence is the entertaining "commercial" boy-meets-girl episode, as he, in the stolen plane, buzzes her car and, after her initial fear and anger, she begins to dig it. (It's fairly typical of Antonioni's clumsiness that this central erotic sequence is so poorly introduced that the boy has no way of knowing there's a girl in the car when he buzzes it; apparently, his Cessna fell in love with her Buick.) Once they meet, it's a dull romance—so dull that, despite one's pain at the idiocy of the apocalyptic ending, the aestheticized fantasy of blowing up America is especially beautiful because it's a relief from the inanities of the lovers.

As with the films of rank amateurs, one cannot always be sure what is deliberate ambiguity and what is the result of ineptness—a problem that sometimes arose in earlier Antonioni films but was never central. There are implausible plot details (such as the galaxy of police waiting at the airport for the hero to come back) that seem to be the result of wildly incompetent planning, and there are what appear to be planned mysteries and ambiguities (a paint shop in the desert, a pack of children out of nowhere who molest the heroine). Antonioni's grasp of the milieu is so shaky that the deliberately implausible scenes are rather reassuring—his mannerisms being more familiar to us than his exotic America. There is no clear relationship between the story line and the characters; what they do always seems to come out of Antonioni's head, not theirs.

It's a dumb movie, unconsciously snobbish, as if America should be destroyed because of its vulgarity. We're embarrassed for Antonioni not because he insults America—everybody does that, and we're used to it—but because he insults our intelligence. For a man who has so little insight into America and so little rapport with Americans to make a film of social criticism is an almost incredible *gaffe*. We have such a lot to choose from that we've become connoisseurs of anti-Americanism, and his is trivial and off-target. There is no force in his political analysis; even when he gets on to something like the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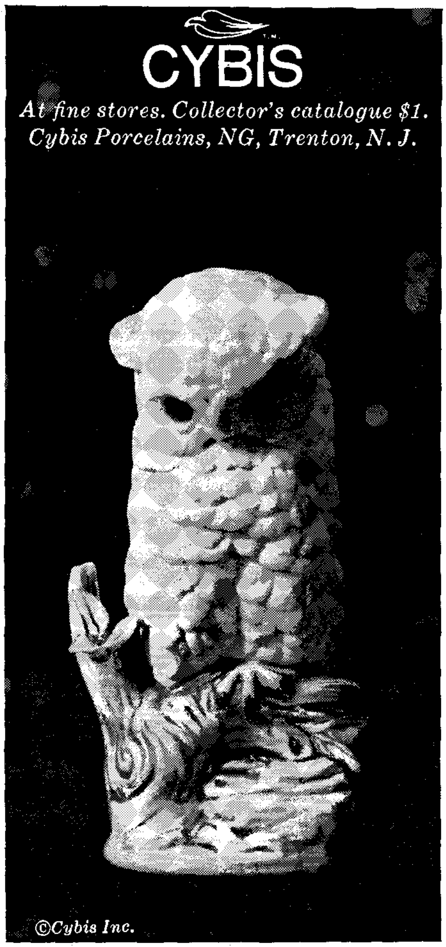
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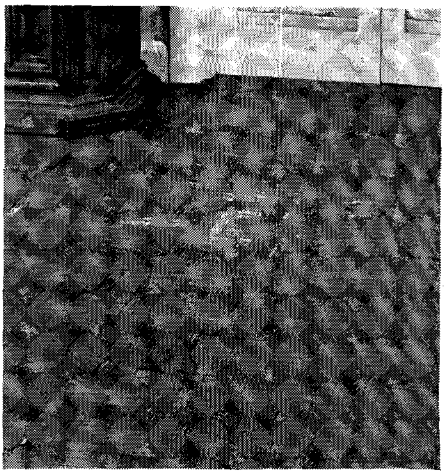
real-estate developers, he turns them into straw men. What he exposes is not America but the class basis of his own tastes and reactions. He gets an easy laugh out of a family of tourists in the desert—out of their garish clothes and their materialistic equipment; he himself is an upper-middle-class tourist with aristocratic tastes.

At the end, when America is so lusciously destroyed, is the sequence deliberately beautiful because Antonioni thinks America is so evil that destroying it is a beautiful act or because Antonioni is such an aesthete that, like Mussolini's son Vittorio, who wrote poems about the beauty of the bombs exploding in Ethiopia, he cannot resist the photogenic glories of destruction? He aestheticized the factory smoke in "Red Desert," and it has never been quite clear whether he was sacrificing meaning to beauty or whether he himself understood the confusions his aestheticism led him into. It is perhaps a true sign of his aristocratic aesthetics that in the final sequence, when America blows up, there are no bloody bodies, no people at all; only our material objects go up. And, even here, one cannot tell if this is because he wouldn't be so crude as to show bloody bodies or because he is being satiric and saying that America is nothing but garden furniture and books and the contents of our freezers—that we are a nation not of people but of objects. (It would be a charming satire on youthful fantasies if it were Daria's idea that she could burn the evil in America and get in her car and drive away, but the movie isn't that playful.) *Are* we nothing but material objects, or is it that Antonioni can't connect with us and so, like his alienated protagonists in earlier films, turns us into objects? I think the deadness of "Zabriskie Point" comes from his own inability to respond to America and his falling back on treating everyone in it as an object in a demonstration. In the ending, when Antonioni makes extraordinarily pretty pictures of chaos, isn't he doing just what he attacked the "decadent," "irresponsible" photographer in "Blow-Up" for doing? (He used the title "Blow-Up" on the wrong movie.) I doubt if he's much interested in his theme of revolutionary action; I think it's the other way around—politics provides the excuse for photogenic explosions.

It is one of the insanities that grow out of the photographic nature of the movie medium that a great deal of the death and destruction now being so moralistically flung in our faces is prob-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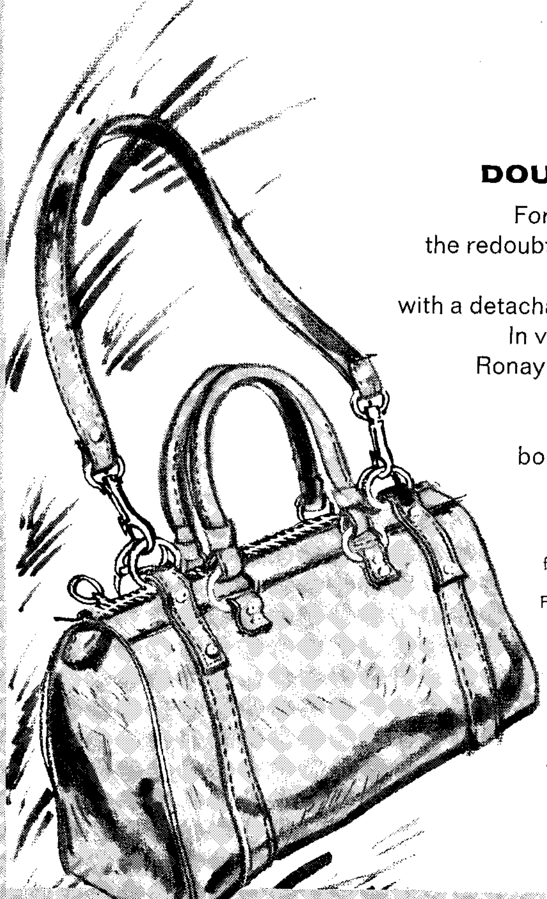
ably a response not so much to a political situation as to the dramatic problem of finding images powerful enough for a flash finish. Much of the hopelessness in movies like "If . . ." and "Easy Rider" and "Medium Cool" and the new thrillers that kill off their protagonists is probably dictated not by a consideration of actual alternatives and the conclusion that there's no hope but simply by what seems daring and new and photogenic. The moviemakers, concerned primarily with the look of their movies, may not even realize that audiences are—rightly, I think—becoming resentful of the self-serving negativism. The audience is probably just as much aware of the manipulation for the sake of beautiful violent imagery as it was of the manipulation when Hollywood gave it nothing but happy endings, and it probably knows that these apocalyptic finishes are just as much of a con.

"THE LOOKING GLASS WAR"—a youth-oriented spy film—has some painful similarities to "Zabriskie Point." Directed by Frank R. Pierson, who adapted it for the screen from a John le Carré novel, it is a handsome, relatively sophisticated production that also fails at the primer level of drama—basic involvement. Christopher Jones plays a runaway Pole who is offered sanctuary in England if he will perform a mission in East Berlin for British Intelligence, represented here by Ralph Richardson, Paul Rogers, and Anthony Hopkins. Pierson, who goes in for cryptic, stylish dialogue that obviously does more for him than for the audience, doesn't make key points clear. We can't follow the story well enough to know what the plan is or when things are going right or wrong, and one really becomes frustrated and angry when a thriller plot doesn't make sense—it's like starting a jigsaw puzzle and then discovering the pieces don't fit. In a movie like this, it doesn't take us long to know we've been had—that instead of engaging us and building the suspense the director is going for images. After a series of episodes, the hero and his girl (Pia Degermark, who looks like Lewis Carroll's Alice) are murdered, and the blame is pinned on the cynical older generation at British Intelligence. The title is an allusion to Lewis Carroll, and the horrid old Intelligence men have their tea party while the young innocents die, but Pierson hasn't directed the film in a Lewis Carroll spirit; he has directed it for gloom and brutality and startling images, and after Jones, who is the



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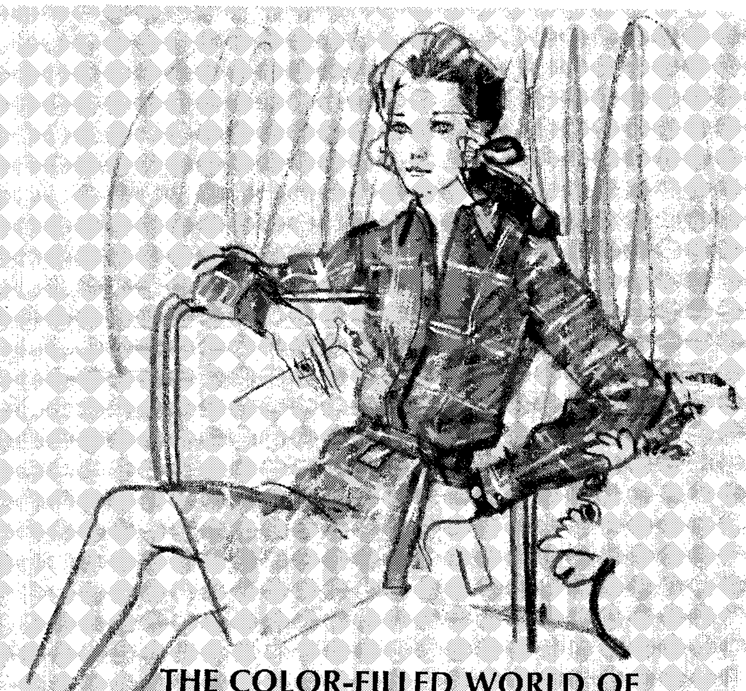

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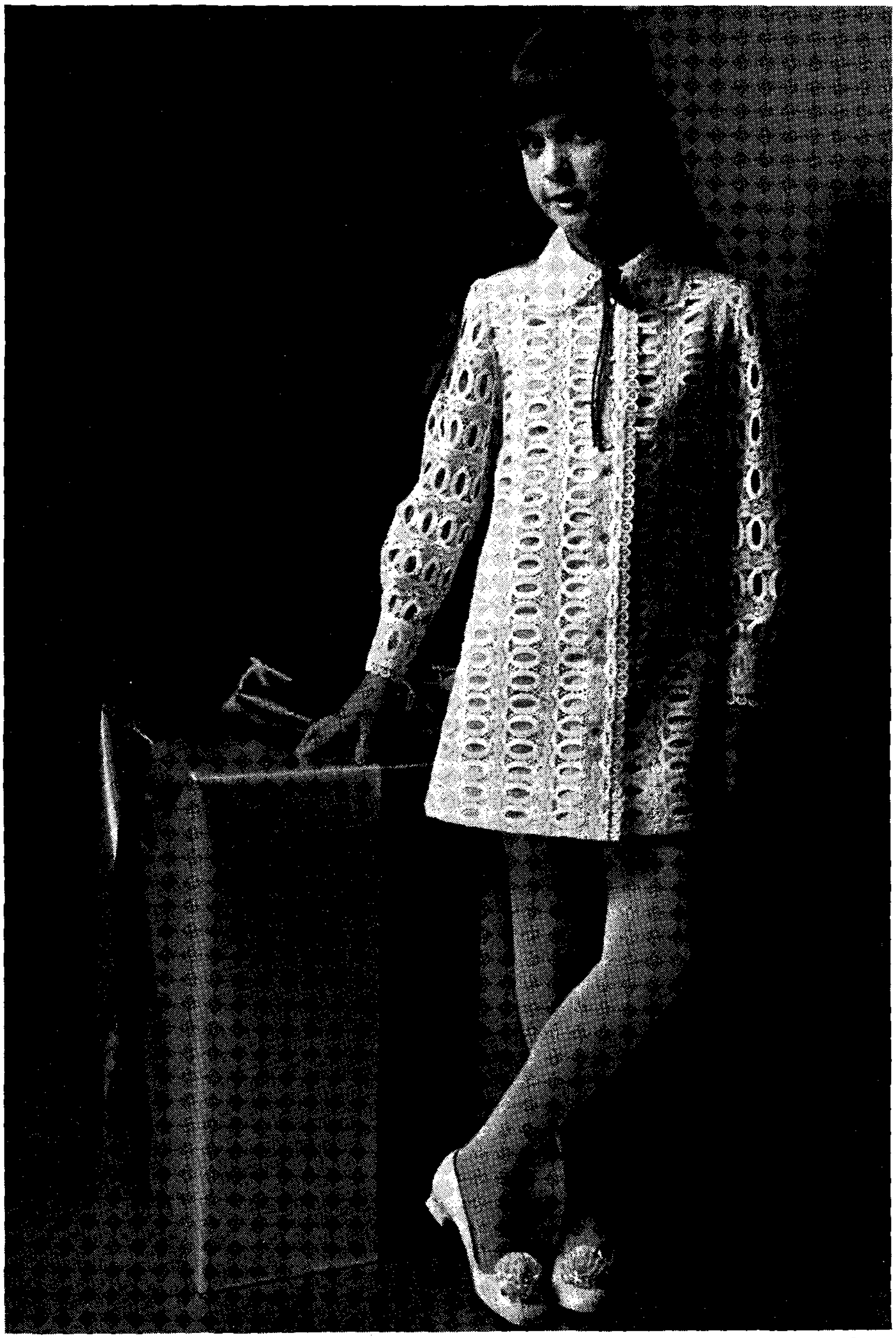

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only personable character, is killed off for no apparent reason except to make the director feel like a serious "realistic" artist, and the audience is depressed because it's been cheated and flung down the generation gap, the references to Lewis Carroll seem ill-advised. When the vicious game of the old cynics is revealed, a young man charges, "It's better than monkey glands for you old-timers." And one winces, knowing that this anti-Establishment slanting is the monkey glands of Hollywood. But it's not going to rejuvenate the industry, because it doesn't fool the audience. It fools only the industry.

Increasingly, movie directors are making their choices not in terms of the situations or the characters in their movies but in terms of the images. Sometimes, as with young filmmakers (this is particularly true in the colleges), the directors think only in terms of the camera, and they go for the image without preparing the situation or getting into it, and then they wonder why they lose the audience so fast. In watching films by older directors, one often has the feeling that they're afraid the situations they've set up are too banal (they may be right), so they throw them out and retain only the most striking images. In both cases, vital links are missing. The results are as heady for the artist and as unsatisfying for the public as the Imagist school of poetry became. In movies, this concentration on images is becoming a new kind of formalism, in which characters and meaning and narrative interest are sacrificed to camera techniques and shock editing. This is a sign not of a superior craftsman but of an inferior one. What it means is that the moviemakers are not fully in control of their camera techniques or their material, and settle for the lucky accidents and the handsome effects.

—PAULINE KAEL

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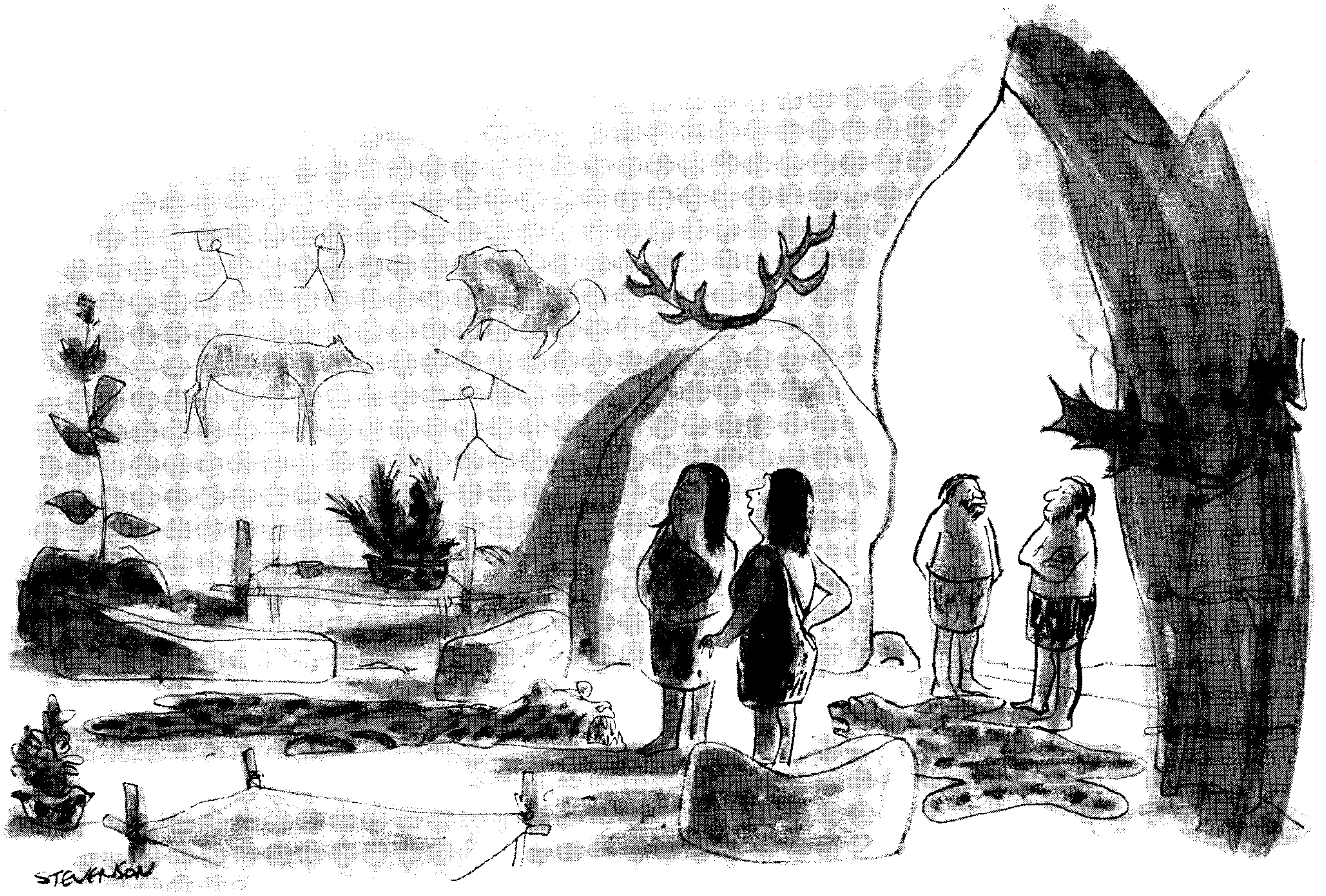
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 13

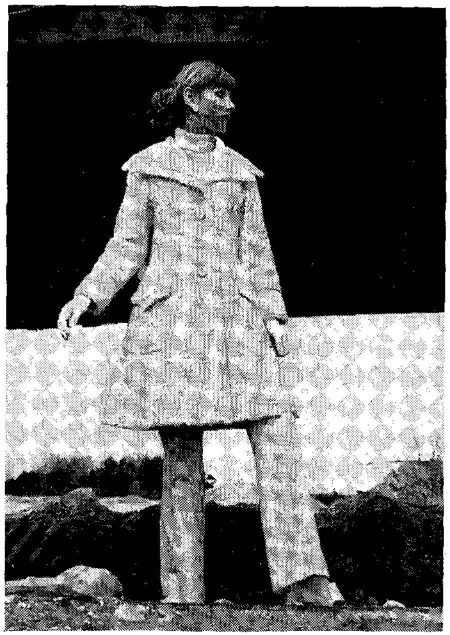
ALTHOUGH most Administration leaders and most leading members of Congress are sojourning elsewhere or are on road tours, one gets, by way of reports from near and distant places, a sense of a fever of activity reminiscent of certain memorable periods in the Johnson years. Little or nothing may come of it all, which may be to the good in some instances and to the bad in others, but precedents are being established and new departures undertaken. Having made what appears to be a lot of political hay in Middle America last week, the President is back on the periphery, in Key Biscayne, working on something to be called a State of the World Message—due for delivery next week—and giving out, through press secretaries, guarded but welcome encouragement to Southern senators fighting for time in which not to abolish dual school systems. The Vice-President has resumed the offensive—evidently with a Special Assistant for Alliteration—and is denouncing "limousine liberals" and "supercilious sophisticates," setting himself up as an authority on higher learning, and comparing himself not unfavorably with Abraham Lincoln. The Secretary of State is touring Africa, a continent never officially visited by his predecessor or, as far as anyone can recall, by any earlier holder of the office. The Secretary of Defense, accompanied by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is in Vietnam conferring with commanders in the field and checking up on "Vietnamization," a program in which, he has told reporters in Saigon, he finds "positive progress" being made.

In all this hustle and bustle, the element of hustle, in the commercial and promotional sense of the word, seems clearly predominant. The State of the World Message may turn out to be a document of rhetorical nobility and possibly of some diplomatic utility, but the concept, which has a certain whiff of imperium about it, comes from the realm of political salesmanship, while the President's musings on desegregation in the North and in the South, as reported by those who have been privy to them, are plainly addressed to his basic constituency of 1968 and are thus an application of the "Southern strategy." The Vice-President seems all pitchman. It is difficult to believe that Richard Nixon or his close advisers see any specific political gain in having Spiro Agnew question the integrity and patriotism of Senator Fulbright or air his views on university admissions policies, but Agnew, in ventures of this sort, is not really seeking any polemical or political advantage; he is out to raise campaign funds and to stir the zeal (which may further stir the flow of money) of those who turn out to hear him. William Rogers' tour of Africa is—in motive, at least—a laudable exercise in American diplomacy and one that is hardly likely to profit the Administration in any significant way. (It won't profit the Africans, either, since the message he bears is that much as we would like to help them more, we're rather hard up ourselves, and expect that it will be quite a while before we have enough to spare for our deserving friends in the poorer countries.) Melvin Laird's mission, though less crassly a hustle than the Vice-President's, is essentially political. If Vietnamization were moving ahead to his or to anyone else's satisfaction, his trip would have been unnecessary, and instead of talking of "positive"—as distinct from "negative"?—progress, he would be celebrating specific accomplishments.

Whether Vietnamization or anything else is really working, the Administration continues to do very well



"I adore your place. Did you do it yourselves?"



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indeed in persuading the people that its leadership is to be valued and that its performance has been effective. The latest Gallup poll, released a couple of days ago, shows that in just two months the President has risen in popular approval from a solid fifty-nine per cent to an enviable sixty-six. The "Disapprove" column has remained stable through the winter—twenty-three per cent, or fewer than one in four—which means, it would seem, that Nixon has won over more than a third of those who were earlier to be found in the "No Opinion" column, which is now down from eighteen to eleven per cent. As of the moment, then, the President can count on about the same degree of public support that Lyndon Johnson had in his remarkable hour of triumph in 1964. More impressive in some ways is the apparent fact that Nixon's popularity has led to—or, at least, has been accompanied by—a small but possibly crucial decline in the number of Americans who as a rule identify their interests and the country's with the Democratic Party. In 1964, there were two generally loyal Democrats for every Republican, and this balance, or imbalance, showed not only in national election statistics but in the general distribution, here and in state capitals, of elective offices and the power that goes with them. Lyndon Johnson's fall from public favor seemed, until quite lately, to have no drastic effect on his party's standing, which is still, by any measure of adherence, greater than that of its historic adversary. But the Democrats no longer command *anything* like a two-to-one lead; in fact, according to a Harris poll released yesterday, they have become a minority party. General support is down almost twenty percentage points, four of them having been lost in the last two years, and now stands at forty-eight per cent. The switch in this recent period has not greatly benefitted the Republican Party; it appears that about half the defectors, or two per cent, now classify themselves as Republicans, increasing the Party's appeal from thirty-one to thirty-three per cent, while the other half has raised the number of those who classify themselves as independents from seventeen to nineteen per cent.

Figures such as these can prove—in the long or middle run—to be highly misleading. Many authorities were ready to issue a death certificate for the Republican Party in 1964, and some are about ready to do the same for the Democrats now. Yet it is a matter of no small importance when the Democrats, in only four or five years, slip

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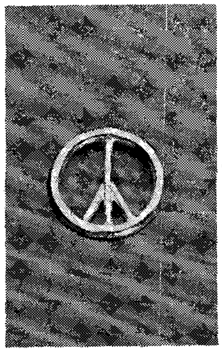

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from two-thirds to less than a half, and when large numbers of those still loyal give their approval to Richard Nixon. There are some here who suppose that Nixon's large gains and his party's smaller ones can be explained by Democratic defections in the South, and by the probable fact that his rating of sixty-six per cent includes the bulk of those who voted for George Wallace in 1968. But this appears by no means to be the case. The Harris data on party identification reveal a pattern that is essentially the same by region and by such other categories as age, income, religion, and education. In the South, for example, the Republican gain since 1968 has been only two per cent, which is the national figure, and the Democratic loss four per cent, which is also the national figure. In the categories of age, income, and education, there is no rate of switchover higher than four per cent. Astonishingly, one of the largest Republican gains has been among Negroes; after the Thurmond alliance and the Southern strategy, after Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell, the Republican Party can claim the allegiance of seventeen per cent of Negroes, as against seven per cent two years ago. The only higher rate is among Jewish voters, whose sympathy for the Republicans has risen from five to sixteen per cent.

At any rate, the President as politician seems in excellent shape, and his party shows greater health than it ever enjoyed in the best of the Eisenhower years. The Democrats are leaderless, and likely to stay that way for some time. The national party is eight million dollars in debt, and the kind of news the polls are now bearing does not help when it comes to raising money to pay, in an increasingly inglorious present, for the lost battles of the recent past. But the discomfort of the Democrats must be in large measure a consequence of the confidence the President has created, and the question here is how long he will be able to hold that confidence. Since, despite the introduction of a good many innovative ideas that in time may become operative policy, little or nothing of political substance has changed, it almost has to be assumed that his popularity is based on his promises for the future—like the faith of St. Paul, on the evidence of things not seen: an end to the war, an end to inflation in an economy of full employment, purification of the atmosphere, the abolition of the welfare system and its replacement by something better, and the stamping out of crime. (It is curious that the above

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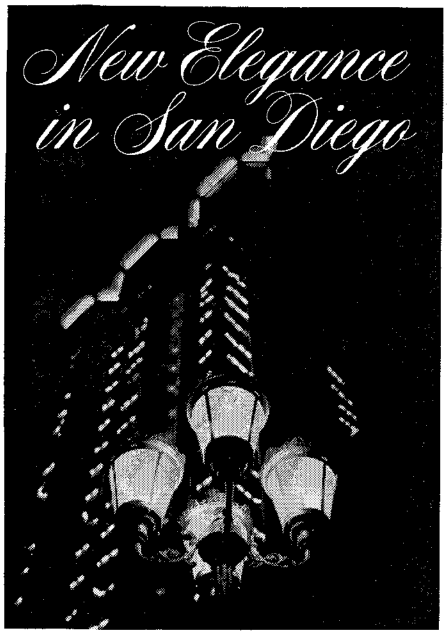

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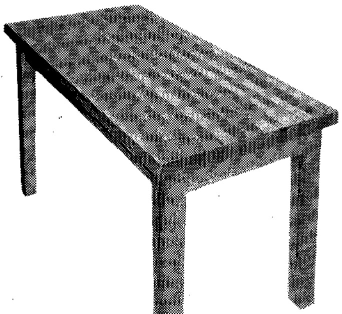

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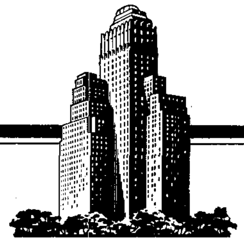
order is the one he used in speaking of national priorities in his Budget Message—curious because, if the order had been the subject of a guessing game, nine out of ten people here would almost certainly have had him listing crime as No. 2 or No. 3 instead of behind his environmental and poverty programs.) His popularity would approach a hundred per cent if he were able to deliver on only the first priority, and the Democrats might be out of business altogether if he delivered on three or four more. But if it is true that his present support rests on expectations that he will fulfill his promises, then he seems, even now, far more vulnerable than the statistics show him to be. For of the five things he seeks to accomplish there are at the most two that could possibly be accomplished by any executive and legislative action he and the present Congress would be inclined to take. These are welfare reform and the anti-pollution program, and even the latter is a dubious case. The Congress could, and at some point probably will, pass some version of his family-assistance plan, and it could, though it probably won't, enact and fund a half-way adequate environmental policy. But all the rest are outside his writ—at least as he interprets it. He cannot end the war unless the other parties to it are agreeable. Some experts think he could restore health to the economy if he took sterner measures—wage controls, price controls, higher taxes—but he has renounced these approaches. Crime is almost completely beyond any jurisdiction of his.

Thus, the greatest hopes that the President has aroused rest on certain working premises that do not bear close scrutiny. The largest premise is that Melvin Laird's Vietnamization is a serious and manageable program that in time will get us completely out of the war and enable South Vietnam to exist as a sovereign state and a free society. There are some who believe that this is merely the wrapping in which the policy comes—that the President, like General de Gaulle twelve years ago, intends a complete and, if necessary, unilateral withdrawal from the war he inherited but regards this as an easier maneuver to make if he accompanies it with a lot of high-flown talk intended to soothe those in his constituency who still think of the war as a worthwhile undertaking. But the evidence mounts that he intends to stick with the Vietnamization policy, and that, in any case, he is stuck with it. That it can work up to a point has, to be sure, been demonstrated: the American presence has



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been reduced by about fifteen per cent, and General Thieu still rules. This, however, says nothing for the efficacy of the policy as a means of achieving peace, or even mere de-Americanization. In ten, fifteen, or twenty years, it might be possible for the South Vietnamese to develop the ability—military, political, and economic—to do for themselves what they and we together have been unable to do in the decade past, but the President's promises are commitments made by him, commitments to be fulfilled in and by his Administration and, if he is not to risk the fate of Lyndon Johnson, fulfilled in the term that has less than three years to run. Practically no one regards this as within the realm of possibility. This does not mean that there is no hope of ending the war in the next three years. The Vietnamese, North or South or both, may become exhausted and settle their differences in Paris or elsewhere. The Soviet Union and China may become so preoccupied with their own conflicts that one or both may lose interest in this one. If anything of the sort should happen in the next three years, the American people no doubt would be as grateful as if Richard Nixon had ended it by some masterstroke of his own. But there is no initiative he can take—except the one he seems determined not to take, unilateral withdrawal—to fulfill the first and most important promise he has made to the people who at present approve his leadership. The President's prestige may now be so high that it can withstand another six months or even a year of war, provided troop withdrawals continue. But there is no assurance that he can persist with even this form of de-escalation, since—on the record, at least—American disengagement is contingent on degrees of Vietnamese engagement that are determined not here but in Hanoi and Saigon. There may be militarily and diplomatically valid reasons for not establishing the kind of American "timetable" for withdrawal advocated by Senator Charles Goodell, of New York, and others. But as long as this is the case, the President has less control over events than he needs in order to honor his own pledges.

Nor does the President have anything like a free hand to deliver on his main domestic commitments. For about a third of a century, most economists have believed that a strong central government in an industrialized nation could control growth and promote stability by the use of such instruments as taxing power and monetary policy, and a certain amount of planning and

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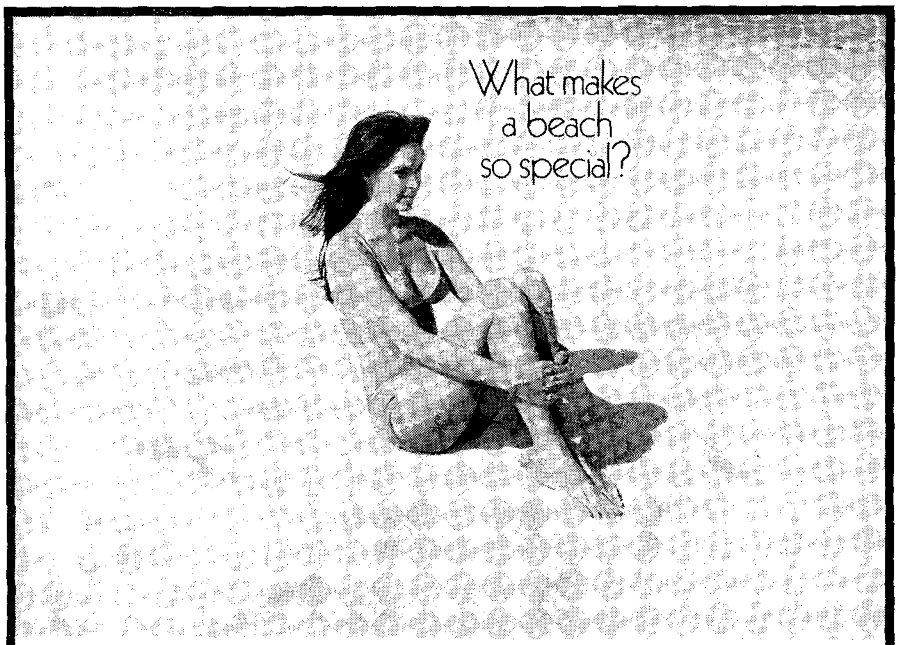

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regulation. The theory has been put to the test at various times and in various places, and has, in a general way, been validated. But there is grave doubt now whether the Nixon Administration, in its effort to save the dollar, is in a position to take the steps that are generally thought to be necessary—even if it was determined to do so, which is also in doubt. For one thing, the Administration hardly meets the requirement of being a strong central government. It does not control the Congress, where there are plenty of Democrats who would like to cut into the President's popularity by letting him preside over a recession, and more than a few Republicans who would not support him if he attempted to deal with the situation by firm governmental intervention. Moreover, Nixon himself is not disposed to do much in the way of intervention. He has risked just about everything on an effort to slow the growth of the economy by a tight-money policy and the promise of cuts in government spending, and in achieving this slowdown he has been almost completely successful. The economy is at the moment scarcely growing at all, though unemployment is, and prices continue to rise. He has applied the brakes effectively, and, in the bleak view of some people here, he may also have locked them. For getting the economy healthily on the move again—with a rise in production and employment accompanied by price stability—is likely to prove far more difficult than stopping it in its tracks, particularly if there is neither the will nor the capacity to stimulate it by vigorous government policy.

It may be that an unpopular war abroad hurts a President less than widespread economic hardship at home. The obloquy visited upon Lyndon Johnson in his last years in office hardly compared with that suffered by Herbert Hoover four decades earlier. If the country under Nixon, either by good luck or by good management, avoids both inflation and depression, and if our involvement in the war continues to scale down, even at its present slow pace, his popularity should hold and his party's strength increase. But a sick economy accompanied by war could do him and his party in within a fairly short time. And economic distress would, of course, make it all but impossible for him to accomplish most of his other worthy goals, such as the war on pollution, the sharing of revenues with the states, and increased aid to the poor. Even this year, there will be barely enough revenue—at the most optimistic estimates—to fund modest beginnings

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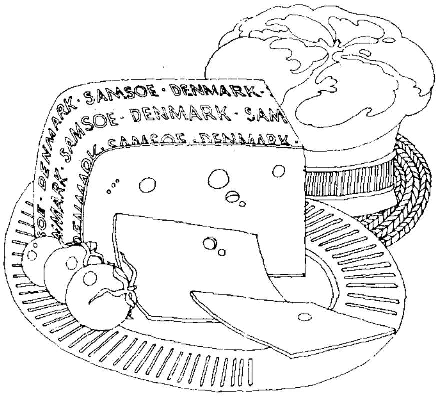

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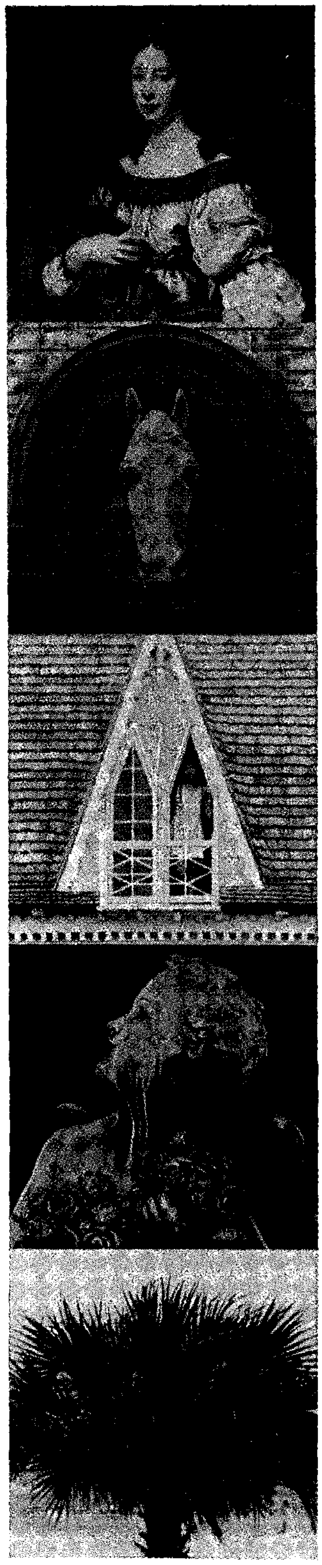

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for these programs. Were he a different sort of President, he might be more nearly in control of the events with which he has to deal. He could spend some of his popularity—it would probably cost him little and win him more in return—by telling the South Vietnamese that Vietnamization should, as of now, be their policy, not ours. He could spend more of it by telling some of his Republican backers that he intended to attempt mastery of the economy by means they might find painful. But if he were that kind of President, he would be someone else. For the present, and possibly for some time to come, his being the kind of President he is seems to suit the country fine.

THE surprise of the week—though to some it was not really very much of a surprise—was the *mea-culpa* plea by Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, in support of an amendment to an education bill that would require the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to "be applied uniformly in all regions of the United States." The amendment was sponsored by Senator John Stennis, of Mississippi, who has been trying to get it attached to one bill or another for several years now. Although, as the President has pointed out, it should be universally assumed that all federal laws are to be applied uniformly, Senator Stennis's clear and often proclaimed aim is not uniform or nationwide application but regional disapplication. It has, that is to say, been the feeling—and no doubt a sound one—of many Southerners that if Northern politicians were put under heavy pressure to end the *de-facto* school segregation that exists in the North primarily because of *de-facto* segregation in housing patterns, then the Northern politicians would be less enthusiastic about forcing the end of *de-jure* school segregation in the South. Ribicoff, while dissociating himself from any such aim, accommodated Stennis and other Southerners by saying that *de-facto* segregation was every bit as unpardonable as the *de-jure* variety and that on this account he would vote for the Stennis amendment. "The North is guilty of monumental hypocrisy in its treatment of the black man," he said. "Perhaps we in the North needed the mirror held up to us by the Senator from Mississippi."

The "mirror" metaphor was an unfortunate one, for it is not a matter of record that the Senator from Mississippi has ever acknowledged the wickedness of any kind of segregation or accepted any accusation of guilt or hypocrisy on the part of his region for *its* treatment of Negroes. The equation is Senator Ribicoff's, not Senator Stennis's. Stennis is merely one of many Southern legislators fighting to preserve the remnants of what they profess to regard as a proud and endearing "way of life." Senator Ribicoff's point about the hypocrisy of many Northerners is, though anything but original, altogether unobjectionable, but while hypocrisy may often be more odious than complacency, the existence of hypocrisy in the North hardly excuses the tenacious complacency in most parts of the South. The truth is that when all allowances are made for the mistreatment of the South after the Civil War and the semi-colonial exploitation of its economy by Northern industrial interests, it is still an inescapable fact of American history that during most of our life as a nation the race problem has been essentially a regional one, and, in its true origins, more the product of Southern institutions than of Northern ones or of "hypocrisy." It was the South's "way of life" both before and after the Civil War that could not be perpetuated without an inferior caste. Many Negroes may now be enduring greater squalor and brutality in the Northern cities than they knew in the South, but the fact is that it was the lack of opportunity created by discriminatory Southern laws and customs and institutions that drove so many of them North in search of education and dignity, and it is the wretched Southern standards of welfare assistance that keep them coming still. Regionalism may be as ugly a thing as racism, but, like racism, it is a fact of life, and it happens to be the case that Southerners, though they may not be responsible for all the ills of their own society, bear what appears to be a disproportionate share of responsibility for what has and has not happened throughout the country. Senator Stennis and his Southern colleagues have been so powerful in the United States Congress that until only a decade ago they were able to beat down any legislation aimed at amelioration or justice in racial matters—even laws aimed at making lynching a federal crime. It may be laudable for Senator Ribicoff to lead a let's-not-be-beastly-to-the-Southerners campaign, but it hardly does justice to the historical record to absolve the South of a guilt that few of its leaders have ever acknowledged while charging the North with hypocrisy for having failed to solve a problem for which most of the best of its leaders and citizens have at least assumed responsibility.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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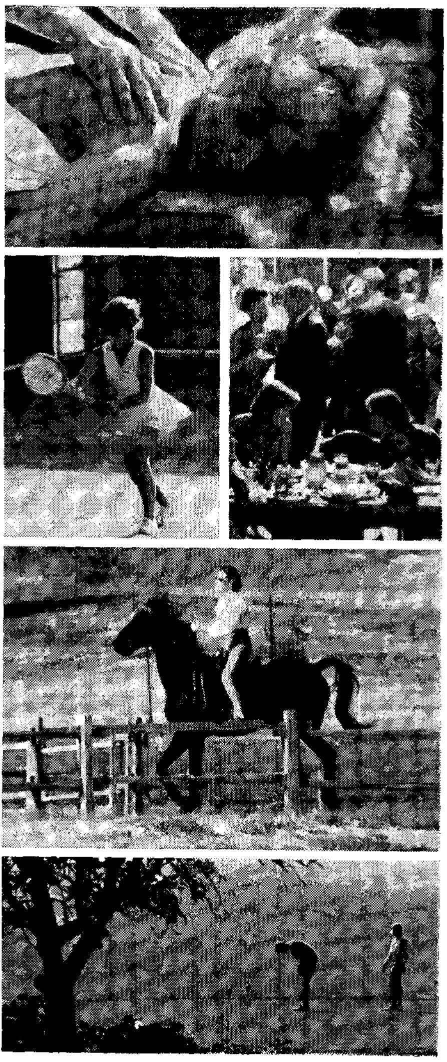

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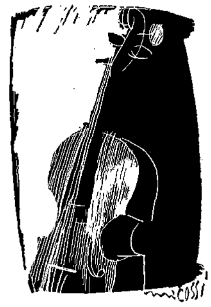
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pyrotechnics Plus

I HAVE written a good deal from time to time in this column in praise of Beverly Sills. The fact is that few singers today give me as much pleasure. There are other fireworks sopranos and mezzo-sopranos to be heard nowadays—Joan Sutherland, Patricia Brooks, Marilyn Horne, Teresa Berganza, and so on. But none of them has exactly the combination of attributes that Miss Sills has. It is not just the acrobatic agility that I like about her singing. It is her innate musicality, the way she throws away phrases of coloratura in an offhand manner, often winding up in a glittering pianissimo, and, of course, a kind of personal charm that is not at all common among singers and that includes an element of humor. She does not simply stand and deliver. She gives her phrases a very feminine aura, and she projects character as well as scales, arpeggios, and ornamentations. Last Friday night, in Carnegie Hall, she afforded pleasure to some three thousand people besides me, and seemed at the same time to be giving pleasure to herself and to a handful of fellow-artists who were with her on the stage. The occasion was the American Opera Society's concert production of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment," an old chestnut, if you will, but one that takes on a gleaming, rollicking, and altogether delightful quality if it is done with just the right combination of virtuosity and comedy.



It is not often, as a matter of fact, that one gets to hear Miss Sills in comic roles. In the great majority of coloratura roles in opera, the heroine goes crazy, or gets her head chopped off, or ends up in some other depressing manner. As the daughter of this opera's French regiment, with which she has been brought up, Miss Sills conveys the delight in spit and polish and parade-ground formality that such a girl would possess, with a dash of humor about it all (it's not really a very formidable regiment, anyhow), breaking down into more sober and touching moments only when love is temporarily thwarted. I mention the points of drama first because they are the things that Miss Sills is almost uniquely qualified to put across the footlights. Then there are the points of technique—that seemingly careless throwing away of cascades of *fioritura*, every note in tune and phrases beautifully rounded, and all those high D's and E's, some of which, like the high E at the end of the music-lesson sequence, came over like the blazing umbrellas of starry light that finish off a gala evening of pyrotechnical display. Yet, as I have already indicated, all this virtuosity seemed merely incidental to the projection of a personality—partly the enchanting one of Miss Sills herself, partly Miss Sills' idea of what she would be like if she were brought up, with multiple fatherly affection, in a barracks.

The rest of the cast was unusually good. Grayson Hirst, a very light tenor making his New York opera début, exhibited a voice of pleasing quality as Tonio, the hero. I suspect that the role was simplified for him. It must originally have been a florid one. But the total effect he made was of extraordinary competence, including a couple of easy high C's. That old trouper Fernando Corena had the *basso-buffo* role of Sulpice, which he did with his customary comic flair, though, again, I suspect that this role contains a lot more notes than he sang. Muriel Greenspon made an excellent Marquise de Berkenfield, and the lesser characters were done acceptably. The conductor, Roland Gagnon, was also making a New York début. I did not find him impressive. He fidgeted, failed to give the singers their cues, and failed to follow them, with the result that several times orchestra and principals were out of step. The work was sung in French, and in general the French enunciation of the cast was quite good.

TUESDAY night's "Don Carlo," at the Metropolitan Opera House, presented the curious case of a performance the sum of whose parts was greater than the whole. To some extent, this was the result of obvious under-rehearsal, and to some extent the fault of the conductor, Kurt Adler, who was given to intermittent spurts of vigor and who did not succeed in holding the work together with the coherence that it needs. During the first scene, he several times drowned out the singers, and the tone he drew from the orchestra was not the purest. However, I should not be too hard on him. The chances are that the opera had merely had a runthrough before the performance took place. The singers, for the most part, turned in fine performances. Giorgio Tozzi's King Philip II was magnificently sung, with enough dramatic fervor in the Act III, Scene 1, breakdown to give the role depth of character. Franco Corelli, whom I had not heard before as Don Carlo, discharged some powerful phrases from time to time, and was generally more than acceptable. Robert Merrill sang beautifully, as always, as the Marquis of Posa, and John Macurdy was a frightening Grand Inquisitor, with all the low notes that are required in this role. Edmond Karlsrud did the minor part of the Friar in the first scene with notable ease and good tone. The women were no less impressive. Raina Kabaivanska makes a strikingly good-looking Elizabeth of Valois, and she sang eloquently, with a bright tone quality that one does not always hear in this role. Grace Bumbry was the Princess Eboli. In spite of glaring lack of support from the conductor, she sang well, and, as usual, "O don fatale" brought down the house. If this was not a memorable "Don Carlo," it had a few points in its favor. One thing bothered me greatly, however. Now that the Metropolitan's orchestra players are the highest-paid in the world, is it too much to ask that the stage band (here appearing in Act II, Scene 2) memorize its parts and dispense with the inappropriate items of sheet music that are tied to its instruments, making it look like a bunch of modern street-corner *Bettelbuppern*?

THERE was a good deal of curiosity preceding Renata Tebaldi's performance last Wednesday night at the Metropolitan as Minnie in Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West." It was the first time she had done the role on any stage, and to many operagoers this did not seem to be exactly the role she was cut out for. Actually, everything turned out to be quite predictable. Miss Tebaldi is a pretty woman; she has in recent years developed a good figure (which comes in handy during the second-act undressing scene); she has a lot of temperament; and if she is pushed to her best efforts she can make a bit of a showing as an actress. She has some moaning, tigerish low- and middle-register notes, which she used that night to advantage when she was supposed to be angry. Her upper notes, however, were in their usual poor condition. This time, she sang them in tune, but the only apt designation for some of them is "shriek." The rest of the cast was

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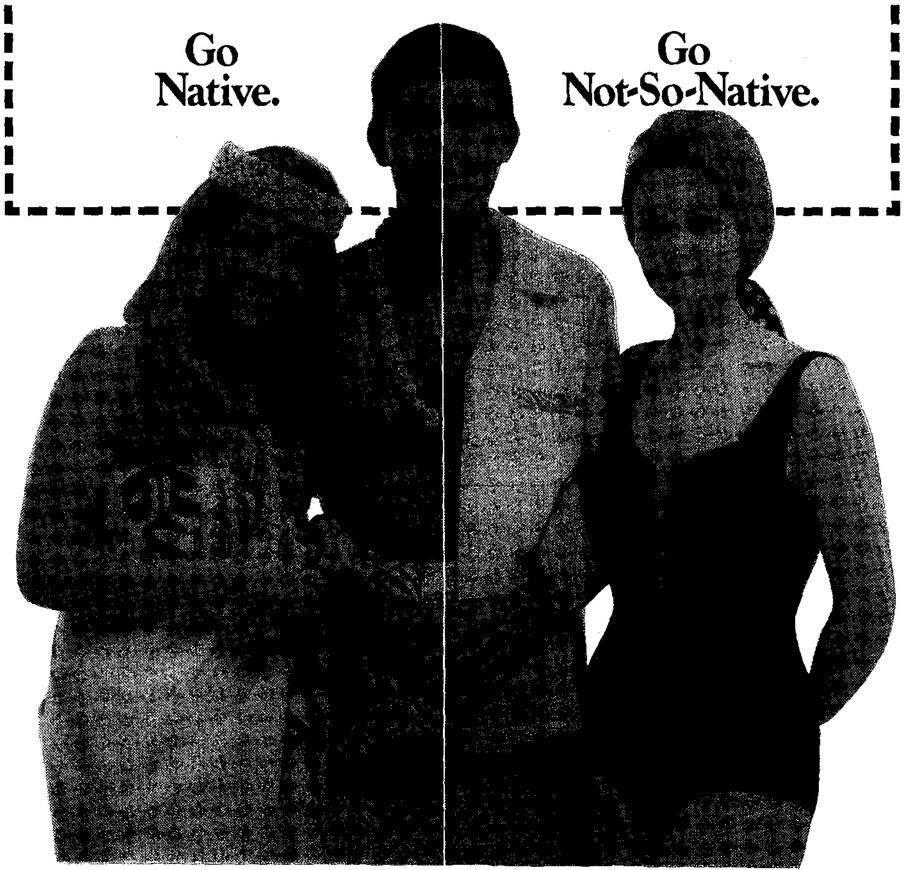
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fine. Sándor Kónya's voice (he was the Dick Johnson) was occasionally blurred by a bad cold but sounded nice and trumpety most of the time. Giangiacomo Guelfi, the Jack Rance, disclosed a powerful, somewhat coarse way of singing, which was appropriate to the role of a Western sheriff. Among the horde of lesser singers, Paul Plishka's Ashby, the Wells Fargo man, and John Macurdy's Jake Wallace, the blind man, stood out. The conductor was Fausto Cleva, an old hand, experienced, able, and, if not one of the greatest maestros in the world, at least an expert in this sort of thing.

LAST Monday night, the Cleveland Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall under its brilliant permanent conductor, George Szell, and presented a program that consisted of a prelude and a bigger work. The prelude was Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, whose two movements were done with grace and much attention to detail. The bigger work was Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," with Janet Baker and Richard Lewis, both estimable British singers, in the solo parts. Mr. Lewis managed the extremely difficult "Von der Jugend" movement without any of the usual sense of strain, and gave a great deal of dramatic feeling to "Der Trunkene im Frühling." Miss Baker is an ideal lieder singer, and her contribution to the evening can hardly be overestimated. Her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice enclosed the numbers she sang in a motherly embrace, and every emotional sequence had its full due of sensitive interpretation. Miss Baker is one of the finest singers of her type. We must manage to hear her more often.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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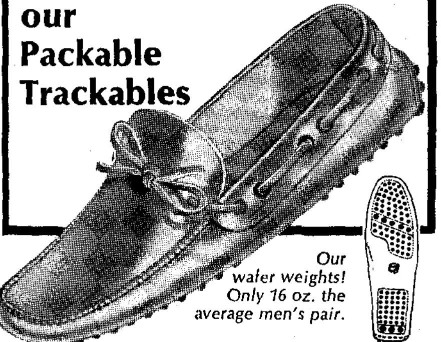

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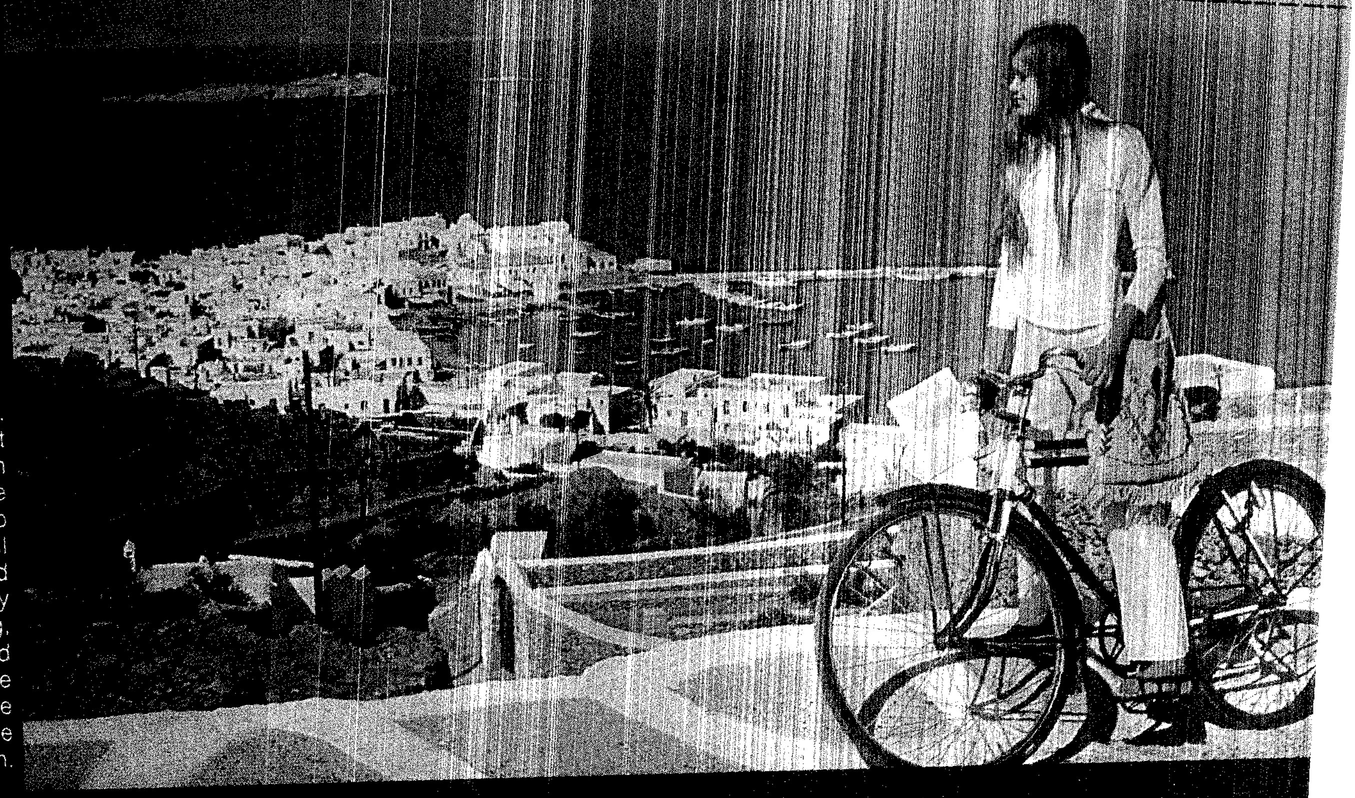

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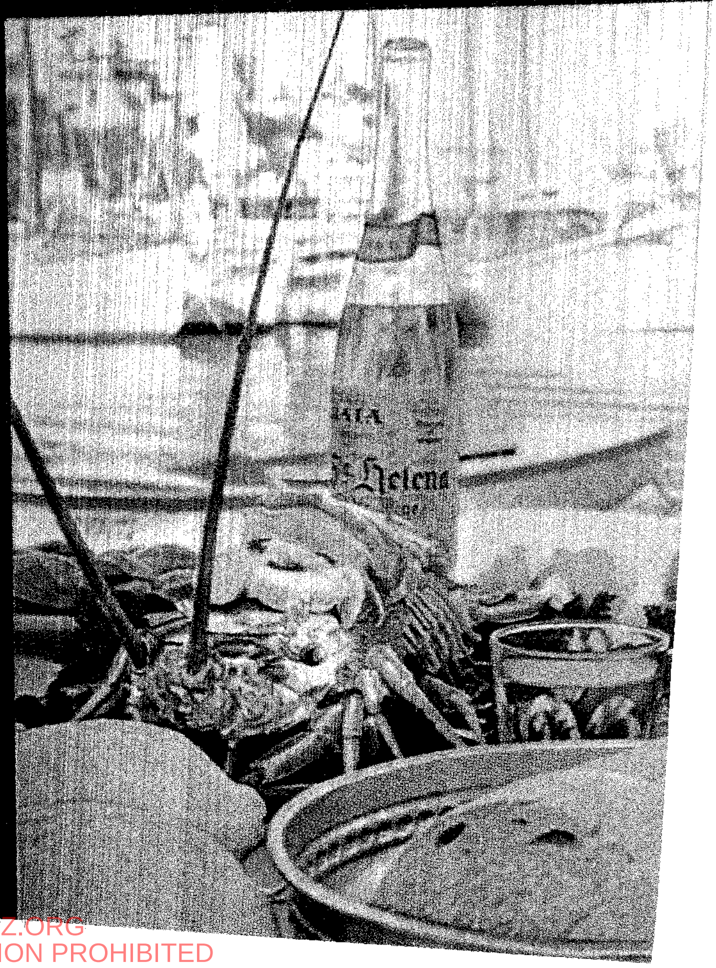

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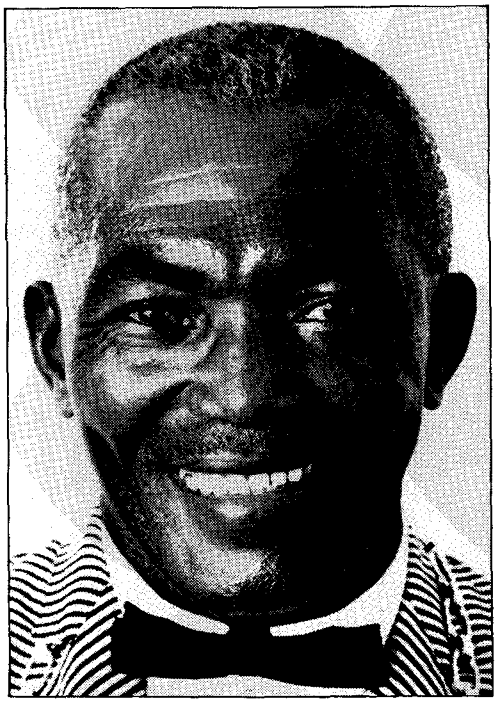
It took me a long time to get into the Velvet Underground's third album ("The Velvet Underground," MGM SE-4617), because I couldn't quite believe in it. The Velvet Underground—weren't they part of Andy Warhol's freak show? Remember the album cover with the yellow banana that you could peel off to reveal a pink banana? The record inside was all about death, junkies, Delmore Schwartz—stuff like that. Well, this album is about Jesus, putting jelly on your shoulder, wearing your red pajamas, seeing the light, closing your door so that the night will last forever, and stuff like that—all expressed in gentle music dominated by a haunting and very electric guitar and artless, androgynous, childlike voices. "The Velvet Underground" is a religious record, and the group's theology is basically that innocence is grace and sophistication is sin: "Candy says/ 'I've come to hate my body and all that it requires in this world. . . ./ I'm gonna watch the bluebird fly over my shoulder.' " The last cut on the second side is called "Afterhours" and features what sounds like a four-year-old girl singing, very flat, lines like "Oh, someday I know someone will look into my eyes and say hello, you're my very special one." This kind of thing could get sticky, but it works because the songs are so good—especially "Pale Blue Eyes," "I'm Beginning to See the Light," and the instrumental passages in "What Goes On"—and because the Underground has enough of a sense of humor to twist things around a bit by incorporating into several songs a child's-eye view of traditional religion and morality: "It was good what we did yesterday, and I'd do it once again./ The fact that you are married only proves you're my best friend./ But it's truly, truly a sin." The one bad cut on the album is a pseudo-Frank Zappa electronic thing called "The Murder Mystery," which, unfortunately, is eight minutes long. If only groups would put their unsuccessful experiments at the end of a side, so that we could reject them with no hassle.

"ABBEY ROAD" (Apple SO-383) has given me more pleasure than any other Beatles album since "Sgt. Pepper." For the first time in a long while, the Beatles seem to have a real sense of themselves. They have transcended both pretentiousness and exaggerated simplicity, and have avoided moralizing about politics and pontificating about



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Indian philosophy. The basic message of "Abbey Road," like that of "Nashville Skyline," is joy in living from day to day, but this album is a lot less smug and image-conscious than Dylan's, and its version of happiness is less bourgeois: Dylan celebrates maturity; the Beatles proclaim, "One two three four five six seven,/ All good children go to Heaven." The spirit of the album is epitomized by "Here Comes the Sun," which is a classic and the best song George Harrison has ever written. If that's where the Maharishi was leading, maybe we all judged too soon. "Sun" is a distillation of everything the Beatles have learned about the studio, assimilated so well that although there is an incredible amount of musical activity going on throughout the song, it sounds totally simple and straightforward. The word that best describes it is mellow. The thaw it talks about is the calm after an emotional storm, the mental plateau after a heavy acid trip, the satisfied exhaustion after hard physical labor. "Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting./ Little darling, it seems like years since it's been clear./ Here comes the sun./ Here comes the sun./ (And I say) It's all right"—and, in contrast to "Revolution," where the optimism sounded completely false, it *is* all right; that is, on some level deep beneath all the chaos, we are together, children going to Heaven. Other favorite tracks are "Because" ("Because the world is round/ It turns me on"), Ringo's song "Octopus's Garden" (son of "Yellow Submarine"), and "I Want You (She's So Heavy)," which after repeating the same few bars *x* number of times cuts off abruptly, to end Side One; I always try to wait it out and be on top of it, and I always forget and am shocked, which I guess is another lesson in accepting life. My only complaints about the album are a little too much whimsey and another atrocious imitation of fifties rock ballads ("Oh! Darling"). I'm not complaining very hard.

SWEET THURSDAY is an English quintet that has just put out a first album of the same name (Tetragrammaton T-112). It is the best new group I've heard since the Band, and the only group I know that synthesizes the best tendencies in British and American rock. Most British rock bands, as opposed to blues bands, are very Pop-oriented and have little understanding of the romantic idealism that has infused American rock since Dylan. On the other hand, post-Dylan

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bands in this country have tended toward a folkier sound, and often the beat has disappeared altogether. "Sweet Thursday" is very hard, very tender, and uncannily American; several of the songs would have fit perfectly into the sound track of "Easy Rider," and the Dylan influence—particularly on intonation and the use of rhymes—is pervasive. The musicianship is excellent, especially Nicky Hopkins on organ and piano and Harvey Burns on drums, and the melodies are good, though to some extent they all seem to be variations on one or two basic tunes. But mainly "Thursday" is a big beat and powerful, bittersweet emotion. The record is uneven, but four cuts make it worth buying. "Dealer" is about trying to stay sane and play out the game when "the tree has long since fallen where you sheltered from the rain,/ And the dealer, he pays twenty-one." "Jenny" is an attempt to recover innocence and simplicity: "Jenny, take me home./ I can't make it on my own." "Laughed at Him" is one of those wise-fool songs about a man who has seen too deeply to get along in ordinary society, but in spite of the trite theme it is very moving, mainly because of the singing and guitar work. "Gilbert Street," a ten-and-a-half-minute cross between "Penny Lane" and "Desolation Row," is a poignant evocation of wandering and searching, with a suggestion that the search involves drugs but only as one more metaphor for travel. I hope the group will tour the United States soon. I suspect they are fantastic live performers.

—Ellen Willis

•

> But now Henry [VIII] abandons the hot-blooded lover pose and, given a legalistic cop-out by Oliver Cromwell . . . announces that his real motive has been to get a son. . . .
>
> How are we supposed to emphasize with these people? (And is it necessary to emphasize with them? Yes, it is.)
>
> —*Women's Wear Daily.*

With Henry VIII, you just can't emphasize too strongly.

•

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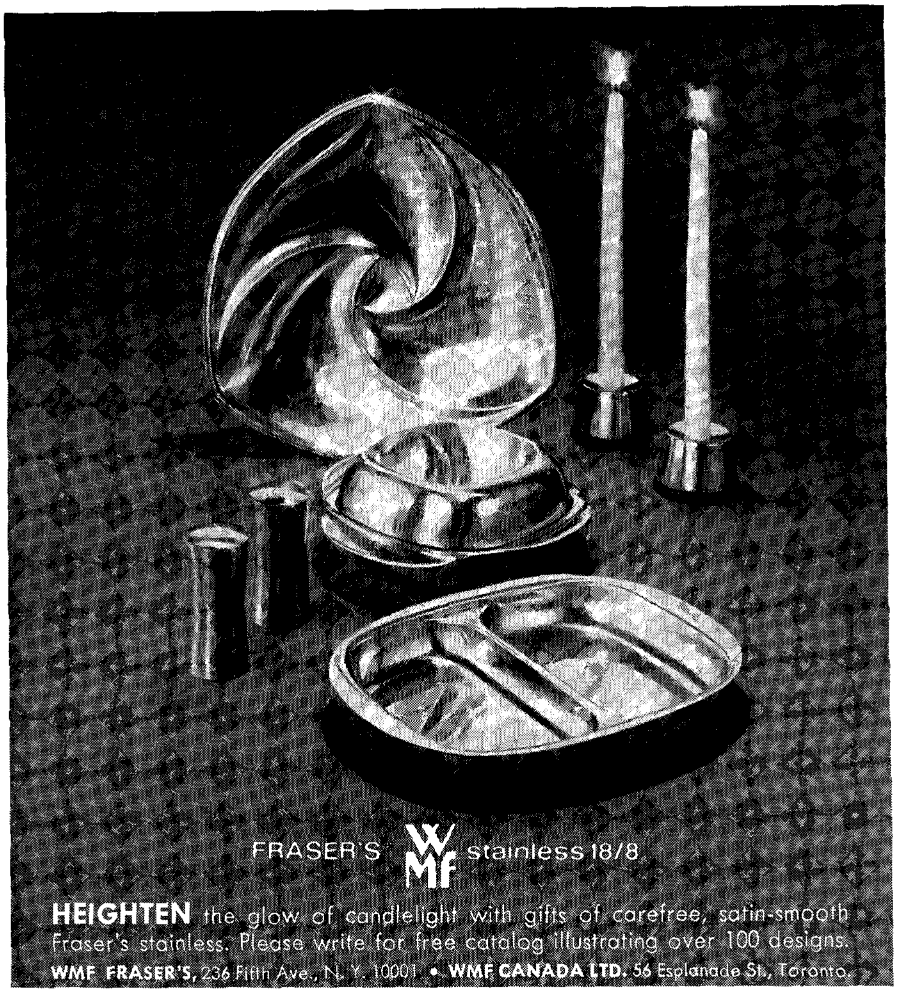
	Temperatures High	Low	Inches of Rain	7 a.m. Weather
Albany	13	-3	—	Clear
Anchorage .	6	4	—	Cloudy
Atlanta	55	37	—	Cloudy
Boston	21	9	—	Clear
Buffalo	16	8	.01	Snow
Chicago . . .	26	22	.04	Smoke

—*The News.*

It's a windy old burg, too.



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BOOKS

Concerning the Unpredictable

In creation there is not only a Yes but also a No; not only a height but also an abyss; not only clarity but also obscurity; not only progress and continuation but also impediment and limitation . . . not only value but also worthlessness. . . . It is true that individual creatures and men experience these things in most unequal measure, their lots being assigned by a justice which is curious or very much concealed. Yet it is irrefutable that creation and creature are good even in the fact that all that is exists in this contrast and antithesis.—*Karl Barth in "Church Dogmatics."*

RATHER oddly, I first heard of Dr. Loren Eiseley not in this country but in Oxford, where a student gave me a copy of "The Immense Journey," since which time I have eagerly read anything of his I could lay my hands on. His obvious ancestors, as both writers and thinkers, are Thoreau and Emerson, but he often reminds me of Ruskin, Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson, whom, I feel sure, he must have read, and of two writers, Novalis (a German) and Adalbert Stifter (an Austrian), whom perhaps he hasn't. But I wouldn't be sure. Some of the quotations in his latest book ("The Unexpected Universe," Harcourt, Brace & World) surprised me. I would not have expected someone who is an American and a scientist to have read such little-known literary works as the "Völuspá," James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night," and Charles Williams' play "Cranmer."

I have one slight criticism of his literary style, which I will get over with at once. Like Ruskin, he can at times write sentences which I would call "woozy;" that is to say, too dependent upon some private symbolism of his own to be altogether comprehensible to others. For example:

> We refuse to consider that in the old eye of the hurricane we may be, and doubtless are, in aggregate, a slightly more diffuse and dangerous dragon of the primal morning that still enfolds us.

To this objection he has, I know, a crushing reply:

> One of Thoreau's wisest remarks is upon the demand scientific intellectuals sometimes make, that one must speak so as to be always understood. "Neither men," he says, "nor toadstools grow so."

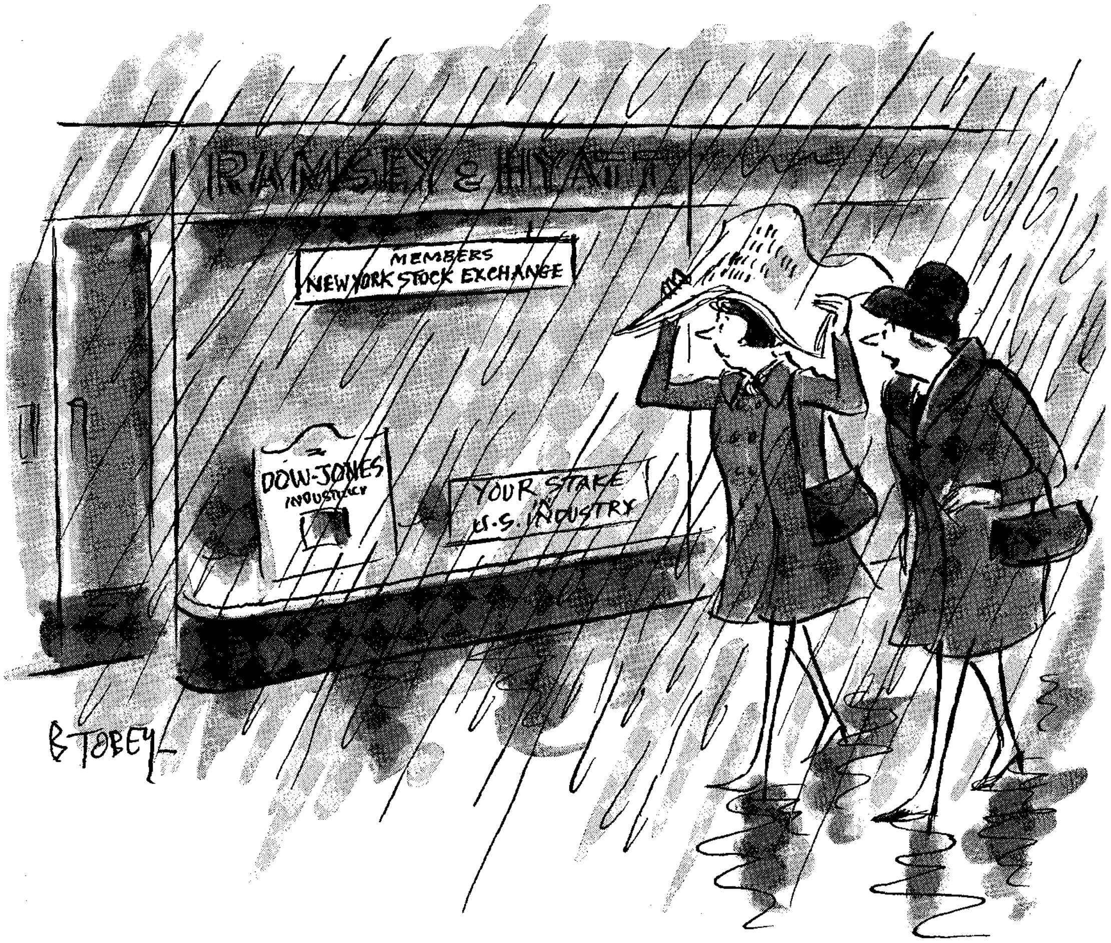
Dr. Eiseley happens to be an archeologist, an anthropologist, and a naturalist, but, if I have understood him rightly, the first point he wishes to make is that in order to be a scientist, an artist, a doctor, a lawyer, or what-have-you, one has first to be a human being. No member of any other species can have a special "field." One question his book raises is: "What differences have recent scientific discoveries, in physics, astronomy, biology, etc., made to man's conception, individually or collectively, of himself?" The answer is, I believe, very little.

We did not have to wait for Darwin to tell us that, as physical creatures, we are akin to other animals. Like them, we breathe, eat, digest, excrete, copulate, are viviparously born, and, whatever views we may have about an "afterlife," must certainly suffer physical death in this. Indeed, one result of urbanization has been that, despite what we now know about our ancestry, we feel far less akin and grateful to the animal kingdom than did primitive tribes, with their totem systems and animal folktales.

Speaking of the recognition of Odysseus by his dog Argos, Dr. Eiseley says:

> The magic that gleams an instant between Argos and Odysseus is both the recognition of diversity and the need for affection across the illusions of form. It is nature's cry to homeless, far-wandering, insatiable man: "Do not forget your brethren, nor the green wood from which you sprang. To do so is to invite disaster. . . . One does not meet oneself until one catches the reflection from an eye other than human."

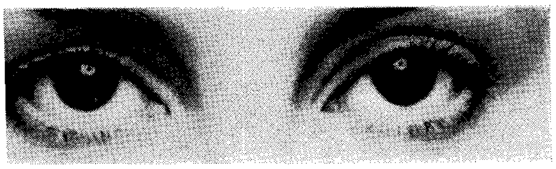
Before Descartes, such a warning would have been unnecessary. On the other hand, nothing Darwin and the geneticists have to tell us can alter the fact that, as self-conscious beings who speak (that is to say, give Proper



"Oh, good! Let's duck in here and have our portfolios reviewed until it's over."

An Eye

(YOUR PLAIN OLD EYE)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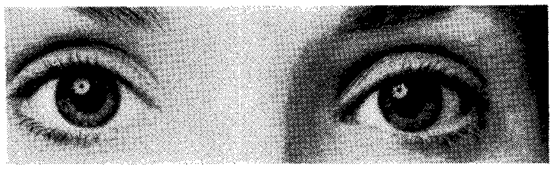
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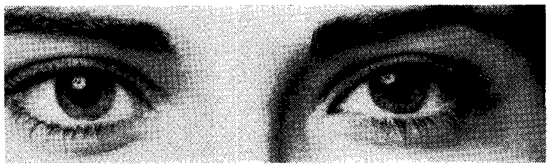
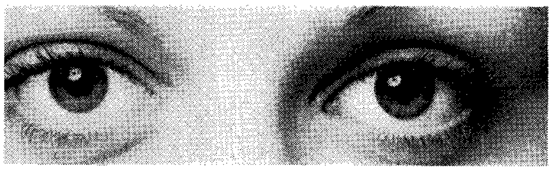

NARROW?

HALF-MOON?

TURNED-DOWN?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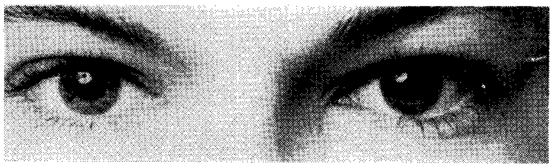
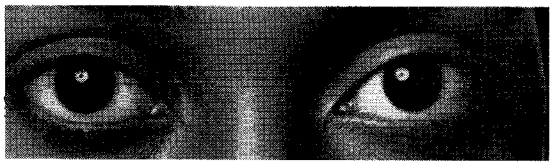
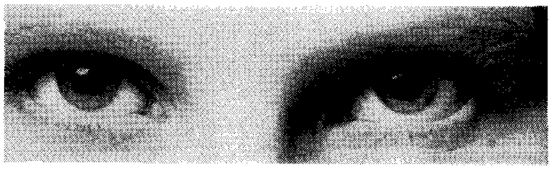
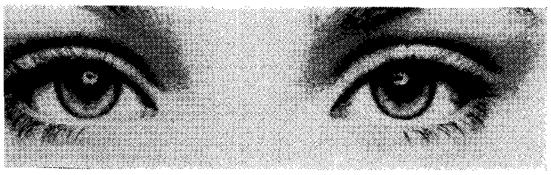

SMALL?

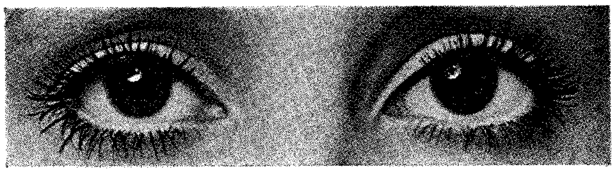

SHALLOW-SET?


DEEP-SET?


TURNED-UP?

For An Eye

(THE WELL-DRESSED NEW EYE)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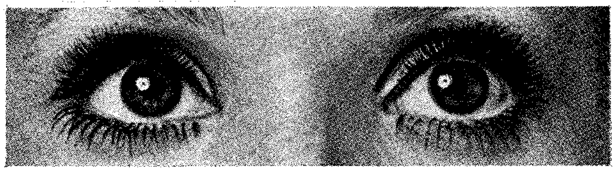
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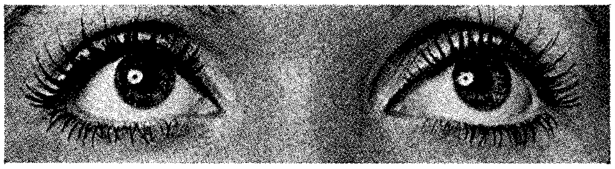
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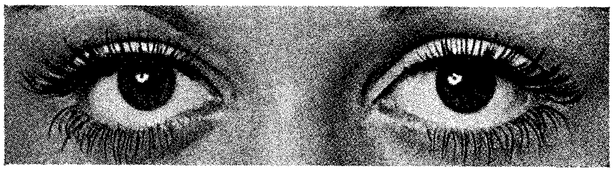
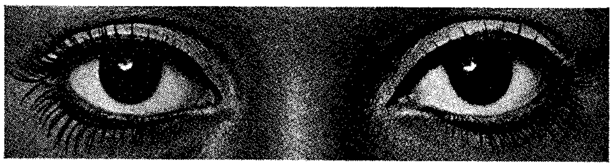
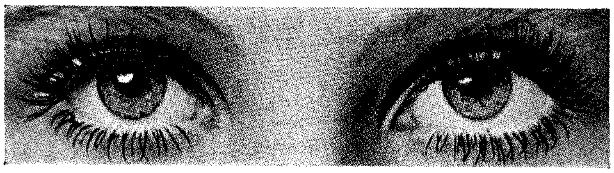
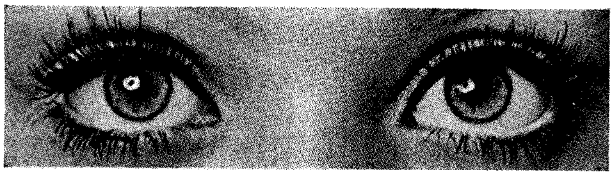
Wear NATURAL HEAVY FLUTTERS or STANDARD SUNBURST


Wear NATURAL STARLITE or NATURAL DELUXE

Wear MEDIUM DEMI FLUTTERS or NATURAL MEDIUM DEMI


Wear SULTRY FLUFFS or NATURAL DELUXE FLUTTERS


Wear DEMI STARLITE or NATURAL FINE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Names to other beings), who laugh, who pray, and who, as creators of history and culture, continue to change after our biological evolution is complete, we are unique among all the creatures we know of. All attempts to account for our behavior on the basis of our prehuman ancestors are myths, and usually invented to justify base behavior. As Karl Kraus wrote:

> When a man is treated like a beast, he says, "After all, I'm human." When he behaves like a beast, he says, "After all, I'm only human."

No; as Dr. Eiseley says, "There is no definition or description of man possible by reducing him to ape or tree-shrew. Once, it is true, the shrew contained him, but he is gone." Or, as G. K. Chesterton said, "If it is not true that a divine being fell, then one can only say that one of the animals went completely off its head."

What modern science has profoundly changed is our way of thinking about the non-human universe. We have always been aware that human beings are characters in a story in which we can know more or less what has happened but can never predict what is going to happen; what we never realized until recently is that the same is true of the universe. But, of course, its story is even more mysterious to us than our own. When we act, we do know something about our motives for action, but it is rarely possible for us to say why anything novel happens in the universe. All the same, I do not personally believe there is such a thing as a "random" event. "Unpredictable" is a factual description; "random" contains, without having the honesty to admit it, a philosophical bias typical of persons who have forgotten how to pray. Though he does use the term once, I don't think Dr. Eiseley believes in it, either:

> The earth's atmosphere of oxygen appears to be the product of a biological invention, photosynthesis, another random event that took place in Archeozoic times. That single "invention," for such it was, determined the entire nature of life on this planet, and there is no possibility at present of calling it preordained. Similarly, the stepped-up manipulation of chance, in the shape of both mutation and recombination of genetic factors, which is one result of the sexual mechanism, would have been unprophesiable.

I must now openly state my own bias and say that I do not believe in Chance; I believe in Providence and Miracles. If photosynthesis was invented by chance, then I can only say it was a damned lucky chance for us. If, biologically speaking, it is a "statistical impossibility" that I should be walking the earth instead of a million other possible people, I can only think of it as a miracle which I must do my best to deserve. Natural Selection as a negative force is comprehensible. It is obvious that a drastic change in the environment, like an Ice Age, will destroy a large number of species adapted to a warm climate. What I cannot swallow is the assertion that "chance" mutations can explain the fact that whenever an ecological niche is free, some species evolves to fit it, especially when one thinks how peculiar some such niches—the one occupied by the liver fluke, for example—can be. Dr. Eiseley quotes George Gaylord Simpson as saying:

> The association of unusual physical conditions with a crisis in evolution is not likely to be pure coincidence. Life and its environment are interdependent and evolve together.

Dr. Eiseley has excellent things to say about the myth of the Survival of the Fittest:

> A major portion of the world's story appears to be that of fumbling little creatures of seemingly no great potential, falling, like the helpless little girl Alice, down a rabbit hole or an unexpected crevice into some new and topsy-turvy realm.... The first land-walking fish was, by modern standards, an ungainly and inefficient vertebrate. Figuratively, he was a water failure who had managed to climb ashore on a continent where no vertebrates existed. In a time of crisis he had escaped his enemies.... The wet fish gasping in the harsh air on the shore, the warm-blooded mammal roving unchecked through the torpor of the reptilian night, the lizard-bird launching into a moment of ill-aimed flight, shatter all purely competitive assumptions. These singular events reveal escapes through the living screen, penetrated, one would have to say in retrospect, by the "overspecialized" and the seemingly "inefficient," the creatures driven to the wall.

The main theme of "The Unexpected Universe" is Man as the Quest Hero, the wanderer, the voyager, the seeker after adventure, knowledge, power, meaning, and righteousness. The Quest is dangerous (he may suffer shipwreck or ambush) and unpredictable (he never knows what will happen to him next). The Quest is not of his own choosing—often, in weariness, he wishes he had never set out on it—but is enjoined upon him by his nature as a human being:

> No longer, as with the animal, can the world be accepted as given. It has to be perceived and consciously thought about, abstracted, and considered. The moment one does so, one is outside of the natural; objects are each one surrounded with an aura radiating meaning to man alone.

Mostly the animals understand their roles, but man, by comparison, seems

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> *troubled by a message that, it is often said, he cannot quite remember or has gotten wrong. . . . Bereft of instinct, he must search continually for meanings. . . . Man was a reader before he became a writer, a reader of what Coleridge once called the mighty alphabet of the universe.*

For illustrations of his thesis, Dr. Eiseley begins with an imaginary voyage—Homer's epic the "Odyssey"—and goes on to two famous historical voyages, that of Captain Cook in the Resolution, during which he discovered not the Terra Incognita he was sent to find—a rich and habitable continent south and westward of South America—but what he described as "an inexpressibly horrid Antarctica," and Darwin's voyage in the Beagle, during which he found the data which led him to doubt the Fixity of Species. Lastly, Dr. Eiseley tells us many anecdotes from his own life voyage, and these are to me the most fascinating passages in the book. Of the "Odyssey" he says:

> Odysseus' passage through the haunted waters of the eastern Mediterranean symbolizes, at the start of the Western intellectual tradition, the sufferings that the universe and his own nature impose upon homeward-yearning man. In the restless atmosphere of today all the psychological elements of the Odyssey are present *to excess: the driving will* toward achievement, the technological cleverness crudely manifest in the blinding of Cyclops, *the fierce rejection* of the sleepy Lotus Isles, the violence between man and man. Yet, significantly, the *ancient hero cries* out in desperation, "There is nothing worse for men than wandering."

Dr. Eiseley's autobiographical passages are, most of them, descriptions of numinous encounters—some joyful, some terrifying. After reading them, I get the impression of a wanderer who is often in danger of being shipwrecked on the shores of Dejection—it can hardly be an accident that three of his encounters take place in cemeteries—and a solitary who feels more easily at home with animals than with his fellow human beings. Aside from figures in his childhood, the human beings who have "messages" for him are all total strangers—someone tending a rubbish dump, a mysterious figure throwing stranded starfish back into the sea, a vagrant scientist with a horrid parasitic worm in a bottle, a girl in the Wild West with Neanderthal features. As a rule, though, his numinous encounters are with non-human objects—a spider, the eye of a dead octopus, his own shepherd dog, a starving jackrabbit, a young fox. It is also clear that he is a deeply compassionate man

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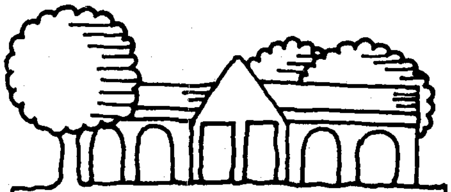

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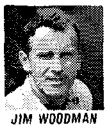

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who, in his own words, "loves the lost ones, the failures of the world." It is typical of him that, on recovering consciousness after a bad fall, to find himself bleeding profusely, he should, quite unself-consciously, apologize to his now doomed blood cells—phagocytes and platelets—"Oh, don't go. I'm sorry, I've done for you." More importantly, he reveals himself as a man unusually well trained in the habit of prayer, by which I mean the habit of listening. The petitionary aspect of prayer is its most trivial because it is involuntary. We cannot help asking that our wishes may be granted, though all too many of them are like wishing that two and two may make five, and cannot and should not be granted. But the serious part of prayer begins when we have got our begging over with and listen for the Voice of what I would call the Holy Spirit, though if others prefer to say the Voice of Oz or the Dreamer or Conscience, I shan't quarrel, so long as they don't call it the Voice of the Super-Ego, for that "entity" can only tell us what we know already, whereas the Voice I am talking about always says something new and unpredictable—an unexpected demand, obedience to which involves a change of self, however painful.

At this point, a digression. Last September, I attended a symposium in Stockholm on "The Place of Value in a World of Fact." Most of those present were scientists, some of them very distinguished indeed. To my shock and amazement, they kept saying that what we need today is a set of *Ethical Axioms* (italics mine). I can only say that to me the phrase is gibberish. An axiom is stated in the indicative and addressed to the intellect. From one set of axioms one kind of mathematics will follow, from another set another, but it would be nonsense to call one of them "better" than the other. All ethical statements are addressed to the will, usually a reluctant will, and must therefore appear in the imperative. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points" belong to two totally different realms of discourse.

But to return to Dr. Eiseley. As a rule, the Voice speaks to him not directly but through messengers who are unaware of the message they bear. In the following dream, however, he is spoken to without intermediaries:

> The dream was of a great blurred bear-like shape emerging from the snow against the window. It pounded on the glass and beckoned importunately toward

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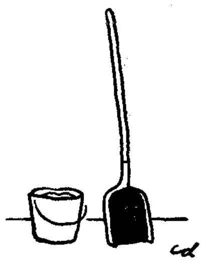
the forest. I caught the urgency of a message as uncouth and indecipherable as the shape of its huge bearer in the snow. In the immense terror of my dream I struggled against the import of that message as I struggled also to resist the impatient pounding of the frost-enveloped beast at the window.

Suddenly I lifted the telephone beside my bed, and through the receiver came a message as cryptic as the message from the snow, but far more miraculous in origin. For I knew intuitively, in the still snowfall of my dream, that the voice I heard, a long way off, was my own voice in childhood. Pure and sweet, incredibly refined and beautiful beyond the things of earth, yet somehow inexorable and not to be stayed, the voice was already terminating its message. "I am sorry to have troubled you," the clear faint syllables of the child persisted. They seemed to come across a thinning wire that lengthened far away into the years of my past. "I am sorry, I am sorry to have troubled you at all." The voice faded before I could speak. I was awake now, trembling in the cold.

I have said that I suspect Dr. Eiseley of being a melancholic. He recognizes that man is the only creature who speaks personally, works, and prays, but nowhere does he overtly say that man is the only creature who laughs. True laughter is not to be confused with the superior titter of the intellect, though we are capable, alas, of that, too: when we truly laugh, we laugh simultaneously *with* and *at*. True laughter (belly laughter) I would define as the spirit of Carnival.

Again a digression, on the meaning of Carnival as it was known in the Middle Ages and persisted in a few places, like Rome, where Goethe witnessed and described it in February of 1788. Carnival celebrates the unity of our human race as mortal creatures, who come into this world and depart from it without our consent, who must eat, drink, defecate, belch, and break wind in order to live, and procreate if our species is to survive. Our feelings about this are ambiguous. To us as individuals, it is a cause for rejoicing to know that we are not alone, that all of us, irrespective of age or sex or rank or talent, are in the same boat. As unique persons, on the other hand, all of us are resentful that an exception cannot be made in our own case. We oscillate between wishing we were unreflective animals and wishing we were disembodied spirits, for in either case we should not be problematic to ourselves. The Carnival solution of this ambiguity is to laugh, for laughter is simultaneously a protest and an acceptance. During Carnival, all social distinctions are suspended, even that of sex. Young men dress up as girls, young girls as boys. The escape from social personality is symbolized by the wearing of masks. The oddity of the human animal expresses itself through the grotesque—false noses, huge bellies and buttocks, farcical imitations of childbirth and copulation. The protest element in laughter takes the form of mock aggression: people pelt each other with small, harmless objects, draw cardboard daggers, and abuse each other verbally, like the small boy Goethe heard screaming at his father, "*Sia ammazzato il Signore Padre!*" Traditionally, Carnival, the days of feasting and fun, immediately precedes Lent, the days of fasting and prayer. In medieval carnivals, parodies of the rituals of the Church were common, but what Lewis Carroll said of literary parody—"One can only parody a poem one admires"—is true of all parody. One can only blaspheme if one believes. The world of Laughter is much more closely related to the world of Worship and Prayer than either is to the everyday, secular world of Work, for both are worlds in which we are all equal, in the first as individual members of our species, in the latter as unique persons. In the world of Work, on the other hand, we are not and cannot be equal, only diverse and interdependent: each of us, whether as scientist, artist, cook, cabdriver, or whatever, has to do "our thing." So long as we thought of Nature in polytheistic terms as the abode of gods, our efficiency and success as workers were hampered by a false humility which tried to make Nature responsible for us. But, according to Genesis, God made Adam responsible for looking after the Garden of Eden on His behalf, and it now seems as if He expects us to be responsible for the whole natural universe, which means that, as workers, we have to regard the universe *etsi deus non daretur:* God must be a hidden deity, veiled by His creation.



A satisfactory human life, individually or collectively, is possible only if proper respect is paid to all three worlds. Without Prayer and Work, the Carnival laughter turns ugly, the comic obscenities grubby and pornographic, the mock aggression into real hatred and cruelty. (The hippies, it appears to me, are trying to recover the sense of Carnival which is so conspicuously absent in this age, but so long as they reject Work they are unlikely to succeed.) Without Laughter and Work, Prayer turns Gnostic, cranky, Pharisaic, while those who try to live by Work alone, without Laughter or Prayer, turn into insane lovers of power, tyrants who would enslave Nature to their immediate desires—an attempt which can only end in utter catastrophe, shipwreck on the Isle of the Sirens.

Carnival in its traditional forms is not, I think, for Dr. Eiseley any more than it is for me. Neither of us can enjoy crowds and loud noises. But even introverted intellectuals can share the Carnival experience if they are prepared to forget their dignity, as Dr. Eiseley did when he unexpectedly encountered a fox cub:

> The creature was very young. He was alone in a dread universe. I crept on my knees around the prow and crouched beside him. It was a small fox pup from a den under the timbers who looked up at me. God knows what had become of his brothers and sisters. His parent must not have been home from hunting.
>
> He innocently selected what I think was a chicken bone from an untidy pile of splintered rubbish and shook it at me invitingly. There was a vast and playful humor in his face. . . . Here was the thing in the midst of the bones, the wide-eyed, innocent fox inviting me to play, with the innate courtesy of its two forepaws placed appealingly together, along with a mock shake of the head. The universe was swinging in some fantastic fashion around to present its face, and the face was so small that the universe itself was laughing.
>
> It was not a time for human dignity. It was a time only for the careful observance of amenities written behind the stars. Gravely I arranged my forepaws while the puppy whimpered with ill-concealed excitement. I drew the breath of a fox's den into my nostrils. On impulse, I picked up clumsily a whiter bone and shook it in teeth that had not entirely forgotten their original purpose. Round and round we tumbled for one ecstatic moment. . . . For just a moment I had held the universe at bay by the simple expedient of sitting on my haunches before a fox den and tumbling about with a chicken bone. It is the gravest, most meaningful act I shall ever accomplish, but, as Thoreau once remarked of some peculiar errand of his own, there is no use reporting it to the Royal Society.

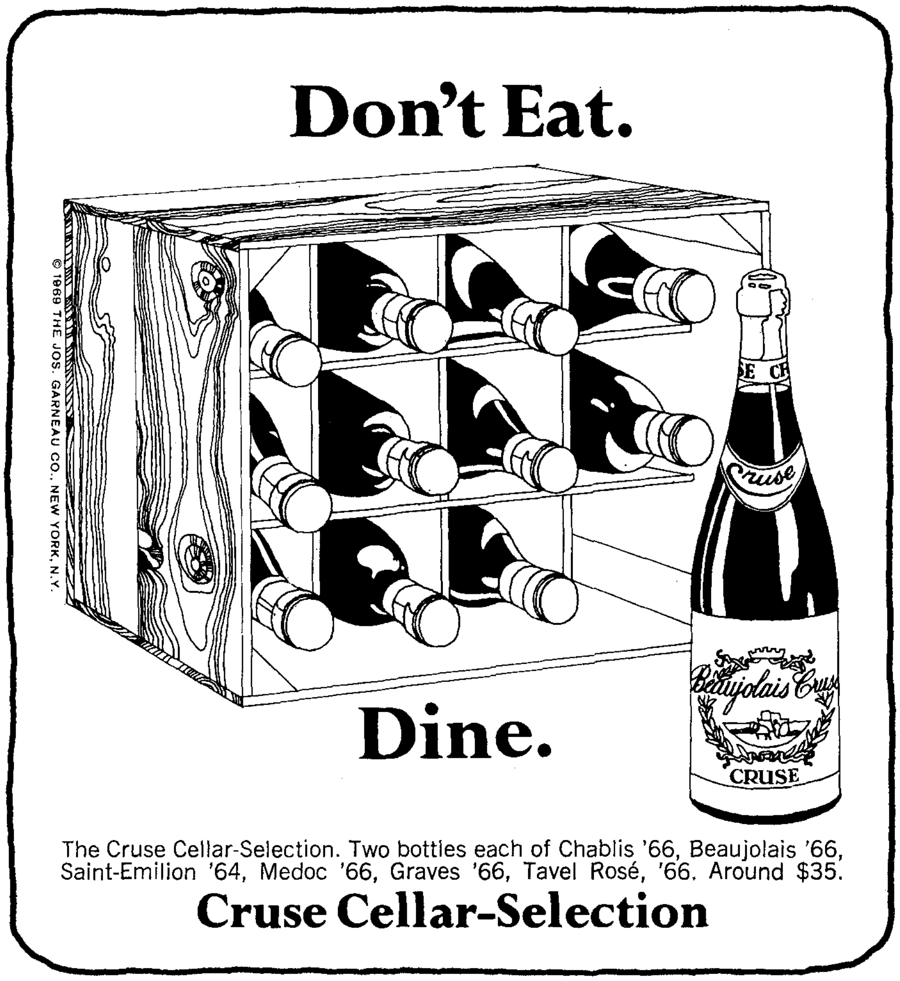
Thank God, though, Dr. Eiseley has reported it to me. *Bravo!* say I.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LAST, LONG JOURNEY, by Roger Cleeve (Scribners). Ernie Maher is a dark-skinned Anglo-Indian youth who is condescendingly befriended at the British School in Delhi (this is India just before the Second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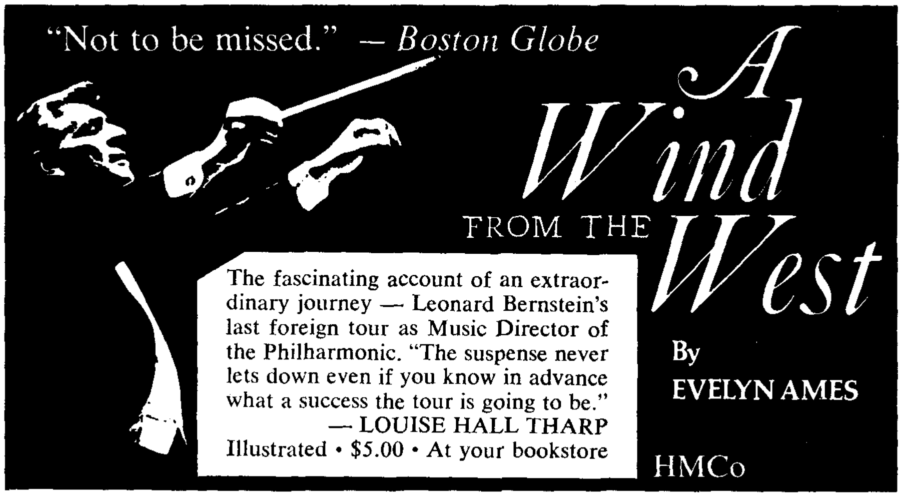
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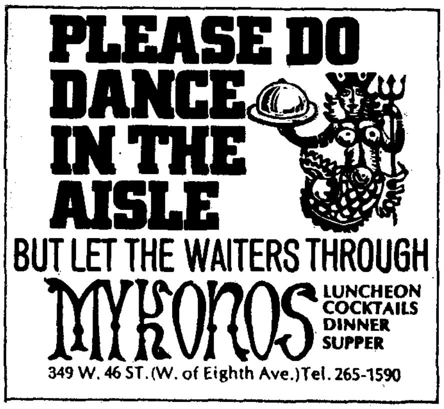
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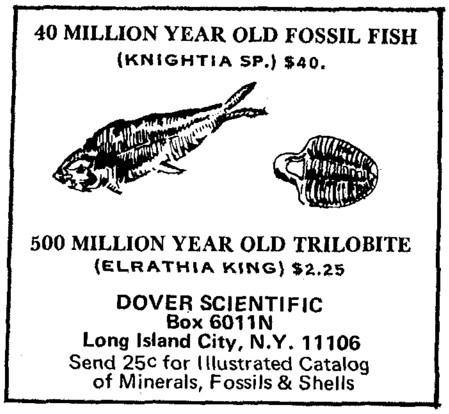
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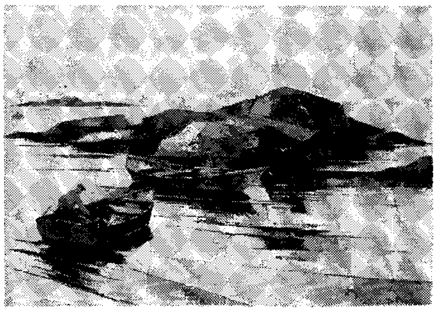

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World War) by Robert King, the son of a British major. Ernie is Kim. Robert is that familiar fictional pipe dream—the tall, handsome, well-born young man who is effortlessly excellent at sports, at studies, at life. Mr. Cleeve takes Ernie and Robert through school together, then through Oxford (Robert is ever so kind and good to Ernie, but he never lets him forget he is a wog), and then he turns Robert into a gunrunner smuggling weapons from Pakistan into Kashmir and Ernie into an Indian agent assigned to track him down. He writes with unusual fluency, and there are indications that in creating Ernie and Robert he had a serious story in mind, but he seems unwilling or unable to sit down and tell it, and settles in the end for melodrama.

GENERAL

JEFFERSON THE PRESIDENT: FIRST TERM, 1801-05, by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown). The fourth volume of a sympathetic and definitive biography. Mr. Malone points out that Jefferson's faith in the common sense of the common man led him to pursue policies that pleased most Americans, but that his well-earned popularity made him appear a conscienceless demagogue in the eyes of the ever-dwindling but ever-vociferous band of Federalists. Jefferson's belief that his most inveterate enemies were monarchists at heart was a trifle overwrought; so was the enemies' conviction that Jefferson was a libertine atheist. Mr. Malone most usefully displays his thorough scholarship by his practice of placing policies, issues, and controversies within the context of their time, and this context produces a past-vs.-the-present irony. The most savage political battles of Jefferson's first Administration were fought over patronage and over personalities who would not be remembered except for the trouble they caused. The most important historic accomplishment of this Administration—the Louisiana Purchase, which changed the nature of the Union and the future of the country—aroused scarcely any controversy at all. Ten dollars.

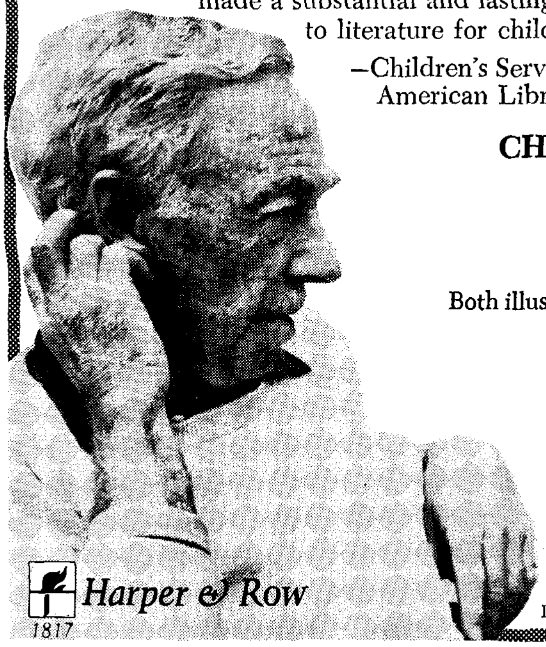
HANNIBAL, by Sir Gavin de Beer (Viking). The author, whose most recent work was the wonderful "Gibbon and His World," has been occupied with Hannibal, on and off, for forty years; in an earlier book, called "Alps and Elephants," he established, to his satisfaction and to that of many other historians, the actual route of the famous march over the Alps. In this one, he tells the whole story of the coming of the end of Carthage, and he brings home to us the essential tragedy of the tale, for, as he says, "seen against the thickness of time, Hannibal's endeavors to save his native city, Carthage, were doomed to failure before he ever started, and there is some reason to think that he knew it." In the end, one can see the truth of Sir Gavin's ironic observation that something odd happens in the course of years to momentous historical events: "The Greeks beat the Trojans, but now, after three thousand years, it is a greater compliment to be called a Trojan. Scipio beat Hannibal, but now . . . it is Hannibal who has vanquished his victor, for he commands a fame and a sympathy which are not extended to Scipio." Many illustrations and maps.

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF THE SENECA, by Anthony F. C. Wallace (Knopf). In this engrossing work, a fragment of the American past serves as a social-science laboratory for an investigation of such urgent modern questions as how to induce social change and how to teach technological advances to an "underdeveloped" people. The author, who is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, describes the Seneca, the most powerful of the Iroquois nations, in the palmy days when Iroquois warriors "ranged from Hudson's Bay to the mountains of the Carolinas and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi." Until the expulsion of France from North America at the end of the Seven Years' War, these tribes maintained their power by playing the two European nations off against each other. The British victory deprived them of that political resource and made them dependent on the English. Then the Seneca sided with Britain in the Revolution, and the victory of the Americans turned them into a conquered people whose villages had been destroyed and whose way of life, based on hunting and warfare, had become impossible. The post-Revolutionary decline of the Seneca was physical—alcoholism and disease reduced the population—and also moral or emotional, for the survivors lost confidence in themselves as individuals and as members of a race or inheritors of a culture that they now thought of as inferior. The renaissance of the tribe was slow, and the result of many factors. The most important, in Professor Wallace's opinion, was the persuasiveness of Handsome Lake, a warrior turned prophet, who combined a religious message that restored racial pride with a gospel of practical adaptation to settled life and farming. The subject of the work is fascinating, and Professor Wallace's detailed, lively style delineates both the grand social questions and the personalities of many individuals, Indian and white.

As I Live and Breathe: Stages of an Autobiography, by Malcolm Boyd (Random House). In 1951, the author tells us, he gave up his career as a radio and television producer to study for the Episcopal priesthood. After he was ordained, he did graduate work and then served as the rector of a church in Indiana and as a university chaplain (Colorado State, Wayne State). As time passed, his involvement with the civil-rights movement led him to revise his concepts of what the Christian church should be in the United States, and of how he might serve it as a priest. He became a lecturer, playwright, actor, gadfly, missionary, and preacher, attempting to reach every segment of the population rather than a few pious souls. As a writer, he is more impassioned than elegant, but his experiences are moving and his concern is affecting.

The Death of the Past, by J. H. Plumb (Houghton Mifflin). A learned, sprightly work in which the author, a professor of history at Cambridge University, distinguishes between the past—the porridge of fact and myth by which most societies have sustained themselves—and critical history, a Western invention no more than two hundred years old. Professor Plumb is most diverting—his passages about genealogy are pure comedy. He also makes a pithy case for the utility of history in societies, like our own, that have largely rejected the past and look to the future.

The Norman Achievement, by David C. Douglas (University of California Press). This book, which concentrates on the sudden and mysterious burst of energy that emanated from the poor and somewhat backward province of Normandy in the second half of the eleventh century, thereby changing,



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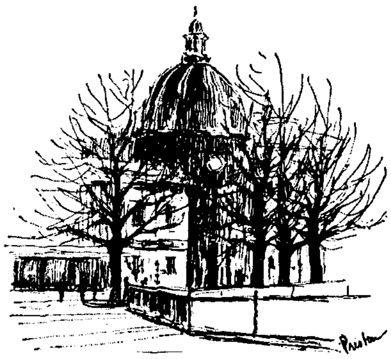

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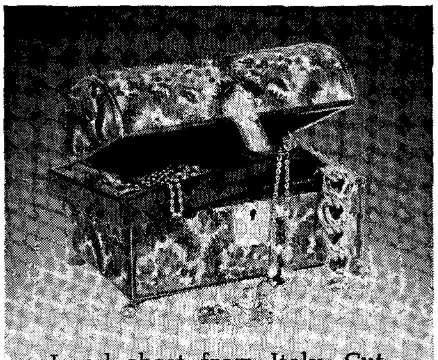

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and in some ways fixing, the course of European history, is by the foremost living authority on William the Conqueror and medieval Norman history. It is always a pleasing experience to watch a master at his work: Professor Douglas moves about within his home area easily, without any huffing or puffing, and he writes gracefully. He tells about the Normans' conquest of England, Italy, and Sicily, and of their carving out of a foothold inside the Byzantine Empire; he discusses the birth of the Anglo-Norman state in Britain, the part the Normans played in reviving the power and influence of the Western Church, and their far-reaching impact on European scholarship, law, and the arts. A rich and fluent book, and one highly relevant to our times and our predicaments, for Professor Douglas can show that, of all the centuries since the birth of Christ, the eleventh was in many important aspects the most like our own. Illustrations and maps.

NOTE: "Going Steady," a collection of movie reviews by Pauline Kael, most of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH CRACKS A BOTTLE, by Kenneth Giles (Walker). Under Mr. Giles' characteristically superb management, this story gets off to a fine start when the first victim, a detestable forty-five-year-old bachelor named Botting, is not merely murdered but buried and altogether out of the picture before Inspector Harry James and Sergeant Honeybody arrive to investigate the case for Scotland Yard. The scene is the business premises of Heavans, Ltd., a fine two-hundred-year-old family firm of wine importers. Botting—an outsider and, in the opinion of many, an upstart—had pushed himself into the position of chairman of the board and managing director, and only death could have squelched his plan to sell the firm, thereby ruining lots of people, any one of whom is now likely to be arrested as his murderer. Inspector James and the Sergeant get lots to drink during this investigation, which is distinguished by its snappy dialogue and its many choice small characterizations—Mrs. Frankly, the head bottler, for example, and Fat Auntie, who runs a rather nasty health-food business. It is beginning to be obvious that Mr. Giles writes to win. This is his fourth good murder story.

AFTERNOON OF A LOSER, by Tom Pace (Harper & Row). The afternoon depicted here is spent at the Sebring Grand Prix (in the orange-and-cattle midland of Florida), and it is long and hot and loud and full of danger. The loser is one Mark Danton, a former racing driver just released from prison after serving a nine-year sentence for killing his wife's lover. The question is: Was he actually guilty? The story is told by Mark's hero-worshipping cousin, also a driver and now married to that errant woman, and he tells it with a groping toward the truth that has a quality, a tension, a strength that lift it notably above the usual murder mystery.

MURDER TO GO, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster). The amateur detective whose further adventures are related here is the senior vice-president of the great Sloan Guaranty Trust—John Putnam Thatcher, a man of much charm, bottomless suspicion, and Euclidean squareness. The title readily suggests the nature of the problem. There is an automated, computerized, coast-to-coast chain of packaged-chicken-dinner establishments, called Chicken Tonight, which wakes up one morning to find several hundred of its customers stricken with a food poisoning that is obviously no accident. What's worse, and what brings Thatcher on the scene, is that the Sloan has just lent that suddenly tottering company twelve million dollars. Miss Lathen writes, as always, with an agreeable decorum and with genuine—or intelligent—humor.

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The estimated 7,450,000 Americans who will attend college in 1970 are more than double the 3,570,000 enrolled in 1960. The number is expected to grow to about 11,180,000 by 1980.

The main reason for this growth in college enrollment is that a larger percentage of young Americans now go on to college than in the past.—*U. S. News & World Report.*

We've been wondering.

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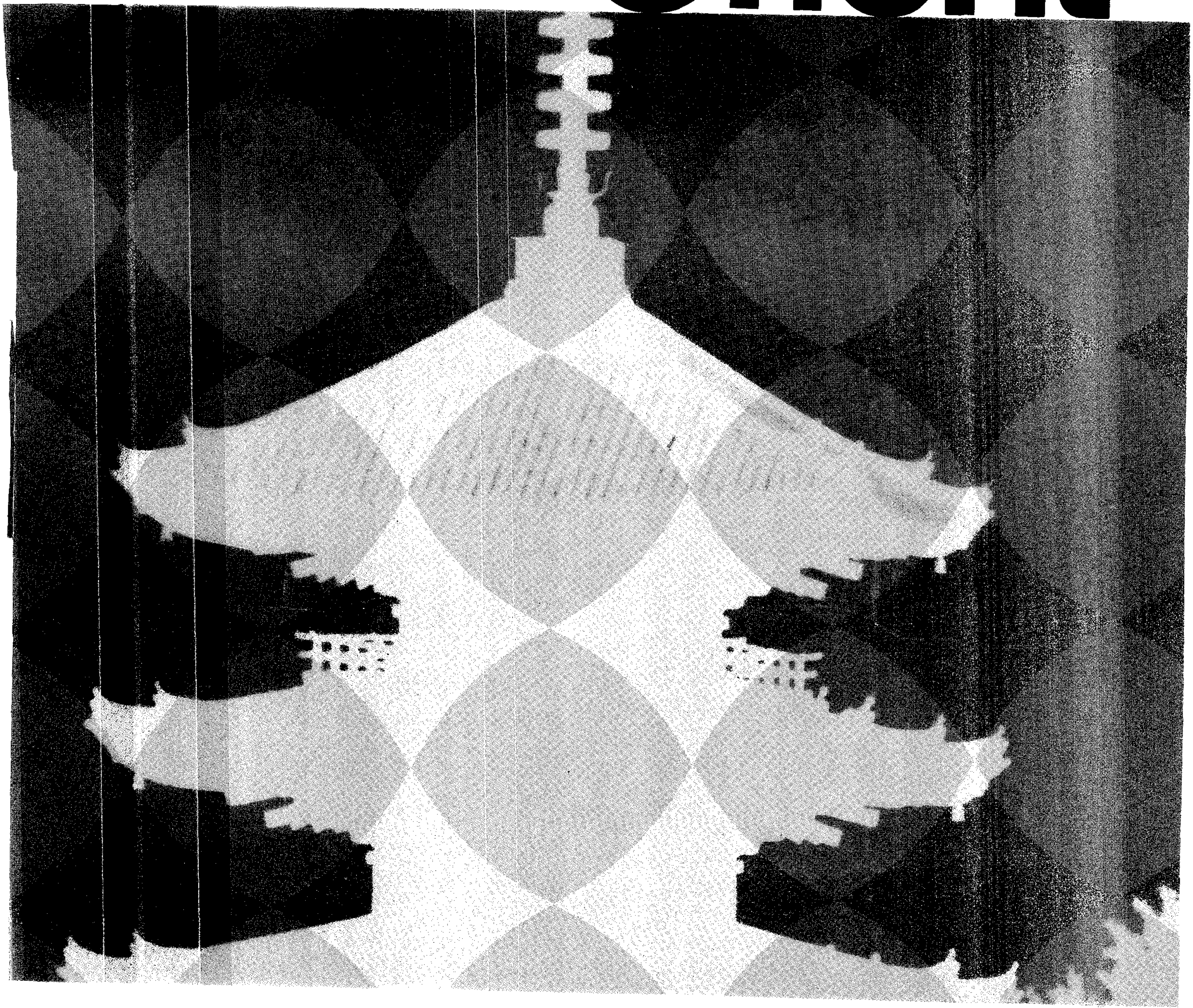
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oklahoma City Oklahoman]

FANG, Thailand—There is considerably more to Fang than meets the eye.

Northwest's expo'70 Orient



The whole world is heading for Japan's Expo '70, but we can get you in. We have the jet seats, the hotel rooms, the escorted tours. We have them in all lengths from 15 to 47 days, and in all prices from $259 to $1795 plus air fare. On the longer ones, you'll see more than Japan and Expo '70 – you'll see the whole Orient, in depth. **FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT**

In a way, we think of Expo '70 as our Expo, because we've been the American airline in the Orient for 22 years. We have direct service across the Pacific from more U.S. cities than any other airline. Over 100 Pacific flights a week connect our east, midwest and west coast gateways to Hawaii and the Orient.

Your travel agent has details of our tours. To avoid disappointment in the year of Expo '70, you'd better see him soon.

Japan • Korea • Taiwan • Okinawa • Philippines • Hong Kong

We don't have to make our own aging barrels. But Grand-Dad demands it.

Great Bourbon isn't born—it's made. Made right in the aging barrel. And that takes years.

That's why we use only the heart of the most expensive white oak timber, where the growth rings are uniform and tight. And hand-cooper the barrels so each stave is strong and true.

Even charring the barrels is tricky. Not enough, and the whiskey gets stunted in the aging. Over-charring makes it harsh. We have to come within 1/32″ to get our special flavor, body and bouquet. If you think we're fussy about a little barrel, you ought to see the rest of the way we make our Bourbon. Being Head of the Bourbon Family, we wouldn't have it any other way.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family
THE OLD GRAND D
D.S.P.-KY.-1
R.C. 51-G B
A FIL

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.